

THE *5th Edition*  
LATE PICTURE OF PARIS;

OR,

A FAITHFUL NARRATIVE OF THE  
REVOLUTION

OF

THE TENTH OF AUGUST;

OF THE CAUSES WHICH PRODUCED, THE EVENTS WHICH  
PRECEDED, AND THE CRIMES WHICH FOLLOWED IT.

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BY J. PELTIER, (J. G.)

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OF THE "POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE" OR "PICTURE OF PARIS;" *K*,  
AND OF SEVERAL OTHER WORKS,  
Published in the course of the last three Years.

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J'entends encor ces cris, ces lamentables cris,  
Ces cris, sauvez le Roi, son Epouse, et son fils.

VOLTAIRE, MEROPE.

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1792.



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## DESIGN OF THE WORK.

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**N**O period in the history of the world presents us with so crowded a spectacle of atrocious crimes and frightful disasters as that which France continued to exhibit for the space of forty days, from the 10th of August, when the Swiss guards were massacred, and royalty suspended, till the opening of the National Convention on the 20th of September.

The only accounts of them, which have hitherto appeared, were written under the influence of the ruling faction. Almost all the persons capable of throwing light on those works of darkness and horror, and of laying before the Public important truths, have been butchered or executed!—their property destroyed!—their wives and children seized upon!—the few, who escaped, owe their precarious existence to concealment in their own country, or are doomed to wander in some foreign land.

As for those, who might have had courage enough to undertake the defence of the pitiable victims that have already perished, and of the illustrious personages still threatened with the dagger of the assassin, they were reduced to silence, and had no opportunity of making their voices heard. The secrecy of the post-office, the freedom of the press, personal security, the faculty of thinking and speaking, in short, all the rights and privileges, which constitute the very essence of civilized society, have been refused to them with menaces, and prohibited with outrage.

Thus history still waits for materials; public opinion wants some solid basis to rest upon; and the groans of tortured innocence call loudly for a defender.

Having been for the last three years engaged in supporting the cause of honour, of order, and of monarchy, I was the first to sound the alarm against the regicides, by publishing, immediately after the proceedings of the fifth of October, the "*Domine, salvum fac regem.*" The intrigues and ignorance of the *constitution-manufacturers* supplied me, for two years, with ample materials for eleven volumes of ridicule and satire, known under the name of the "*Acts of the Apostles.*" But when the late legislative assembly came to apply the consequences



quences of the principles decreed by their predecessors, the smile of pleasantry was suppressed by the enormity of crimes. The only thing I could then do was to foretell our present calamities, and to send forth the *cry of affliction* in the numbers of the "*Political Correspondence*," which I continued to publish from the beginning of the present year.

If the guardian care of Providence preserved me so long unhurt in the midst of enmity, and of personal resentments: if, through the same divine interposition, I have survived the Abbé Royou, Suleau, and Derosoy, and escaped to the shores of truth and liberty; I am destined undoubtedly to paint, to expose in all their horror the dreadful scenes, which have just passed before my eyes. Heaven, in permitting me to be a witness, but not a victim of such barbarities, manifests its will that I should record them; and I undertake the task.

I have also another duty to discharge, peculiarly dear to my heart; not less dear, I am confident, to every good Frenchman, though in the performance of it the advantages only of my situation enable me to take the lead. My king, his consort, his children, his sister, heave the secret sigh in the glooms of their prison: without help, without friends,  
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without comforters, they wait for a trial;—but who are to sit in judgment on them!—The very butchers, whose hands are still reeking with the blood of their most loyal adherents! Such is the reward of a life spent in the practice of every civil and religious virtue! Such the recompense of the purest intentions! An unfortunate Prince is on the point of falling a victim to outrage, anarchy, and slander! No voice has been raised in his favor. Terror has, with a paralytic stroke, suspended every faculty. The neighbouring Powers themselves cannot behold without shuddering such a long chain of crimes; and the very hand they stretch out to rend it asunder trembles in the attempt. At so awful a crisis, I am far from presuming to set myself up as the formal defender of my master: if his sacred and inviolable character makes it a crime in any subject to pretend to be his judge; it would certainly ill become me to boast of being his advocate: but in explaining to the world the minutest details of his conduct in those late and very trying circumstances, I shall fulfil my duty as a faithful servant, and prove my claim to the title of the king's sincere friend. I mean to follow him step by step; and his own words shall be repeated with scrupulous exactness, till the instant when he was conducted to the Tower. I shall add to this narrative a discussion of the pretended papers said to be found about him,

him, and of the insidious proclamation drawn up by M. de Condorcet, according to the assembly's order.—Posterity will judge of this work of iniquity and falsehood.

The same slander, which belied the king, has also fastened upon the brave and loyal regiment of Swiss guards. In order to refute the odious calumny, it will be sufficient to describe the successive particulars of their massacre, which lasted three hours. I can add nothing to their glory; but I hope to increase the regret inspired by the heroic manner in which they devoted themselves to the defence of invaded majesty. The Swiss officers, who were committed to the Abbey-prison, had prepared a justification of their military conduct; but their execution having preceded their trial, this memorial was never made known. There are not perhaps three copies of it in Paris. I shall publish it; and their loyalty will be made evident to their brave and respectable countrymen, and to all Europe, in spite of every wicked endeavour which has been used to misrepresent their virtues and their catastrophe.

The devoted attachment of so many brave men, who died the victims of their zeal for their King, and of others who never quitted him till torn away by violence, will not, perhaps, be found one of  
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the least interesting passages in this doleful narrative.

I shall next relate, from the testimony of some of the prisoners that were acquitted, and of other eye-witnesses, a detail of horrid deeds but very little known, which took place in the first week of September. This part of my work will be shocking : may it stir up avengers from the bottom of those quarries, where so many thousands of dead bodies were precipitated in the very face of impotent powers.

But in the most conspicuous part of this picture will beam forth the majestic calmness, composure, and serenity of the King, the Queen, and Madame Elizabeth, when surrounded with such scenes as even SHAKESPEARE'S fancy would have startled at, and thought too frightful to be introduced upon the stage.

The military operations of the Duke of Brunswick at this period ; that mixture of political fanaticism and of terror which have seized the minds of all ; the effects of that terror ; the acts passed by the Assembly at the peremptory command of the populace ; the conflict of different powers ; the spirit of plunder laying waste all France with the fury of a torrent, its effects, its means ; the dissolution

lution of every religious principle ; the persecution of the clergy, martyrdoms, tortures will concur to finish this last dreadful *picture of Paris* ; and in describing the different objects, I can say with great truth : *quæque ipse miserrima vidi.*

A regular correspondence with France will enable me to give an accurate account of the operations of the armies, as well as of the intrigues of the two parties, into which the National Convention is already split—the *philosophers*, and the *plunderers*. May the commission of no new crimes increase the afflicting task.

Political reflections, and some glances at the state of Europe will not be foreign to my purport : they will naturally rise out of the subject : they will shed new light upon it, and make it still more interesting.

The urgency of the occasion will force me to publish this account, perhaps, in too hurried a manner : but though the great objects of my narrative are truth and simplicity, yet I hope it will not be found altogether destitute of animation and elegance.

Many private anecdotes must be kept back till towards the close of the work. This circumspec-  
tion

tion becomes necessary on account of the imminent danger, to which some of the unfortunate persons therein mentioned are still exposed.

Never had the pen of history greater circumstances to describe: if the depravity of the human heart is here displayed in the fullest light, the reader will also find sublime instances of courage, fidelity, intrepidity, loyalty, and honor, to rest his attention, and afford his mind a pleasing relief. A proper place will also be reserved in this Picture for the hospitable and generous virtues of the great nation, that now affords an asylum to so many wretched fugitives.



## LATE PICTURE OF PARIS.

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Prévoit-on sans effroi tous les malheurs qu'attire  
Ce mouvement subit qui renverse un empire ?  
Dans l'arène qu'il ouvre à la dissension  
L'ambition combat contre l'ambition.  
L'intérêt détruisant tout lien légitime  
Sert de mesure au droit comme il en sert au crime.  
Par des moyens affreux on fuit d'affreux projets ;  
Et l'état sans pouvoir, sans loix et sans sujets,  
Dans les convulsions de la guerre civile,  
Pour un tyran qui tombe, en voit renaître mille.  
S'il ne succombe pas il guérit lentement  
De ce mal qui sur tous s'attache également.  
Ah ! quels-que soient les maux que fasse un roi barbare,  
Qu'un prince généreux aisément les repare.  
Accablant pour plusieurs, et pour plusieurs léger  
Ce fléau n'est enfin qu'un fléau passager,  
Et souvent sous la loi qu'un citoyen abhorre  
Un autre citoyen se croit heureux encore.

ARNAUD'S LUCRETIA, Act II. Scene I.

**I**T was no hard matter to foresee, what every good mind for a long time anticipated with sorrow, that the strange and delusive state, into which the monarch and monarchy of France were thrown since Lewis the sixteenth's acceptance of what was called the constitution, must bring about some bloody catastrophe, and afford a great and terrible lesson to the universe. This new constitution, the wild jumble and effect of revenge, vanity, ignorance, inordinate desire, and every passion united, served only to give a systematic form to disorder, legal authority to rebellion, and an imposing sanction to anarchy. The very framers of this plan seemed to acknowledge the absurdity of their

their own work by the feeble support they gave it, either from a returning sense of justice, or from a perception that the interest they had in defending it was every day on the decline. But they had broke the charm: that happy illusion, by which one man is enabled to rule over several millions, was destroyed: the throne was stripped naked: royal majesty, divested of that pomp of power which inspires at once both fear and love, now exhibited a degraded spectacle: the spirit of family-union was lost in that of clubs and associations: pretended principles had taken place of those prejudices which governed the world since its creation: our manners, our habits, every thing was changed and subverted; and in this outrage offered to the eternal laws of nature, a secret voice seemed to repeat to us the terrible sentence of the prophet; *all those who touch the sacred ark shall be punished with death.*

Thus it is, that the Supreme Being sometimes thinks proper to afflict nations, as well as individuals, when vanity and corruption carried to their utmost height inevitably bring down great misfortunes, to remind us of great truths. Thus France was destined to set the example to the world, for such was the excess of our vices, that even now, though oppressed by calamities, while many feel the rod, very few are amended by its correction.

But

But to what fatality can it be owing, that the strokes of divine vengeance should be aimed in so immediate and dreadful a manner at those, whose virtues one would have thought, must have afforded them particular security. We have too many instances of the truth of the poet's remark, that

—————" Not always on the guilty head  
" Descends the fated flash." —————

Few kings have displayed upon the throne purer intentions, more unaffected piety, or greater self-denial than Lewis XVI. At all times, and upon all occasions he sacrificed himself to the happiness of his subjects and the peace of his empire. The courage and magnanimity of his illustrious consort are far above my praise. The virtues of the princess Elizabeth, his sister, can only be compared to the graces of his royal offspring, those two lovely children, whose innocence makes but little impression on obdurate wretches, who have sworn the extinction of their family. A few friends worthy of their confidence, were added to complete that august and interesting court, which was particularly guarded, since the revolution, by a regiment, whose loyalty, discipline and valour were not to be corrupted by bribes, nor intimidated by menaces. When we see all the rigours of fortune exhausted upon such undeserving objects: when we see so much



much virtue sinking under the pressure of so much calamity; the first idea which rises in the troubled mind is the objection so often made to the justice of Providence, if a new thought did not bring with it new consolation. Adversity is the crucible in which honor is refined; and no doubt, the destiny of all those sufferers was to see the palms of glory springing up with those of martyrdom to adorn their brows.

But in giving way to the anguish of my soul, I almost forgot the strict character of an historian. This first effusion of sentiment, however, was what I undoubtedly owed to my king. As, for the last two months, I could only bewail his fate in secret, without being able to communicate my emotions, it was natural for me to consecrate to them the first moments of recovered liberty. Accept then, gracious master, these overflowings of a loyal heart: I lose the sense of my own woes in the remembrance of yours; and I enter at length upon my melancholy subject.

Lewis XVI. in the glooms of his prison in the *Tbuilleries* gave his assent to the new constitution, chiefly with a view of obtaining their liberty and a general pardon for all those who had been committed on account of their attachment to his person, and particularly for the companions of his  
flight

flight and of his misfortune at Varennes. It is not to be supposed that he could then approve of the very defects, which he had so powerfully pointed out three months before, and against which he had left behind him the most solemn protest. But no other alternative was now left him ; and his most zealous advisers differed in opinion not only respecting the means to be made use of, but the very end which was to be accomplished. Wearied with such a distraction of counsels, the king accepted of the constitution in purity and simplicity of heart. No other mode of assent could, indeed, have been of any efficacy in averting future catastrophes ; but must have greatly aggravated present inconveniences. It was therefore sincerely resolved not to clog, or impede, but to assist with the most earnest endeavours the motion and progress of the constitutional machine\*.

The only care of the ministry at this time was to induce by rewards the leading members of the committee appointed for the revival of the whole system to new mould some of the fundamental articles. The chief alteration they made was in the decree which confirmed the sacredness and invio-

\* It is almost unnecessary to remind the reader, that the unpunished insurrection of the 14th of July annihilated in fact all the influence and authority of the crown.

lability of the king's person, and declared him to be the hereditary representative of the nation, not the *place-man of the people*\*, appointed by caprice, and removeable at pleasure. But though this point was gained, no new force was given to the main-springs of government. The sovereignty of the mob still exercised uncontrouled sway.

The expedient of purchasing the influence of some of those committee-men, was a sacrifice which the king made to general venality, in order to improve his own situation, and to obtain the means of convincing the people by degrees, and without any ferment, of the weakness of the new system, and the impossibility of reducing it to practice, even with the sincerest intention of adhering to it: he hoped that time, experience, and reason would bring them back to the true principles of sound policy: and as he could no longer work upon the secondary agents of administration, either by lucrative employments which he had been deprived of, or by honorary distinctions which had been abolished, the only instrument left him was money. This was a necessary consequence of the very spirit and frame of the constitution; and men were found shameless enough to

† Fonctionnaire public.



exact bribes from his ministers, and indiscreet enough afterwards to reveal their own corruption and infamy.

One of these miscreants, the founder of the *Jacobin Club*, went openly every day to squander in the revels of debauchery the earnings of his prostitution; and it was hard to determine which excited greater astonishment, his prodigality, or his audaciousness. Another, of greater reserve, but of equal baseness, stript off his magisterial robe to put on a tradesman's apron; and raised his shop upon the ruins of the empire. The first stroke of public justice which they felt was in a torrent of general derision. Afterwards prosecuted with violence by the very people, to whom they had paid such servile court, they have been too happy, in their flight, to find shelter among those Frenchmen, whom they had driven by calumnies from their country; and there, with a lying excuse on the tip of their tongues, with lips that breathe the affected sigh, but with intrigue lurking in the bottom of their hearts, the contempt which pursues them is their only consolation for the rage which they escaped.

Meanwhile a secret instinct drew closer to the king all the corporations appointed to share with him in the government of the empire The want

of mutual strength and support served as a chain to bind together the tribunals, the departments, the various officers of law and justice, and the king's ministers in a sort of strange confederacy; and this shapeless mass of civil power might perhaps have existed for a few years, if it had not contained in itself the seeds of speedy death and dissolution.

So much has been said and repeated on the defects of this political chaos as to supersede the necessity of any farther remarks. The rights of man, the sovereignty of the people, royal democracy, the philosophic frenzy of having a written constitution, universal levelling, the general will substituted in the room of supreme reason, all those reveries of the Abbé Sieyès\*, heightened by the passions of the great Mirabeau, and supported by the stupid ignorance of a majority perfectly corresponding with Neckar's ideas\*, formed a system,

\* The Abbé Sieyès, in one of his lucid moments, found out that the greatest number is the greatest number; and this sublime discovery, which had lain buried in darkness since the days of Plato, procured him the *patent-title* of a great man.

\* If the ancients represented Wisdom issuing in complete armour from the brain of Jupiter; the moderns may now with equal propriety paint Folly and Cruelty jumping without shoes and stockings out of a Geneva banker's ink-stand.

in which nothing was practicable but crimes, nothing possible but misery. All the means of good order, restraint and coercion were annihilated: the executive power was given up to the caprice of the legislature, which in its turn lay at the mercy of the resolutions of clubs, or the mandates of the rabble; and men of property now took the alarm, and began to fly.

In the midst of this ferment, and agitation of men's minds, the new legislative body met; and they began to pull down the constitution, while the air still vibrated with the oaths uttered to maintain it. But before I come to the horrid events of the 10th of August, it will be necessary to give a hasty sketch of the general plan of insurrection, rapine, licentiousness, and disorder, concerted by the factious, with a steadiness and audacity, which, though in so wicked a cause, extort from us a degree of amazement almost approaching to admiration or respect. The very instant that the national convention were re-assembled, unchecked by fear, unabashed by shame, disdaining the artifice with which the late legislative assembly had disguised the massacres of the people under the veil of a pretended plot against the nation, they boldly avowed their projects and their success: they named the leaders: they named the



agents; thus at once justifying those whom they condemned, and accusing those whom they justified.

The discovery of the plans of defence proposed, but never executed by the king, will necessarily arise out of the unravelling of this first plot. The reader must accompany me over the plains of intrigue: we shall arrive soon enough at the valley of tears.

*Sketch of the Plan and Means adopted by the Republican Faction for the Abolition of Royalty, from the 1st of October, 1791, till the 10th of August, 1792.*

WE have just seen under what auspices the first legislative assembly began its sessions. The king, the ministry, the established powers, a sufficiently large majority of the assembly, and a tolerable spirit of decency and order in the national guards, seemed to secure some little peace and tranquility. In the mean time the French nobility emigrated in crowds, at the persuasive call of M. de Calonne, who, like another Cassandra, had not ceased for above a year to announce to all the kings of Europe the danger that threatened them. The departure of the nobility left an open career to the vanity of ambitious citizens, who soon became themselves the aristocracy of the revolution, and were marked, and pointed out to the people, as well as a small number of gentlemen who had remained near the king's person. His majesty, deceived by these appearances of peace, deceived by the constitutional cabal, was himself the instrument of extending the deception to foreign courts. Almost all the sovereigns of Europe joined him in accepting the French constitution: they believed, or affected to believe, that the small share of roy-

alty, which was found in it, would be able to keep under the democracy that formed its basis;—that the virtues of Louis XVI. and the lungs of M. Vaublanc would counterbalance the efforts of eight hundred thousand men supplied with firelocks, and two millions of plunderers armed with spears, and other instruments of havock. They suffered themselves to be lulled into this security, notwithstanding the re-iterated alarms of the French ex-minister: they did more:—they enjoyed the deceitful pleasure, which had caused the revolution, the *pleasure of some despicable revenge* \*. The French nobility, so eminent for their bravery, politeness, and talents, the proud boast of their own country, the envy and admiration of surrounding nations, were scattered as fugitives in the different states of Europe. Misfortune made them more active; the coolness of their reception made them more earnest

\* This requires a short explanation: the king in assembling the states general had the *pleasure* of humbling the fullness of parliaments:—the parliament had the *pleasure* of humbling the court:—the nobility had the *pleasure* of mortifying the ministry:—the bankers had the *pleasure* of destroying the nobility and plundering the clergy:—the curates had the *pleasure* of becoming bishops:—lawyers had the *pleasure* of being made judges:—the citizens had the *pleasure* of triumphing over the bankers:—the rabble had the *pleasure* of making the citizens tremble. Thus every one had at first his *pleasure*; but all have now their respective *pains* and *troubles*; and this is what is called a *Revolution*.

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and importunate : their enemies laid hold of this handle to censure them with still greater severity, calling them fools and madmen. Yes, they were *madmen* ; but it was not remembered that those madmen were not destitute of *honour* ; and experience soon demonstrated the truth and reality of the fears expressed by their faithful and indefatigable agent.

The assembly, a composition of the most wretched elements, began to try its strength and superiority over the executive power, by suppressing the titles of *sire* and *majesty* in addresses to the king ; and by ordering the president to walk by his side, and take his seat by him in the same stile of perfect equality on all public occasions. This, in fact, was only following the spirit of the constitution, and anticipating a motion since made by Manuel to the national convention, that the president (Petion) should take up his residence in the palace, and be seated on the throne of the Thuilleries. A very warm opposition, however, made the assembly sensible that this first step by no means accorded with the ideas of the public. The decree was postponed ; and for a very plain reason : the posts were not yet filled up, nor the batteries erected : the regicide was born ; but he was still in the swadling-cloaths of infancy.

Scarce a month elapsed after the return of the members, before they swore to wage war against the constitution, against their predecessors, against the king, the ministry, the clergy, the emigrants, and the sovereigns of Europe. Democracy, like a devouring fire, never ceases while it has any thing to consume ; and the seas themselves are no obstacle to the fury of its dreadful ravages.

The king alone, faithful to his oath of maintaining the constitution, every article of which he had learned by heart, exerted himself in its support ; and was often obliged to remind the legislative body of the letter and spirit of those articles. Can any thing be more extraordinary than to see a king charged with despotism and treason, and falling a victim to the religious observance of his oath, while the very men, who laid proud claims to Roman virtue, each of them, though a perfect *brute*, fancying himself a *Brutus*, were intent only upon violating every instant the oath which they repeated every day. Surely, if there was a Roman, and despots in France, it was easy to distinguish them ; but the great talent of the factious has always been to overwhelm the king with atrocious falsehoods, and to accuse him of the crimes, which they themselves had committed.

The assembly was soon divided into four distinct parties. A knot of well-wishers to the constitution,

tion, of moderate revolutionists, took their stand on the right side of the house, and were first called *ministerialmen*, but soon after *Feuillans*, from the title of a club which they wished to establish near the *Jacobins*, and for which they had purchased the site of a convent of that name. A second division squatted round the president's chair, and hiding their insignificance under the title of *independents*, they formed a middle party under the direction of one La Croix, an ignorant petty fogger of Evreux. The republicans, the anarchy-men, or plunderers, at whose head Chabot, a capuchin, Bazire, the son of a porter to the Carthusian convent at Dijon, and Merlin, an attorney, were eminently conspicuous, posted themselves at one of the extremities of the hall, and formed what was called the *mountain*. Last of all, in the two corners, at the feet of this mountain, were seated the leaders, or the principal projectors of every plot and intrigue. Here Condorcet, Brissot, and the famous representatives of Gironde made a distinguished figure. From these angles of the hall, and, as it were, with the squint of an eye, they governed the empire, and delivered their oracles. Mastering the independents by their sophistry, and constitutionalists by threatening them with volcanos of the mountain, they availed themselves by turns of the silliness of the one, and the passions of the other, till having wounded the self-love of the *independents*, and perceiving that the  
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latter were on the point of abandoning them, they called in the populace to assist their very laudable schemes of regenerating philanthropy.

Such was the constitution of this assembly, which no man of sense and feeling could even look at without anguish. The infernal powers, that prompted all their words and actions, were strikingly observable in their countenances: it was nature in a debased and shocking state: it was enough to see them, in order to be convinced of what they were capable.

The national convention must exhibit a still more hideous spectacle: it is the last repository of guilt, of blood, of butchery, of carnage: it is Milton's *Pandæmonium*.

From the very beginning the *Feuillans* were attacked with the utmost fury by the *Jacobin club*, whose love of liberty would not admit of any rivals. The ministry, condemned to govern the state in such a tempest of popular authority, had by a sort of necessary sympathy attached themselves to that party, who united the greatest share of knowledge with the least vice. Four young officers, Dumas, Jaucourt, Girardin, and Daveyrhoults were the soul of this party, and their courage was often supported by the harangues of Ramond, Dumolard,

molard, and some others\*. The connection between them and the ministry did not long remain unknown, or unpunished. The club of the *Feuillans* was dispersed and destroyed, in despite of the constitution ; and the *Jacobins* began to rule with undivided power.

*Divide, et impera* is the maxim of tyrants : it was that of the *Jacobins*. Petion, in all his posting-bills, never ceased repeating to the people, *be cool and firm : the design of our enemies is to divide you ;* which is telling them in other words, *we are going to divide our enemies : come and assist us ; but take care not to divide yourselves, till the last blow is struck.*

Petion, Manuel, and Danton, at the head of the municipality of Paris, formed a main pillar of the *Jacobin club* ; and assured them of an immense force upon any emergency. The characters of those three *men of blood* have been so often delineated, that it is quite needless to draw any new portrait of them.

\* The loquaciousness of those gentlemen has been dignified with the name of eloquence, in the newspapers devoted to the constitutional party. But if Quintilian defines an orator, "*Vir bonus dicendi peritus*," ought we to give that title to men, who were not ignorant that they were defending the worst of constitutions ?

The rest of the municipal officers, forced to take upon them the direction of the affairs of the commonalty, with all its uneasiness and defects, felt the want of that peace and quiet, without which no magistrate can satisfactorily discharge his duty. By attempting to repress disorder, they and their clerks incurred the suspicion, and were charged with the guilt of aristocracy.

The constituent assembly had done homage to the spirit of the constitution in depriving a single man of the command of the national guards. La Fayette was gone from Paris, and his last farewell to the people was the affray which took place in the field of Mars: six legionary commanders supplied his place by rotation. This plan of changing the general every two months, being necessarily attended with some change of principles, destroyed the spirit of union, which had hitherto proved the great safe-guard of property\*. A considerable number

\* It is not foreign to my subject to anticipate here a few of the events, and to shew some striking instances of the result of an insurrection, and of the reward of fidelity. Of the six legionary commanders, three who had been trained up in the army, Mandat, Romainvilliers, and la Chesnaye were massacred. President Pinon, and Belair have been ruined by the late revolution: Acloque alone has survived these riots; and heaven has thus rewarded his loyalty, and his services to the king on the 20th of June. Men of ambition, after these examples, will you strive to serve, and pay your court to the people?

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of the national guards then retired : many of them served La Fayette ; and but very few were willing to serve the nation.

At this juncture the sixty Parisian battalions received, each of them, two pieces of ordnance, according to the decrees for new-modelling the army and militia. Few of the citizens had the courage to devote themselves to the laborious service of artillery-men and gunners. The apron, and leather-strap were equally galling to their vanity, and to their delicate persons. Thus the Parisian ordnance became the prey of smiths, of forge-men, and other hardy sons of toil ; and from that moment the national guard was in fact but an empty sound. The cannons soon gave the law to little firelocks.

In the mean time the regulars, or *troops of the line*, as they are called, caused some uneasiness. The spirit of these regiments then at Paris was doubtful. There was but one method to get rid of all those troops, whom any able and resolute leader might form into an army for the defence of the king and constitution ; and that was to employ them on the frontiers. War was therefore resolved upon ; and proper steps were taken to force the king into it.

Leopold had contented himself with signing at Pilnitz an eventual agreement with the king of Prussia

Prussia to maintain the liberty of Lewis XVI. and the independence of other crowns. The emigrants, led away by fallacious hopes, formed themselves into armed bodies in the territories of the elector of Treves. The minister was easily found guilty of concealing what he knew nothing of with respect to those preparations. A decree against him was passed without either proofs, or any rational motive ; and he was thrown into a prison, whence he was dragged out ten months after only to be massacred, and the very day of Delessart's butchery brought news of the Emperor's death.

Warned by such a lesson, the succeeding minister, Dumourier, whom the faction placed at the head of foreign affairs, caused war to be suddenly declared against Leopold's successor. It was decreed with a thunder of applause. The constitutional party were persuaded, that the French emigrants would not fail to join the troops of the enemy, and be defeated with them : vanity was flattered with the idea of making war on the nobility ; and all the ministerialists to a man rose to second a party, who only wanted to see the government embroiled, and Paris defenceless.

The first steps were disasters, and those disasters fell upon constitutional generals. How rapid the transition from misfortune to hatred ! Roch-  
ambeau

ambeau is disgraced ; Dillon is butchered ; Gou-  
vion killed ; all are covered with shame and defeat ;  
the *demagogue-soldiers* cannot stand against the very  
looks of honour, and the manœuvres of discipline.

The faction are but little affected by these calamities. It is of little consequence to them that the arms of their country should be disgraced, provided those arms cannot be turned against themselves. In destroying every restraint, and letting popular fury loose upon royalty, they secured their own power : they abandoned the crown to the mob ; but they took care to keep to themselves the right of stripping it of its diamonds. If they caused the blood of 20,000 soldiers to be spilt on the frontiers, it was to shed with impunity that of 20,000 citizens in the heart of the empire. Thus revenge and plunder are formed out of our disasters : blood calls for blood ; and our misfortunes swell with our infamy.

Every thing was thus leading the way to the last catastrophe. The three Parisian regiments of regulars had been sent off to the frontiers : the guard of 1800 men, which the king had been ordered by the constitution to form for his own security, was disbanded almost as soon as raised, under a pretext of *incivisme*, or want of attachment to the popular cause. Still they dreaded the efforts  
of



of 600 cavalry, and more than all, the known virtues and loyalty of the old and faithful Brissac. Every contrivance was used to agitate the people at this period. They made choice of the moment, when three successive holidays made them sure of the idleness and dissipation of the mob. They declared themselves permanent. The ministers at this time were persons who had been chosen from among the *Jacobins*. Not a single proof, nor any ground whatever of accusation against the king's guards; their only crime was their attachment to the royal family;—and how could they help being attached to that family, whom they saw every day, and in whose insults and sufferings they every day bore a part? This loyal troop was therefore dispersed without opposition: M. Brissac was therefore dragged from the king's embrace, flung into a prison, and thence brought out, only to be torn to pieces. Brave and loyal Brissac! thy ashes will be one day avenged—but let me be allowed in the mean time at least to strew thy grave with flowers—it is a duty I would this instant perform, if I was not afraid of disgracing thy panegyric, by giving it a place in this long gallery of crimes.

The conspiracy is now thrown open to view: rebellion stalks abroad with audacious front: no bounds are prescribed to its rage; and the governments of Europe, who remain silent spectators

tors of its progress, become in some sort its accomplices.

The pardon granted to the assassins at Avignon, gave an almost general shock. Still, however, a delusive explanation led people to believe that justice would take its course, and that the guilty would be punished—Vain hope! Charges against the courts of criminal law are every where brought before the people—All the civil offices of power and trust at Avignon are filled by the very robbers who were the subjects of legal prosecution—Our troops are withdrawn; and the virtuous Le Fort and the brave Folney are obliged to resign their command to Jourdan, to that Jourdan, whose very name freezes the soul with horror—to that Jourdan, whom the impetuous and too honest Bigonet, when he arrested him in the river Sorgue\*, had spared for trial and expected execution, only to put himself afterwards in the power

\* Jourdan, one of the principal agents in the massacre at Avignon, being pursued by the officers of justice, jumped on horseback into the Sorgue. Bigonet, who was at his heels, and on horseback also, jumped in after him; upon which he discharged a pistol at his pursuer, but missed him. Bigonet being a man of greater bodily strength, seized Jourdan by the collar, and clapping a pistol to his head, said, "I could now put an end to thy life, but I'll leave that to be done by the executioner." He then dragged him to the bank. He had afterwards reason enough to be sorry for his forbearance.

of that wretch, from the pursuit of whose blood-hounds he had a narrow and most perilous escape\*. The army of M<sup>on</sup>teux is created anew : Brissot calls this swarm of banditti, engendered in the scum of the Mediterranean, the *providence*, the *guardian gods* of the south. The first place thrown open to their pillage is the town of Arles, which had been guilty of the heinous crime of wanting to live quiet and happy in the midst of its sands: it was made a scene of fire and blood. The capital of Provence soon experienced the like fate; and, thanks to the arrangements of general Barbantane, the Swiss regiment of Ernest is disarmed with impunity: the conquerers return to Mar-

\* The ringleaders of the assassinations at Avignon, Messrs Rebecqui and Bertin, now members of the convention, and late members of the department, were covered with so many crimes, that the assembly could not avoid summoning them to its bar. But within that bar those culprits found advocates and patrons; and were soon placed at the head of the *Marseillais* at Paris. They were the same men who had led Jourdan in triumph at Avignon.

As for Bigonet, he was arrested the evening before the election. This hord of savages had appointed Barbantane to be their jail-keeper. Bigonet was to be sacrificed on the altar of patriotism, where Duprat was chosen mayor, and Rovère their representative in the National Assembly.—It was by a sort of miracle that he made his escape along the walls of Avignon, and through the Rhone. He thus verified the prophetic warning given him by the king: “*God grant,” said his majesty, “you may have no occasion to repent your having saved him!”*”

feilles :



feilles ; and upon their establishing the republican system in that city, but not before, the assembly invites them to its assistance. It is worthy of remark, that, even in criminal pursuits, that assembly never had the merit of any thing new, or original.

Some new aliment was still wanting to feed the rapacity, and insatiable passions of the people. The feudal rights, and the estates of the emigrants, that is to say, a new capital of three thousand millions of livres, were given up to them : sentence of transportation was passed upon the priests ; and the king's minister, without giving the least previous intimation to his master, demanded, and caused a decree to be passed for the forming of a camp of twenty thousand men under the walls of Paris.

His majesty could not sanction such shocking measures : he dismissed his ministry, and refused his assent to the two last decrees. The rage of the faction, who had appointed those ministers, burst forth in fire and flames. Roland had no sooner resigned than he published a letter to the king, every line of which was a daring libel on the constitution, on royalty, and public order. The dark, designing, revengeful Claviere went to concert, with Petion and Brissot, the plan of measures for

the 20th of June. Servan comforts himself in his disgrace with counting over the fifteen hundred thousand livres, which he gained by contracts in his short ministry, some of which he even signed the day after his dismissal. As for the undefineable Dumourier, he retired very quietly, having made out in silence his political calculations how to make the most of every blunder and mishap; he repairs to the army, in order to declare war upon the French generals, rather than upon those of the enemy. He soon gains, without the risk of a battle, a complete victory over Luckner, La Fayette, and Dillon.

All the jarring elements of rebellion were now thrown into a ferment. A petition to the assembly served as a pretext for the unlawful crowding together of 20,000 ruffians, the garret-vermin of the suburbs, the off-scourings of all the sinks of Paris. Armed with spears, with scythes, with clubs, hatchets, pitchforks, they traverse the city; and Petion is enraptured at the charming fight. They march up to the assembly, and the legislators applaud them with great composure and dignity. The Louvre is quickly assaulted, and cannon is even planted against the door of the king's antichamber. The undaunted heroism of his majesty, who with only four defenceless attendants, came out to meet the band of rebels, disconcerted the murderous

derous plot, the secret agents of which had got into the king's private apartments, never supposing it possible, that he could be gone to face the storm at the very cannon's mouth. But Providence watched over him, inspired his resolution, and shielded him from danger. The details of that day are sufficiently known:—Petion was covered with shame, and the king acquired immortal glory.

This unexpected stroke of Providence disconcerted the faction:—new defeats came to add new fury to their despair:—La Fayette was deputed by the army to insist upon an account of its conduct from the assembly: all the powers of the state were inclined in the king's favor:—their courage and loyalty were roused by his heroism:—Lewis XVI. may be said to have then reigned for a fortnight. It was in that interval that the last horrid plots were laid, and an insurrection, or rather a general explosion resolved upon in the *Jacobin club*.

The junction of the Prussian armies to the Imperialists announced to the guilty a dreadful and exemplary punishment. They could neither hope to avert, nor quell the rising tempest, but by seizing upon the persons of the king and royal family, and keeping them as hostages for the capitulation which they foresaw. The Duke of Brunswick's manifesto did not produce the expected effect.



He threatened to ransack the city of Paris; but he did not reflect that he thus declared himself the ally of the very faction he fought against. They could be before hand with him in the ransacking business; and they set about it with effect, having consigned all power and the reins of government to men of no property, and to *sans culottes*.

We are now come to the beginning of July, from which time the events crowd upon one another in such rapid succession, that every week might furnish materials for a volume.

The anniversary of the *confederation*, and the necessity of augmenting the army afforded the Jacobins a pretence for ordering to Paris a national force, to be entirely at their disposal, and which might strike a terror into the Parisian guards. All the environs of Paris sent to the confederation volunteers, who did not exactly answer the end in view. Their simplicity was directed to the camp at Soissons: the most wicked amongst them staid behind to wait for the brave confederates of Marseilles, who arrived at length with arms and accoutrements, after having been driven out of Lyons, Tournus, and Melun; but disregarding these local insults, in order to devote their whole thoughts to their high destination.

They

They arrive; and the most affectionate fraternity is entered into between them and the outcasts of the suburbs. 250 desperados take their stand at Paris—they are joined, as if by inspiration, by 1500 banditti;—and they already make six hundred thousand men tremble. The municipality finds them quarters; the assembly defrays the expence; and Sergent supplies them with powder and ball. On their arrival, the first tribute of their homage and respect is paid to the virtuous Petion. What a glorious sight for that god-like patriot! His full-moon face expands with rapture, and in a tone of candid silliness, and of that cool cruelty which is the only prominent feature in his ambiguous aspect, he advises them *to stick together*. After this exhortation they withdraw, and are conducted by Santerre to a tavern in the *Champs Elisées*, where they found at a very peaceable and friendly dinner about a hundred young men, soldiers raised by the nunneries of St. Thomas and of Petits Peres; children of the constitution, all disposed to fight against Coblenz, but ready to fly before Marseilles. This small party, attached as well from interest as affection to the king, whom they defended on the twentieth of June, and trained under La Fayette, could not bear the insults of the *sans culottes*. A childish dispute first gave rise to a quarrel: some bits of dirt thrown by the mob caused the sword to be drawn; this was

soon followed by the discharge of some pistols : a stock-broker was shot, and four or five others were wounded : but the gentlemen in the laced uniform could not long sustain the onset of the dusty adventurers.

Here was a fine specimen of the audaciousness of the *Marseillais*, and of the weakness of Paris. No person could entertain any doubt upon this head, when it was seen that two hundred *Marseillais* led their prisoners in triumph to their barracks, and through the very district where four thousand men were posted under arms, and with cannon, in consequence of the defeat of their comrades. These four thousand men contented themselves with idly parading every evening before the Italian play-house ; but dare not budge to rescue their companions out of the hands of the *brothers and friends* from Marfeilles.

From this moment Paris was conquered, without resource, and without hope. On one side the despondency was excessive ; and, on the other, insolence knew no bounds.

It was not enough that the liberty of the citizens was violated, and the outrage passed over with impunity : it was farther necessary to make the effusion of blood again familiar to the people. In the



the course of the preceding year they had almost lost the habit of seeing it stream. Despremenil was the victim designed by Providence to afford the world another striking proof that no act of guilt ever goes unpunished. He was walking peaceably on the terrace of the *Feuillans* : he was discovered and marked by the populace ; and in an instant, without one gesture, or uttering a single word, a troop of cannibals, joined by some of the *Marseillais*, rushed upon him, and drove him with swords and cudgels to the guard-house of the treasury, almost drowned in his own blood, which gushed from above two hundred wounds he had received. In this state I saw him cross the *Palais Royal*, the very building whence the first mob of revolutionists sallied forth to the parliament in 1788, to protect him in opposition to the court. The favourite of the mob at that time was thus treated by them in 1792 ! Despremenil conscientiously employed the first moment of the recovery of his senses in writing to the king, to confess his faults, and to offer him, by way of atonement for his past errors, the blood he had just shed. The virtuous Petion thought it his duty to come and see his bleeding colleague ; but not knowing what face to put on before this mangled and almost inanimate corpse, he took it into his head to be suddenly indisposed, and the mayor of Paris fainted before a citizen assassinated by a faction.

The

The mayor of Paris had been suspended by the *department*, some little time after the twentieth of June, for his base and factious conduct upon that occasion. The king, who, according to the rules laid down by the constitution, was to approve, or annul the sentence of the department, had been at first inclined to avoid giving his opinion in a cause where he might seem to be both judge and party; but the assembly, proud of his majesty's embarrassment, and ready to take advantage of his decision, forced him to give his assent. Lewis XVI. pursued the path pointed out to him by honor, as well as by the department. He confirmed the suspension of Petion, and of Manuel his colleague. All the demagogue faction was transported with rage. The whole pack of hell-hounds rushed forth into every quarter, and soon made the assembly ring with the dreadful yells of *Petion, or death*. Petion triumphed, and the assembly, in re-installing him, gave themselves a master, without suspecting it.

Petion had at this time published a justification, written in that traiterous stile which is his distinguishing characteristic. It was modestly entitled, "*General rules of my conduct towards the people.*" In this curious piece of composition the mayor of Paris did not wish entirely to conceal his deep designs. He said he was always averse to shedding the blood of the people. As under the word *people*,

ple, *peaceful* citizens were confounded with the *factious*, the banditti, who saw, that whatever crimes they might commit, they were sure of being considered as *mistaken* citizens, felt the full scope of their own powers, and rent the air, some of them with *buzzas for Petion*, and others with *buzzas for robbery and murder*.

It is no hard matter to guess to what a pitch the *calm* Petion's irascible passions must have been inflamed. Upon this occasion he did not even take any pains to disguise them. The effect we shall see presently.

The war, which had been just declared, instead of being *offensive*, as at first, soon became *defensive*. Then those proud conquerors of the whole world, in order to render the insurrection general, fell upon the ridiculous expedient of proclaiming the country in danger. Petion was commissioned to perform this burlesque ceremony. I would give a sketch of it here, if the calamities of my country had not made me break to pieces my comic pencil. The people, however, did justice to the farce; they danced to the tune of *the country in danger*, in the same manner as they have since sung the *Carmagnole*, and as they will soon sing, *long live the king*. The real end of the declaration was to secure the continuance of all the present party in  
their



their places, and to excite a general ferment by the bare sound of public danger. Already the spears proposed by Carra, countenanced by Petion, and afterwards decreed by the assembly to supply the want of fire-arms, had reduced to the same level all citizens, *active*, or *passive*. Such a confusion was enough to subvert the constitution. The former distinction of *active* and *inactive* citizens subdivided each section into two branches; and the new citizens soon took the lead of the old.

Every day for a whole week exhibited the whimsical spectacle of two different deputations following one another from the same section, the one demanding that the king might be dethroned, and the other protesting against the legality of such a petition. The reader need not be told which address was best received. Tired of such a political schism, the commonalty of Paris ordered a general petition to be drawn up in the name of all the sections, or wards; and Pethion came in a blaze of glory to the bar to demand the dethroning of the king, who had suspended him a few days before. This address, the insolence of which was no longer a matter of surprize to any body, had been drawn up by Chenier the poet; and as this Chenier the poet, and Collot d'Herbois the player, were the rebel commissioners of the ward

ward called the *section of the library*, the *virtuous* Petion could not be any farther, or more consequentially engaged in this business, than as the illegal tool of a lawless proceeding. The petition was received with applause, and copies of it sent to the eighty-three departments. All this was done by men who called Lewis XVI. a traitorous and perjured king, though they themselves had taken the oath to defend the constitution.

The storm was now ready to burst. The extraordinary committee of twelve, however, who were ordered to make a report on the king's forfeiture of his crown, found themselves, as it were, between two fires, the dread of the mob on the one hand, and of the Prussians on the other. They saw rebellion brandish its dagger every day with greater boldness; but they also saw Frederic and Brunswick already coming up the Mozelle. The committee was chiefly composed of the deputies from Bourdeaux; but though the Gascons are enterprizing, men of intrigue are seldom rash, or precipitate. Vergniault delayed from day to day his famous report. It was at length irrevocably adjourned till the tenth of August, when the popular explosion saved him both the trouble of making it, and the shame of having made it.

In the interval La Fayette was sacrificed to the populace for his conduct on the twentieth of June. The Bourdeaux faction accused him of aiming, like another Cromwell, at a protectorate; of treachery, &c. A decree for his impeachment would have now passed, had not the *Jacobin* party given particular offence to the *Independents*, by refusing to raise to the president's chair their general La Croix, who for the last fortnight had been vice-president. Either through resentment, therefore, or through fear, La Fayette was acquitted by a great majority. But the people took ample satisfaction on his advocates for the escape of the culprit. Such of the deputies as had spoken in his favor were pursued, beaten, wounded, or rolled in the kennel by the *good people*. This preparatory step of the *good people* was to be soon followed by the downfall of another representative of the nation, more august than Mr. Girardin, but to whom the constitution annexed only the like degree of inviolability. It is not unlikely, that the mob chose to make their first experiment on some individual of less consequence.

The troops from Marseilles had, upon their arrival, been quartered in the barracks of *Pepiniere*, at the extremity of the *fauxbourg Montmartre*. This situation would have done, if that hord had been intended only to augment the number of battalions  
which



which Paris sent forth every day into the plains of Flanders and Champagne: but the secret design was to make them a standing force, to act with full vigour in the heart of the capital. The grand day drew nigh: the Parisian bands murmured: several of the Marseillais had been killed at different times by the champions of the sections: there was not a moment to be lost: Desmoulins had addressed the commonalty and the Jacobins in an incendiary harangue, the purport of which was to prove the expediency of a few months of anarchy, and of renewing the Valerian law, which made it allowable to kill any man suspected of disloyalty to the state, on condition that the charge should be afterwards proved. Brissot dreamed of nothing, spoke of nothing, wrote of nothing but the grand word, *national convention*, which he had dug up in grubbing the woods of Pennsylvania. Danton's intimidating language with respect to any persons who spoke of petitioning against Pétion, the Marseillais, or dethroning the king, was always this: *we shall answer their addresses with screwed bayonets*. It was no longer in clubs, or in secret committees that they concerted their infernal plots: it was in the open face of day, in the most public parts of the city, in the forum, in the very capitol, that the death of Cæsar was resolved on. I shudder at repeating the language of those sons of blood.

The

The *Marsellais* were removed by night to the barracks of the *Cordeliers*, in the ward called the section of the French theatre, a section for ever famous, which has supplied the national convention with almost half the deputies that Paris was entitled to send.

Such of the readers as are acquainted with the topography of Paris, may form some idea how well calculated the new post, assigned to those conspirators was, for the intended blockade and storming of the king's residence. The barracks had the *fauxbourg St. Antoine* on the right, and that of *St. Marceau* on the left: the one leading through the *Carrousel*, terminated in a wide opening for an attack in front; and the other, extending to the *Pont royal*, afforded a perfect command of both wings and the garden. The army in the center consisting wholly of the *Marseillais*, were posted just behind the alarm cannon, flanked by the mayoralty that issued the order which they dictated, and followed by a motley rabble of workmen, of students in surgery, of preceptors, of pupils, turbulent young fellows bristling with Greek and Latin, of which last circumstance the very name of the quarter they resided in seemed to be expressive: it is called *le pays Latin* (the Latin quarter). Such was the posture and advantages of the assailants; and that alone would be sufficient to decide

decide the mighty question, whether it was the nation that laid siege to the palace, or the palace that laid siege to the nation? if the charge long since thrown out against the nobility of having burned their own houses, had not familiarized our ears to the absurd jargon of impudent falsehood.

The removal of the *Marseillais* by night was done in a manner which froze the inhabitants of the Thuilleries with fear. But as for the king, he had long been a stranger to sleep, or repose. His days were troubled with storms, his nights devoted to watching. Continual tumults disturbed every body in his château. His enemies were ten thousand to one: they even magnified their numbers to prolong his alarms. His life was withered by the blasts of misfortune; and at the very moment that he and his family were ready to sink into the grave, their health and strength being quite exhausted, fresh sorrows, unheard of, indescribable, came to fill up the measure of his sufferings, and to pierce his heart, but without being able to shake the firmness of his soul.

The garden of the Thuilleries, a part of the king's property left him by the constitution, had been kept shut. This precaution was become necessary, on account of the daily insults to which the king and queen were so much exposed. His-



tory perhaps will one day collect some of the regicide ballads which used to be audaciously sung even under the monarch's window. The burthen of one of the songs may serve as a specimen:

“ Nous te traiterons, gros Louis,

“ Biribi,

“ A la façon de Barbari

“ Mon ami.”

In order to add insult to cruelty, the assembly resolved to open the garden in spite of the king; and, upon the motion of Thuriot, they appropriated to themselves the terrace of the Feuillans, where such groups of the populace as could not find room in the galleries of the house, usually crowded together. By way of derision they drew a line in the manner of a boundary between the terrace and the garden, and this line was marked with a ribband of three colours, to which the people pinned their cruel pasquinades, with a strict prohibition against any body's stepping over it. It was impossible to carry insolence and barbarity to a greater height. They gave the name of *Coblentz* to the palace, and the garden was called the *Austrian camp*. The small number of national guards, who did duty there, were considered as enemies, and were already pointed out to the people, as justly obnoxious.

In

In short, there remained but one body of men to stem all the violence of anarchy, the brave and loyal regiment of Swiss guards. Their destruction was decreed. The first step towards this was to divide them. The king was ordered to reduce the number to one half; and in spite of every possible effort, he was compelled to send off three hundred men on the seventh of August. The faction had resolved to disarm those troops, in the same manner as the regiment of their countrymen at Aix had been before disarmed; but for this purpose their separation was necessary. The like measures were pursued to destroy or lessen all spirit of union among the national guards. The office of major-general had been suppressed, and it was farther intended to suppress the companies of grenadiers and of *chasseurs*. Disorder was now ready to crumble the whole system, and we were falling back into the chaotic gulf.

Such then was the reward of three years fidelity, virtue, and an irreproachable conduct throughout all the storms of the revolution. Those proud sons of the Helvetic mountains had preserved their discipline and their purity in the midst of disorder and corruption. Their martial looks were strongly expressive of the inward workings of their souls. It was easy to observe for some time past their brows contracted with secret grief. Our

vices struck them with horror. We no longer blushed at any baseness ourselves: those plain and honest men blushed for us. Their regiment originally consisted of 2200 men; but it was reduced to 1600. That reduction arose from various causes. At first they expected to be disbanded, and of course discontinued recruiting for the last three years. In the second place every captain was allowed a diminution of twenty-five men in each company, to indemnify them for the desertion they had experienced in 1789. Of the 1600 that remained, a detachment of three hundred had been just sent off to Evreux, under the command of Captain Karrer: one hundred more were left to guard the barracks of Courbevoys and Ruelle: about two hundred were usually scattered over Paris in various employments; and if to these we add the sick at the hospital, it will be evident that the number which remained to be contended with could not exceed nine hundred men, including forty-five officers.

On the seventh, the preparations for storming the Louvre on the 10th, were made known to all the party. One of the leaders of the band sent me this secret intimation of it.—“*Let him take care of himself; the tenth will be a bloody day.*” These were his exact words; and I inserted them in my last publication on the ninth of August. The  
provinces



provinces had notice given them of the intended insurrection a week before. The district of *Le petit St. Anthoine* (Little St. Anthony's) received its final orders from Santerre and Sillery on Tuesday evening, the seventh of August. Paris and Sergeant caused only three cartridges to be delivered out to every soldier of the national guards; but the *Marseillais* were supplied with a hundred cartridges each: they were also promised that the gates of the arsenal should be kept open for them: the signal was to be given, and the alarm-gun in readiness to be fired at midnight; and every man at his post waited for the hour.

Thus are we brought to the eve of the horrid catastrophe, through a series of plots, conspiracies, and tumults, methodically planned, and unremittingly pursued for ten months, in the face of all Europe, of France, of the king, and of the national assembly itself, which now began to shudder even at its own work. Such was the train of immeasurable evils prepared for us by the framers of the constitution, whose absurd system left the king without power, all the officers of the state without strength, or energy; and afforded no check to prevent the majority of the national assembly from being the constant slaves of a turbulent and factious minority.

Before we enter upon the details of the tenth of August, it is necessary to give a sketch of the proceedings of the king's council during this long conspiracy; of the different plans proposed to him to avert the calamities and the crimes, into which the people were going to plunge themselves; and lastly, of the means of defence hastily resolved upon to protect his majesty's life and his sanctuary. Alas! what an unequal struggle! *Mollia cum duris*. All those measures were unavailing—Men, things, the constitution, the king, monarchy, order, happiness, France, all was destroyed in three hours.

The second number of this work will open with an account of the king's defensive system.

## APPENDIX.

## APPENDIX.

TO THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE

### LATE PICTURE OF PARIS.

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WHILE the Editor is arranging his materials respecting the affair of the tenth of August, which will be the subject of the next Numbers, he looks upon it as his duty to break in a little upon the regular order of events, in order to lay before his readers two articles, that merit particular notice at the present juncture. One is *a letter to the French Nobility, at the moment of their re-entering France, under the command of the Duke of Brunswick*: the other contains observations *on the political life, the flight, and the arrest of General La Fayette*. To name M. de Rivarol as the author of both, is but saying, in other words, that they are master-pieces of composition: it is also of importance to observe, that the influence, which M. de Rivarol has acquired among the chief promoters of our restoration, an influence justly due to his talents, should make the first of those papers be regarded as the exact expression of the sentiments of the Duke of Brun-



wick, the King of Prussia, and our Princes. These sentiments perfectly coincided with those of the king and queen, particularly the latter, who whenever any mention was made of the future necessity of rigid justice, always replied; *recollection, but no revenge*\*. As to the second paper, many persons will, perhaps, be of opinion, that General La Fayette's return, though late, to royalty; that his misfortunes; and, above all, that sound policy required his character to be treated with less severity: some may also be surprized at such a seeming inconsistency in the principles laid down in the first production, when applied to the particular case of a man, who, though in a prison, has still a very active influence, and a very numerous party.

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## Letter to the French Nobility,

ON THEIR RE-ENTERING FRANCE,

*Under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, generalissimo of the Imperial and Prussian armies.*

NOBLES of France! whose rank is co-eval with the throne, you are then going once more to shed

\* Or, in other words, perhaps more familiar to the English reader, *we must remember but never revenge—be sure to forgive, though we cannot forget.*

your

your blood in an attempt to raise from ruin the most ancient and most illustrious of monarchies ! The highest species of glory, not to except even that which is attached to the founding of empires, awaits you ; but you are not to enjoy it till you have waded through the horrors of a dreadful revolution, and felt all the bitterness of tedious exile. It is the peculiar fate of the French nobility to purchase glory at a high price, and to open to themselves no other road to honour than honour itself.

Had France been ravaged by barbarians, you would have nothing to do but to repair ramparts, to re-erect palaces and statues ; but your afflicted country now presents to your view her bosom covered with gashes, and wounds inflicted with still deeper cruelty.—You will see her convulsed in the agonies of a revolution, begun by the delusions of avarice, and prolonged by all the ravings of pride.

So terrible is the change, you cannot know again this mighty edifice, founded upon the labours of fourteen centuries ; enlarged by so many treaties, conquests, and alliances ; cemented with the blood of your kings, and your forefathers.—The throne and the altar ; rank and property ; colonies and commerce ; our ancient virtues ; our elegant arts and happy genius—all is crumbled—  
all

all subverted by the quibbles and sophistry of wretched pettifoggers. The delirium has been kept up by democratic camps scattered over the face of the empire ; while the most delusive of all constitutions, and a revolution the most frantic, left the government without energy, the state without subjects, and the monarchy without a king.

But it is my duty to inform you, that you will find the people still more infected with bad maxims, than polluted by wicked actions : error has made a greater progress than guilt ; and the corruption of the times has exceeded their barbarity. The sinking state implores therefore your wisdom, even more than your strength and your valour.

Of what use is it to dissemble ? Those, who drove you into exile, already calumniate your return. They give out, that you re-enter France, for no other purpose but to inflict a punishment equal to the crimes, and a revenge equal to the enormity of the offences. They tell the people, that they are to be the victims to atone for every thing ; and thus after having plunged them into rebellion by artifice, they harden them in it by terror : they stifle all repentance in their bosoms ; and doubly bind them to their own fate, first by guilt, and next by despair.

It



It is in vindication of your injured glory, and for the sake of an unhappy people, bewildered in the mazes of a revolution which they know nothing of, that I now raise my voice. This voice, the interpreter of your generous sentiments, will make itself heard in your camps, and in our cities: honour cannot be deaf and cruel: even victory will be affected at the sound, and the ringleaders of faction, abandoned by the people, will see them return to you: this will be the first of their tortures.

Yes, this blinded people, this weak and frantic multitude, will again find in you their natural defenders. The French will see, that the art of war, that shield of empires, is in the hands of the nobility alone;—that ranks are well purchased by services, and titles by the effusion of blood;—that the chimerical equality, with which they have been flattered, kept constantly taking away, without ever giving them any thing;—that in abolishing the nobility, they only extinguished the lustre of monarchy;—and that the distribution of shoulder-knots only covered the kingdom with pretended bravos, as the issuing of *assignats* had covered it with false appearances of wealth.

Have not the people already seen among the runaways, in the very first skirmishes, those men

who harangued them with such hardihood in clubs, and who so valiantly animated them against an imprisoned king, and defenceless citizens? They were routed on the frontiers;—they fled before a handful of Austrians; and according to the remark, which no fear ever prevented me from repeating: *Glory made those retreat, whom vanity had made advance.*

In vain do the monsters, whose calumnies and whose daggers are aimed at the same objects, spread abroad reports, that you sustain the characters of heroes, only to become the merciless conquerors of your country;—and that you have become acquainted with misfortune, only to remain for ever strangers to humanity. They are ignorant, or pretend to be ignorant of the secret chain that connects every virtue; that those who have shewn a greatness of soul in adversity, will display it still more in success; and that they will know how to pardon, since they have known how to suffer.

Our princes, who carried away with you the sacred fire of honour, and who with you are going to bring it back, hold out to the unfortunate French the hope of those virtues, which they have exhibited to the view of all Europe. Justice and revenge will give way to generosity, as misfortune has already yielded to firmness,  
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and as valour and force must soon yield to discipline.

The king especially, the king alone will be the judge and great mediator between the authors, and the instruments of the revolution,—between the knowing villain and the blindfolded offender, between the victims, and the executioners.

Think, that his heart has felt for more than three years, the pressure, the long series, and all the reality of those evils, the bare recital of which has so often made you shudder !

Who then can pardon, if he does not ; and if he pardons, who will dare to condemn ?

Think of her, who has counted over with him the painful hours of the revolution ; and see how the inexperience of a young princess, checked in her career by great reverses of fortune, was suddenly pushed on farther in the school of affliction, than that of philosophy, after all her trials and her meditations.

Think also of the clergy, who, by dint of constancy, resignation, and disinterestedness, have foiled our philosophers in their long impeachment of religion.

You



You will be but too fully revenged. At your approach, the incendiaries, the legislators, philosophers, wits, and all the pests of democracy, will hasten to purge France of the very sight of them.

Where will those political *Erostratuses* fly? Where will those serious madmen go, who dared oppose their weak reason to the eternal nature of things? What unknown climates, what distant seas will receive those bloody apostles of rebellion? Hated in monarchies, suspected in republics, loaded with the curses of humanity, will they go to lose themselves in the deserts of the new world; or are they destined by Providence to be again the scourge of some sinful and corrupt people?

Let them fly then! let not your hands be polluted with their blood: and let not any rigours of law and justice, which must always fall short of the enormity of their crimes, abridge their existence. Remorse without virtue awaits them.

They cannot say, however, that time, means, or success have been wanting to their schemes. Three years have passed away, since they have been making experiments upon one of the finest kingdoms in the universe, just as if they were trying their hand on the vilest of the human species.

Every

Every thing has been favourable to their purpose; the virtues of the king, the blindness of the people, the violence of the wicked, the immense property of the church, and the base projects of the Duke of Orleans, that prince, all whose vices have not been able to lead him to his crime.

What do I say? Heaven itself seemed to concur in the revolution, by granting three fine years of peace and plenty. But Europe is at length roused, and France is going to awake out of her painful dream.

I return to this unfortunate people, spoiled, just like a real tyrant, by flatterers, who are incessantly telling them, that they are the source of all power; and that, being in possession of all power, they are also possessed of all virtue and knowledge. Such is the logic of the factious: as soon as they become masters of the people, they wish the people to be masters of every thing else.

You will see what a nation becomes, when lost for three years in the revels of licentiousness, the discontinuance of taxes, a long rupture with religion, and the total oblivion of humanity.

How was it possible that a people of the greatest vanity and levity in the universe could resist the  
most

most deceitful and the most terrible of all illusions? Our philosophers made them drink deep of the intoxicating cup of sovereignty. What length of time and efforts of reason are requisite to break the charm!

You rely, no doubt, on the miracles to be wrought by fear: you rely, as does all Europe, on the success of the opening campaign. You will soon have it in your power to say to the French, as Themistocles did to the people of Ægina, *We come to you with your very ancient, and very powerful deities, Persuasion and Force.* But *force*, accompanied only by *fear*, would every where meet with nothing but *hypocrisy*, if *persuasion* did not follow close in its train.

Nobles of France! never forget the double sophistry, of which you have been the victims. It was at first said, in order to prompt the people to destroy you, that you formed so numerous a class as to devour the whole body politic: it was afterwards pretended, by way of extenuating the crime, that your numbers were so small, the body politic had not sustained the smallest loss by your destruction.

Never forget, that, in fact, you bear no proportion to the immense population of France: that



that if, before the revolution, you lived in perfect security amidst such a prodigious multitude of people, it was because they had not been accustomed to look upon you as their enemies: that once come back, and scattered, as it were, over this vast kingdom, you would perish in a second universal conspiracy, if you did not support by the help of reason, and consolidate with wisdom the new state of things, which the strength of the counter-revolution prepared for us. To you it belongs to cultivate the fruits of peace, and to give the people a just relish for them. If the two deities you now bring with you, one, a benign and friendly foreigner, must leave you; the other, sweet persuasion, will remain.

You will distinguish the rabble from the country-people, and the country-people from the townsmen, a class among whom vanity, and of course jealousy begins. The peasants you will easily undeceive; and then you will have only a vile rabble and the towns-men to contend with.

As you are sensible that it will be necessary to repel violence by force, and arguments by reasoning, you will not say to the populace, "*you are deceived*;" for they would not believe you. How is it possible, in fact, that they should believe you, if you condescended to reason with them? Employed,

feasted, and always well paid by the factious, it is only from your misfortunes that they date their own imaginary happiness. The long *saturnalia* of the revolution must appear too short to those ruffians; instead of submitting to the voice of order, they will rather make you an offer of their spears and their daggers, and will wish to hire out to you their bloody services on the same terms that your enemies have paid for them.—So fatal an instrument is the mob, suited to all parties, and ready for all crimes!

You will reject their horrid offers; and as many of them as the revolution has set loose upon society, both in town and country, so many will you drive back to places of confinement, to public work-houses, and to prisons that now re-demand them.

But the towns-people above all will require the full exertions of your judgment. It is to them that the most bewitching revolution, which the annals of the world can never afford an instance of, has made its poison peculiarly palatable. They are the persons whom a false philosophy has so much irritated against you. It is among them that you must for a long time expect to find the roots of the tree you are now going to extirpate. You will often catch them dreaming of equality. A light and delicate hand will be necessary to touch such ulce-  
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rated hearts, and to temper with minds so distempered.

The remedies of reason, of time, and of government will second your efforts. Tell this jealous class of men, that, in destroying the nobility, they annihilate the only end of labour, the only reward of merit, the only condition that relieves poverty, and gives grace and lustre to wealth. You may easily convince those vain and jealous minds, that their self-love will be more disgusted with the multitudes, whom equality will lift up to the same footing with them, than charmed with the small number, whom it will sink to their level. Remind them of the strange acknowledgement they themselves made in the midst of the assembly, when they admitted of the *punishment of equality*. When kings and their nobility conquered the Gauls, the victors were naturally in a higher rank than the vanquished. At the expiration of thirteen centuries the conquered rise up, and say to their conquerors, *let us be equal*; and this is found to be a terrible revenge. What could extort from them such an acknowledgment? Was it instinct, or conscience? Be it what it will, they paid thereby a signal homage to the sacred institution of ranks, to the propriety of titles, to emulation, that main-spring of empires, which urges men up to the sum-



mit of the social edifice by the double ladder of dignities and riches.

You will observe to them, that if superiority was heretofore sometimes haughty, equality is not less so now ; it has made insolence universal throughout France.

You must not pretend to vie with them in vanity : it is a contest in which you are sure of being defeated, if it could ever be brought to a final decision.

Our philosophers endeavoured to depreciate the honour of the gentry. Ask them, if a sentiment, which inspires a contempt of life and fortune, can be itself contemptible : ask them, if their philosophy has wrought greater miracles. Let them know, that the people who invented honour, grafted all the virtues upon pride, and thus gave them an immortal basis. A little philosophy leads men away from this true political wisdom : deep thinking brings them back to it.

You will make them blush at their having always paid to great fortunes a degree of respect which they refused to the greatest names ; and in order to work upon them more strongly by an instance of  
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your own candour, you will join them in blushing at such conduct.

Most men of letters will be found still more formidable enemies to you. They wish to destroy all political aristocracies, well knowing that they retain one, which can never be destroyed, the aristocracy of the mind. They will carry on a war of sophistry against you, and multiply around you all the scourges of the press, the only plague with which Moses forgot to smite Egypt.

You must not conceal from yourselves, that there is in fact a dreadful struggle between printing and gun-powder. What will be the result of it to the unhappy race of man? Did Providence, in placing those two inventions at the same period, in the eternal succession of time and events, intend to proportion the remedy to the evil? Did not heaven foresee, that what was designed to enlighten man, would lead him astray; that what ought to protect him, would prove the engine of his oppression; and that two new cataracts were thus opened to swell the deluge of evils, in which the earth is overwhelmed!

However this may be, government, which is the very life of the body politic, will guide with wisdom the formidable weapon of the mind. It must

never lose sight of this important truth: *that a writer may gain recruits among soldiers, and that a general will never get any recruits among readers.*

Permit me, before I conclude, to add one wish more to what my devoted attachment to so good a cause has dictated.

Though the monarchy rent asunder claims your assistance, reflect within yourselves, that it is rather to the monarch's aid that you run. Remember, nobles of France, that you are neither sovereigns as in Germany, nor leige lords as in Poland, nor legislators as in England, nor a sacred cast as in India: but that sprung from honour, you ought to live and die in your adherence to the throne.

It would be in vain to dissemble, that before the revolution, every body wished for one according to his own fancy; and it seems, that, in order to bring about that which we now groan under, fortune did nothing more than collect the votes. This remark will make you more indulgent towards those, who have been cured somewhat later of the democratic leprosy; and you will not deprive your country of the benefits of repentance.

Do not seek to render rigours hereditary, under the pretence that favours were so. Let mercy be  
more



more exact than justice ; and let the child, though always honoured for the virtues, be ever absolved from the crimes of his father.

United by misfortune, do not suffer yourselves to be divided by success, lest it may be said of you, that adversity could not ripen your minds ; and lest the state may fall from popular anarchy into aristocratic dissensions.

You know how impossible it is that property should be respected, when sovereignty is attacked.

Drive far from you all spirit of system, and every plan which intrigue is so officious in suggesting to ambition. Save us from all those, who want to save us their own way.

Your perplexities would begin on the very marrow of your success, and you would sow, without knowing it, the seeds of a new revolution, if you did not implicitly rely on the wisdom of a king, who has had a longer and a nearer view of the evil and the danger than you, and to whom the people of France owe the highest reparation. He will not forget, that every subject is a child, every government a father : he will found justice upon reason, and reason upon clemency.

But I will detain you no longer: go, fly under the standard of that second Agamemnon, who sees displayed round him the banners of the Cæsars, of kings, and of princes, and whose glory can only be equalled by his modesty. You are undertaking, with him, the justest war for the most sacred rights, the most unfortunate king, the salvation of your country, and the example of the world.

*Brussels, August, 8th 1792.*

ON THE  
POLITICAL LIFE, THE FLIGHT, AND ARREST  
OF  
M. LA FAYETTE.

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**F**ORTUNE, whose frolics are sometimes signal acts of justice, has just put into our hands General La Fayette. Unable to astonish us by a great man, she wished to astonish us by a great event: she has so ordered it, that the ringleader of democracy should take refuge among aristocrats; that the apostle of rebellion should escape with difficulty from the daggers of the people: and that the man of the constitution should be preserved by flight from the scaffold of liberty, only to fall under the sword of the laws.

Placed between two parties, those whom he had served so much, and those whom he had so grossly injured, general La Fayette did not hesitate. This would have been a testimony of esteem, if it was not the testimony of fear.

I say he did not hesitate; for, though his design was to procure by stratagem a hospitable reception, under the assumed name of an emigrant, and to pass



pass into Holland, it is not less true, that, persecuted by the *Jacobins*, he looked upon this hostile country as an asylum. Not that he suddenly appeared, like another Coriolanus, before the tents of the Volsci, with the noble and interesting air attached to misfortune: La Fayette has nothing of the Roman in him. No—it was rather the instance of liberty granted to the infamous Théroigne, that made him conceive, in case of his being arrested, the abject hope of a similar pardon.

What kind of man then must he be, whom a revolution could not aggrandize, and whom misfortune cannot hinder from being vile and contemptible? In order to form a just idea of him, we must separate him from that revolution, to which he had so closely united himself. We shall then see, that like those rocks which owe their menacing appearance to the mountain that bears them up, and which, after their fall into the plain, are only some little obstacles in the way of the traveller, La Fayette, after having alarmed Europe with the sound of the French insurrection, now serves only to perplex newspaper scribblers with speculations on his questionable character.

Let us take a hasty survey of this hero's features, stripped of his theatrical mask, and dismounted from his stilts; let us bring him down to his

his real standard and dimensions. In vain would I endeavour to enlarge the picture; the man would keep continually shrinking; but I must be indulged in a few details: one outline, a single stroke of the pencil is often enough to paint a great man; but the portrait of a little one requires an infinite number of touches.

When La Fayette, appearing to make an heroic use of his name, his fortune, and his youth, set out for America, he excited that ordinary degree of attention and concern for his success which is ever attached to novelty. Uncertainty increased this concern: nobody could tell how far a timid and reserved boy, guided by a sort of obscure instinct, might one day rise in the scale of manhood. He had, however, some share in the success of the American insurrection. His look and figure of Irish mould were not displeasing to Washington, to that very Washington, who since could not help seeing without an emotion of pity the helm of the French revolution put into hands, which in America he would not have trusted with a few pair of colours.

La Fayette on his return to France, found a reputation ready made, and invested himself with it. He had the women on his side, who so often fancy they discover glory in a great deal of noise, depth  
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of understanding in silence and reserve, bravery in a certain air and strut, and the reason for every thing in the fashion.

He concealed his dark ambition in deceitful flashes of gallantry, for four years, when the perplexities of government afforded him the highest expectations. A meeting of the *notables* was called, but, what grief to think! La Fayette was forgotten. The minister is immediately assailed on every side by all the artifice of intrigue, and the importunities of beauty. More attentive to persons than to things, M. de Calonne did not resist such applications, and unfortunately repaired a fault, which was none in fact. It is well known how soon La Fayette made a virtue of ingratitude, and armed himself with the full force of circumstances against the credulous minister.

The archbishop of Sens having rapidly conducted France to the brink, as it may be termed, of the states general, La Fayette obtained by bribery and intrigues the honour of representing one corner of the kingdom, and undertook to save the whole. A crowd of young men, whom his example had led to America, and who had thence brought home like him the inoculation of democracy, squeezed themselves also into the states general; all full of new ideas, all sure of regenerating the nation, and  
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lying upon the watch with him for an opportunity of disseminating republicanism in France.

The states general meet: the king describes in a few words the distressed state of the revenue: Mr. Neckar makes a long speech on his own integrity; and in one day the assembly loses the hope of any bribes, and the dread of any restraint.

I shall not here attempt a picture of the general insurrection, which subverted one of the finest thrones in the world, and produced an unnatural change in the character of the most amiable people upon earth. I shall only say, that La Fayette, who now entered deeply into the tumults of Paris, and into the plans of the assembly, invested at once with the name of representative, and the title of insurgent, naturally attracted the notice of the conspirators, and of the populace. M. Bailly, that political astronomer, who foresaw nothing but *fine weather* in the revolution, assisted him powerfully in seducing the French guards, and the troops of the *Champ de Mars*. They both told the soldiers, “the king is beset by the enemies of the people: could he speak his mind freely, he would tell you himself, that it would be the strongest proof of loyalty to abandon him at this juncture.” In short, the conspiracy breaks out; the king’s forces are dismissed; La Fayette is named general of the national guards,

guards, amidst the shouts of the Parisian mob; and the king finds himself forced to confirm an appointment, which gave a legal sanction to rebellion.

If La Fayette had received from nature an upright heart, or at least, some extent of understanding, he would have studied at first how to abate, and direct the violent progress of the insurrection: but, on the contrary, he excites, he precipitates, he justifies,—nay, he sanctifies it, in pronouncing with emphasis this maxim, which will serve at once for his condemnation and his motto: *insurrection is the most sacred of all duties.*

Such, in fact, is La Fayette's character. In theory, the false side of things always appears to him the new side: in action, he fancies himself, great, when he has been pursuing the career of atrociousness. What put this beyond a doubt is the shocking insensibility with which he viewed the long tortures and martyrdom of Foulon; and his last words, when he sent off the unfortunate Berthier, under a guard of eight soldiers, through a mob of twenty thousand assassins; “offer,” said he, “no violence to the people.”—He urged on the victim to his fate, and gave orders to spare the executioners.

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But, not to dwell upon the instances of his inhumanity, let us now review his horrid plots against his master and his king. Wielding at will the strength of the military, and the opinion of the populace, he could at pleasure have sheltered the monarch from all the enterprizes, either insolent, or murderous of the faction, and of the assembly. But he employs the double lever of force and opinion only to push this unhappy prince still farther under the wheels of their triumphal car: he takes a declaration of the rights of man, written for him by one of the philosophers of the *Palais Royal*: he appears in the assembly decorated with this borrowed production of guilt; and thus contributes to give a code to rebellion.

La Fayette shines with no less lustre on the night of the fourth of August, which, like *Bartholomew-tide*, ought now to take a name in our calendar from the rapacious invasion of property. But a plot of much greater iniquity had been for some time hatching in the recesses of his heart.

Lewis XVI. still retaining some symptoms of royalty, being still surrounded by his faithful guards and a part of the nobility, appeared to La Fayette either too independent, or too well shielded against any insurrection: he also thought Versailles to be at too great a distance from Paris: he there-  
fore



fore forms the design of tearing away the descendant of a long line of sixty kings from the residence of his predecessors; of massacring, if necessary, his faithful servants; and of leading him, bathed with their blood, under the yoke of the metropolis; assured in his own mind, that he could for ever dispose of the empire, if he kept a king in chains, and protected a senate.

He breathes on the spark of rebellion, and all Paris is in a flame. This was on the night of the sixth of October, a night for which we can more easily find tears than a proper epithet.

When notice was sent him of the slaughter of the life-guards, he affected to disbelieve it: he pretends to be ignorant of what he well knows; to treat as groundless report, what he himself hears, and as a mere vision, what he himself sees: he deceives the king, a part of the assembly, and the whole palace; leaves all the posts defenceless; and in order to put on a greater air of innocence, he goes to spend in sleep a night which was to be the last for the king's household. The royal family is left between a defender who sleeps, and an enemy who attacks. It will never be forgotten—it is indeed impossible to forget that sleep of barbarous hypocrisy, and of cold-blooded atrociousness: the treason, which lies awake, is not half so execrable.

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La Fayette will perhaps say, that the enemy I alluded to, that the Duke of Orleans, as I must mention his name, meditated even the murder of the royal family; and that in the horror of such a design, his own guilt is lost and disappears: he will say, no doubt, that upon the first notice of the queen's being in danger, he flew to the palace, attended only to the calls of his duty, and repelled the hord of assassins.

This, in fact, is his boast. I grant that he would not suffer the dagger of any other ruffian to be mixed with his own bayonets, the gang of any other to join his own troops, or the conspiracy of another to be blended with his own plots; and it is to this jealousy and rivalship that we are indebted for the lives of the king and queen. La Fayette wards off the blow that would rob him of a crowned prisoner, and make an enemy his master: he shields the king from the stab of a dagger, because it would be the last stab: he therefore opposes with success fifteen thousand soldiers to a few assassins. In a word, Philip d'Orleans, wanting to cut the king's throat, and to reign.... General La Fayette, wanting to keep the king in chains, and to reign.....here are two guilty traitors, alike void of every claim to innocence. What a sight it would be now to put them both upon their defence, and to hear them speak

of one another with that hatred and contempt, from which they seem equally to derive some wretched gratification of their vanity!

La Fayette's victory over the Duke of Orleans is then his reward for the difference of heinousness between his plot for the king's imprisonment, and the other's plot against the king's life. This speck of distinction cannot therefore be thrown into the scale of his merit, or his fate.

Let us now view him, after having put his rival to flight. Proud of his triumph, sure of his prisoner, he appears before the assembly; gives an account of the night of the sixth of October; justifies the murders by an appeal to the testimony of murderers; braves the consciences of those who shudder round him; flatters the mob who are transported with joy; and, having ended his speech, takes his seat, covered as he was with the blood of the life-guards, and the applause of the ruffians who had butchered them.

Upon all occasions he justifies force, instead of fortifying justice.

One day after another he pays his court to the populace with increasing meanness and servility. In his speeches, in his letters to the most despicable  
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part of the mob, he tells them: "to execute your orders, to die, if it should be necessary, in obedience to your will, is the sacred duty of a man, whom you have vouchsafed to choose for your commanding officer." Such was the language of this eldest son of liberty, who pulled down a court, only to cringe and crawl in the streets.

This system of adulation he steadily continued to pursue. He sacrificed to the cruelty of the populace the imprudent and discreet Favras, and to the vanity of the citizens a poor remnant of the nobility, who still watched round his majesty's person. He alarmed the royal breast by insisting on the arms of this handful of brave men, who surrendered only in obedience to the express orders of their king. La Fayette distributed their spoils among a banditti wearing uniforms; and thus pursued honour and royalty to their last intrenchment.

The measure of guilt was now filled up and heaped. The sacrifices made by Lewis the sixteenth to the despotism of the assembly, to the rage of the factious, and to the daring attempts of the people, left the revolution without any resource, and the constitution without any hope. La Fayette one day gives him leave to take an airing as far as St. Cloud; but the captive king perceives by the unruly and insulting resistance of the people, and

even of the national guards, that his tyrant has no power but that of oppressing him. His majesty then resolves to hinder his people from committing new crimes: he wishes at last to put an end to a tragedy already too long, and too painful to all Europe: his dejected eye turns of itself towards the scattered fragments of the monarchy: he feels that the salvation of France is no longer within herself; but some remains of heat and life may perhaps be found in the extremities of the empire: he sets out.

This was a thunder-clap to the metropolis: no more parties—no more factions—monarchy-men, republicans, nobility, citizens, plunderers, all are huddled together—all confounded—danger melts them into a common mass—fear has but one complexion, despair but one voice. La Fayette in particular astonishes his own satellites: fear excepted, the passions had never produced in him any change of countenance. Now pale, shuddering, distracted, he runs, he flies in search of his lost prey, and remains himself the prey of a suspicious, savage, and numberless mob, who surround him: his officers are ill used; his own life threatened; and it is that threatened life which he pledges, and by which he swears to bring back his royal prisoner. Couriers are dispatched from Paris at his command; and all France is covered with scouts.

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.... It is the severe will of Heaven that the victim should be brought back.

I shall here make but one reflection ; how necessary a king is to France. Whether an object of hatred, or of love, of respect, or of outrage, still we must have one. Behold Lewis XVI. In a revolution of so republican a nature, he seems an obstacle to every thing. Yet, if he disappears, all is lost. Thus blasphemies, and acts of worship, equally attest the existence of a God.

Cruel rejoicings already proclaimed in Paris the seizure and arrival of the king. La Fayette passes from a state of too visible alarm and dismay to secret transport : while the dark recesses of his heart swell with exultation, he marches before the royal family, who came on with a slow pace, covered with insults and all the bitterness of affliction, during a journey of several days, under a scorching sun, over dusty plains, and through the continually increasing tide of an ungovernable populace. La Fayette draws near, and gives that mob some farther lessons of irreverence and inhumanity : he takes a pleasure in crushing a king of France, torn from his throne, under the pretended sovereignty of market porters and fish-women : he creates new tortures for misfortune, and new affronts for royalty.



In fact, they hardly enter the capital, still undetermined in what manner to receive its king, when, at the general's order, all hats are kept on, all hearts are frozen, every voice mute, and every bosom steeled against the unhappy prince. By this silent horror, La Fayette let the people know, that he was going to become the judge of majesty.

At length the Louvre presents itself to the wretched monarch's view: its iron-gates and gloomy vaults hide him from the hateful light of day, from a perfidious land, from the stare of a multitude, who were once his subjects. Then it was that La Fayette, who had before assumed the airs of a mayor of the court, suddenly stooped to the office of jail-keeper, the strict and cruel duties of which are better suited to his unfeeling and narrow soul. The palace of the Thuilleries, the whole of which on the outside, from the roof to the very foundation, looks as it were bristling with bayonets, is infested within by guards, by sentinels, by an insolent soldiery going their perpetual rounds. The royal family are not even allowed that interval of ease and rest which the night appoints for the whole creation: their sleep is interrupted; their beds are visited; no regard is paid even to decency; and for almost three months, the indefatigable La Fayette, as if he had multiplied himself,

is

is found in every corner of the royal prison. *He is no longer asleep.*

Meanwhile the indignation of Europe is roused, and the assembly begin to shudder. They feel the necessity of saving the monarch, and the danger of urging on the people : they perceive that it is high time to give some solid foundation, and assign some limits to their labours : they stop themselves in their triumphant career : they decree that the master-piece of the constitution shall be presented to the king, and that he shall sign it, at the peril of his crown and his life.

La Fayette, fully satisfied that he had made Lewis XVI. heartily sick of any new attempt to fly, and desirous of remaining master of the king of the constitution, immediately joins the ruling party in the national assembly.

But this new spirit of the legislators did not spread even to the tenth part of the abettors of the revolution. The great majority of the people murmur : they complain, that for above two years they had been urged on to democracy by so many harangues, arguments, and crimes, to fall at last into a sort of monarchy. The anniversary of the *federation* comes round, and serves to increase the strength of the disaffected, and the perplexities of

the national assembly. Already the people are met in a body in the *Champ de Mars*: already are their hands stretched out in the most solemn manner on the patriotic altar: they take and administer oaths. By what signs then must their sovereignty be recognised: when in July eighty-nine, their rebellion against the king was sanctioned by law, had it so grand, so distinguishing a characteristic?

The assembly are in some suspense between the sovereignty of this people and their own constitution: after deliberating a little, they are bold enough to decide in favour of their own work against their sovereigns. (I must here use their own language.) Martial law is decreed; and this dangerous service is assigned to La Fayette. He wavers; he advances; he recoils between two precipices. The first gun, discharged without his order, determines the question: the people are fired upon; the constitution is dyed in blood; and the assembly sow the *field of Mars* with dragon's teeth. Here begins a new order of things. The legislative body has forfeited the idolatry of the people: frightened at giving birth to what it never conceived, it hastens its own end; but, before its dissolution, breaks the general's staff, that sceptre of command, in La Fayette's hands,

What



What the assembly never conceived, and yet brought forth, or gave birth to, is the ruling faction of the *Jacobins*. Already the popular rostrums are crowded, and every where rule over the assemblies: clubs govern the municipalities and directories; and the petticoat gives the law to the breeches: spears are now proudly lifted up between the arms of the regulars, and the fuses of the city militia: the nation undergoes its last metamorphosis; and from one end of France to the other, the spirit of the revolution prevails over the exact letter of the constitutional system.

This machine, which never went on for a single day to please even those who contrived it, this absurd constitution cannot protect either life, or property; and it is, in fact, from the king's fidelity to such a useless system, that we may date his last misfortunes. I shall not enter into the detail, because La Fayette had nothing to do with them; and, indeed, because the sensibility, or even the imagination of man cannot reach the excess of such great, such reiterated calamities.

“ Why, in the revolutions of an empire, do the first sufferings of the prince excite such a torrent of tears? It is because the first cruel strokes of fortune subvert in his person all power and all majesty; but if she continues to afflict, her last  
rigors

rigours fall only upon a wretched man. The persons of kings are in this respect like the statues of the Gods: the blows are aimed at the divinity; but the last fall upon a defaced piece of marble." But, what new sun is that, which comes to dispel those gloomy images? The north of France is enlightened: brilliant victory forces her way through the chaos: her voice of harmony makes the whole empire of anarchy resound! I see the eagle of the Cæsars hovering in the air: I see a great monarch followed by a long train of princes: I see Lewis XVI. reviving in the embraces of those sacred personages; and again lighting up the extinguished rays of his crown by the touch of Frederic William's diadem,

I am called back by La Fayette's fall. He seeks a hiding-place in his own estate, not to enjoy in peace the contemplation of that liberty, and that equality which cost him so many crimes; but to escape from the Jacobins; to carry on secret intrigues for gaining votes in the provinces; and to make himself once more formidable. Those steps were not taken in vain: the moment a war is thought of, he gets the command of an army: he encamps on the northern frontiers; and during a campaign of three whole months, the general only exposes his reputation and his friends,

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At last the Jacobins, either pitying, or tired of the misfortunes of the monarchy, become the instruments of Providence: they demand with loud cries the heads of all the constitutional representatives, and set a price upon that of La Fayette. The new assembly confirm the sentence.

That general, who had not quitted his army, when they sacrificed Foulon, Berthier, and the life guards, and when they threatened the lives of their majesties, deserts them the instant he is threatened: he flies, he vanishes from the stage of the revolution, just like a theatrical hero who falls, and is off before the end of the play. Employing as his safeguard, or shield, that very name of emigrant, which he had made a capital crime of, in so many unfortunate Frenchmen, he presents himself, followed by some traitors, before the out-posts of the Austrian army: he is discovered, and made prisoner.

Such is La Fayette's character, drawn from the political mazes in which his whole life has been bewildered: such is the true nature of the man, traced in the recesses of his heart, and the windings of his mind: he is not of a decisive stamp, or turn, with respect to folly, or wickedness; but a compound of both; always wrong in his plans,  
always



always cruel in the execution : collectively absurd,  
and criminal in detail :

*Et dubitamus adhuc mercedem extendere factis !*

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## REFUTATION

*Of the Calumnies spread abroad against the French  
Clergy, who have taken refuge in England.*

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**W**HEN Lewis XIV. by a measure equally inconsistent with policy, and with the true spirit of the gospel, banished the protestants from his kingdom, we do not find, that either his ministers at foreign courts, or his catholic subjects in any of the neighbouring states, endeavoured to stir up any farther persecution of those unhappy fugitives in the different countries, which had afforded them shelter. But we are not to expect such forbearance from the implacable hatred, which philosophic zeal, much more inflamed than religious zeal, has sworn against those ministers of the catholic faith, whom the decrees of the national assembly, and the dread of sharing in the fate of their butchered brethren, have forced to abandon their country, and to seek a retreat in some hospitable land.

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The most absurd and most atrocious slanders, the most hateful and the most violent means have been employed by the *Jacobins* to make all the nations of the universe reject with cruelty a class of people, against whom their worst enemies have not been able to bring a single charge fairly substantiated. It seems, that in aiming at the total extinction of those melancholy victims, they want to wipe out every trace of so painful a monument of their own crimes; or seek to revenge their disappointment in not having been able to destroy them entirely in their own country with the same blow that made so many martyrs in September. Incontestible facts shew the evidence and justice of the reproaches here thrown upon the French revolutionists.

We shall not follow them through their vague declamations against the circulating letter of the archbishop of Mechlin in favour of the French priests who have fled into the low countries. We shall confine ourselves to the infamous and wicked insinuations thrown out in England by the agents of those sons of blood, in order to prejudice against the refugee priests, the only people who have appeared most affected at their fate, and most inclined to soften its rigours. The correspondence of such of the French *Jacobins* as have come into England is regularly sent for insertion in the *journal*

*nal of Gorsas*, that is to say in the common sewer into which all the sinks of the revolution beyond sea discharge their filth. In a letter dated from London, which appeared in the twenty-sixth number of the *Courier of the eighty-three departments*, we meet with the following assertions; “that the hypocrisy of the refractory priests is found out: that they now begin to inspire contempt: that on the 19th a popular speaker represented with great energy in Suffolk-street the danger of importing such a race of men, one of the fundamental articles of whose faith is, that another man can absolve them from all the duties of society—men notorious for sacrificing every thing, even the most sacred ties of gratitude, to the propagation of their pernicious doctrine.”

How can the wretched scribblers hope, that such declamatory invectives, equally absurd, and destitute of proofs, can urge to violent measures a people eminently renowned for calm deliberation and good sense. No—it is impossible for those men to be hypocrites, who sacrifice their property, their connections, and every thing dear to them in life, in obedience to the authoritative voice of conscience. It is impossible that perjury should be familiar to those faithful ministers, who, with one word, could have avoided banishment, and secured themselves



selves from all kinds of persecution, and from the imminent danger of a cruel death.

If we consider the truths, for which they contend, but as mere matters of opinion, yet, even in that case, they must appear deserving of public esteem for their devoted adherence to them. No people know better how to set a proper value on such conduct, and to do them justice than the English, among whom steadiness and consistency of principle will be always sure to excite sentiments of admiration\*.

If it be true, that it is an article of *faith* with the French priests, *that another man can absolve them from all the duties of society*, why did they suffer themselves to be condemned to a rigorous transportation? Why did they of their own free will renounce, what attaches men most strongly to life, their relations, their friends, all the endearments of society that agreeably filled the intervals of leisure, which the duties of their sacred function allowed them; when it was so easy for them to preserve all

\* A French clergyman lately made use of the word *compassion*, to describe to Mr. Burke the sentiments manifested by the English in favour of the French refugees—" *Compassion!*" replied the celebrated orator with some warmth, "say rather, our *respect* for you. That is the real sentiment with which you inspire us."

those

those comforts, by taking an oath, from which their *faith* afforded them so very convenient a method of being absolved, the moment it began to lie heavy on their consciences?

We are told of their zeal to propagate their doctrines: but can any men be more ardent propagators than the *Jacobin* missionaries, who scour all Europe, to stir up the people to rebel against their respective governments? men, who publicly preach their seditious opinions in the coffee-houses and taverns of this metropolis?—men, who insult with horrid grins and gestures any man ready to contradict treasonable insinuations?—a set of beings, in short, who seem incapable of existing in any element, but anarchy! Besides, how could the faith of a million of people, which London contains, be influenced by a thousand, or twelve hundred individuals, separated from the natives of the country by the difference of their manners, their habits, and particularly their language, and who, also, looking upon themselves as mere sojourners, or travellers, are deeply interested in conciliating the esteem and good will of their generous hosts?

M. Gorfas's correspondent farther informs him, "that the French priests have had the awkward and absurd impudence to publish in London a book of martyrs, in which we meet with a justification

tion of the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day ; a satire upon protestants, and the grossest scurrillities against the people of England." This book, no doubt, is an invention of the correspondent's. The refugee priests know nothing of any such work. It is indeed, very possible, that the Jacobins now in London might publish a book of that sort, and ascribe it to the unfortunate men against whom they have renewed in France the horrid massacre they reproach them with, in order to render them odious. Such a scheme is quite in the true style and spirit of revolutionists ; but it is to be hoped that they will not gain in the metropolis of England the same credit, which they have so cruelly abused at Paris.

But farther more, there is not one French priest, who does not look upon the massacre of the protestants on Bartholomew day with horror. The only persons, whose memory they dwell upon with pleasure, when that shocking day is mentioned, are the celebrated Hennuyer, bishop of Bayeux, who opposed the massacre of the Calvinists with so much courage and success, by throwing open his church to them as a sanctuary, and placing himself between them and the daggers that were aimed at their breasts ; and D'Ortoux the brave commandant of Bayonne, who, having received orders to shed their blood, replied, "*that in all his garrison he could only find soldiers, ready to fight the enemies of*



*the state, but not a single butcher to cut the throats of his fellow citizens."* How exactly would the very reverse of this reply suit the *Jacobins*? Well! those two respectable characters belonged to the two classes of the French nation, who have experienced all the rage of the ruling party.

As in the catholic clergy, whatever may be the difference between their tenets and those of protestants, that difference, according to the spirit of the gospel, ought to have no influence, in the discharge of the social duties. Morality, which is the same in all religions, would condemn them as monsters, if they were capable of insulting a people who have given them so humane a reception. They have too good an opinion of the English clergy, they have experienced too many marks of sensibility, too many proofs of generosity in their present calamitous situation from some of the highest dignitaries of the church, to suppose them capable of any absurd jealousies or suspicions. They hope to prove, on the contrary, by the discretion and propriety of their own conduct, that they are really deserving of the honourable hospitality they have met with; and that their sentiments correspond well with the dignity of the cause, for which they suffer.

The *Jacobin* scribbler says, in another part of his letter, that the English government feels no small  
*uneasiness*

*uneasiness* at the residence of so many French priests in London. Assuredly, if any Frenchmen ought to be a cause of *uneasiness* to government, it must be the emissaries for propagating rebellion, who are eager to produce in England such a crush and subversion of all establishments as they have effected in their own country, and who already preach up in their favorite haunts the *sacred duty of insurrection*.

Government, they say, *repents having paid any regard to the mummeries of the refugees*. The point in question has nothing to do with *mummeries*, but with the sacred rights of hospitality exercised towards the generous martyrs to the throne and the altar. The French continue to feel every day its happy effects, both from the government and the people. It is the will of heaven, that acts of kindness should multiply in proportion as the *Jacobins* redouble their efforts to prevent them.

Lastly, the slanderous correspondent pretends, "that the maintainance of these *transalpine vermin* costs the treasury above two thousand pounds a day; that the fountains of charity gradually cease to flow, as the vices and pretensions of those visitants are detected; and that a plan is now in agitation to make them cross the seas again, or to fix them at Winchester."

The many solid works, published at different times by the French clergy against what is called *transalpine* doctrine, are known all over Europe. Every body in England knows that the treasury has contributed nothing to the support of the French refugees; that the subscription opened for that purpose fills every day. That such of the priests as cross the seas again to go to the Netherlands, do it from choice, and with a view of being in greater readiness to return, when wanted, to their respective provinces. In short, every body knows, that government has, indeed, made an offer of the spacious castle at Winchester to such of the French clergy as might wish to retire there, in order to live with greater œconomy, by forming themselves into a society together, and as provisions are much cheaper there than in London.

M. Gorfas's correspondent is well acquainted with all these circumstances; but it is the interest of his calumniating faction to pervert every thing: it is impossible for the purest and most wholesome aliments to pass through putrid channels, without being impregnated with some of the noxious effluvia. He knows it is easy to close any wounds inflicted by his scurrilous invectives. But he hopes that the scars will remain, and that upon the first favourable opportunity, it will be easy to tear them open, in order to shed with greater effect the blood of



of the priesthood, for which he and his party have so unquenchable a thirst.

In the twenty-first number of the same journal, there is a letter from the same London correspondent, in which it is said, that many rascally impostors, disguised as priests, have mixed with the refugees coming from France. It is certain that several of the *Jacobins* have assumed the air and appearance of unfortunate exiles, to escape the earthquake of their own country, which threatens to swallow up in one common abyss the persecutors and the persecuted. We may very safely assert, that even some of the constitutional priests are of this number, and have in such disguise even applied for a share of the subscription-money; and that the only revenge taken upon them was to pretend not to know their quality, in hopes that being affected by the conduct of the victims they had made, and who could have exposed their disguise, they might be brought to repentance.

It is not only in the continental papers that the *Jacobins* now in London shew their malignant enmity to an unhappy set of men, whose whole race they wish to annihilate. They neglect no means of sliding their perfidious insinuations into any of the English papers, whose editors they can either deceive, or bribe. They first gave out in such paragraphs, that the number of refugee priests amounted

amounted to between ten and twelve thousand. Their aim was to excite in the minds of the Londoners a jealousy of the immense charities, which would be swallowed up by an influx of distressed objects; and an apprehension that this increase of population might affect the price of provisions. It is easy to perceive the weakness of such objections; but the common people do not calculate things nicely, and the smallest alarm respecting the necessities of life may hurry them into outrageous attacks upon those whom they suspect of having caused an advance in the price.

This artifice had but a momentary success, and produced no explosion. They had recourse to another. They drew up a fallacious statement of the subscription-money raised in London for the relief of the French clergy, and of the number of those, for whose maintenance it was attended. According to the *Jacobin* fabrications, inserted in one of their gazettes, the sum subscribed already amounted to twenty thousand pounds; and there were but a thousand French priests in the metropolis, and not more than half that number stood in need of relief.

Here they had a double end in view, to abate the generosity of the English in favour of the French clergy, and to represent as a waste of charity the employment of the immense produce of the subscription. Nothing can be more easy than to  
overturn

overturn those daring impositions by a fair statement of the accounts, made out from authentic papers.

In the first place, it is certain, that at the time those exaggerated accounts were published by the party, the subscription did not exceed four, or five thousand pounds. There are hopes now that it will rise much higher, after the *prospectus* will have had time to circulate in the interior parts of the country, where the nobility and gentry reside.

This subscription is intended for the relief not only of the priests who have fled to London, but of all those in the like situation, who are to be met with throughout the whole extent of the English dominions. Now, there are from twelve to fourteen hundred in the metropolis, five or six hundred in and about Portsmouth, a hundred at Dover and in the neighbouring villages; a great many at Gosport, Canterbury, Hastings, and other places; and two thousand five hundred in the island of Jersey.

Most of those poor people have been plundered by their countrymen, on quitting the frontiers, or upon the road to the ports where they took shipping. They have been robbed of their money, and stripped of their cloaths. Their effects were detained. Their watches, nay, their shoe-buckles and their knee buckles, in short every thing became



came the prey of the patriotic banditti. The contributions for their relief must, no doubt, be laid out in supplying them with cloaths, as well as victuals; and the approach of pinching winter renders the former an object of very urgent necessity.

Such is the real and indisputable representation of their affairs, by which one may easily judge what little credit is due to the reports of *Jacobin* newspapers. It was thought necessary to enter into these details, as more mischief is often occasioned among the common people by error and mistake, than by any vicious propensity; and we cannot be too much upon our guard against the craft and wicked subtleties of which the *Jacobin* breed are capable. The French refugees would think they had discharged a part of the debt of gratitude which they owe to the hospitable nation that has received them with open arms, if they could preserve it from the calamities which afflict their native country. They cannot fulfil that duty more effectually than by thus exposing the character and designs of those blood-thirsty tigers, that are now on the watch for havoc in the capital of Great Britain.

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## LATE PICTURE OF PARIS.

## CHAP. II.

*Conduct of the Court and the Ministry, in opposition to the republican Plan of the Faction, and for the Support of the Constitution.*

- “ Dans la *crainte* une fois il suffit qu'on débute,  
 “ Une chute toujours attire une autre chute.  
 “ Le bonheur est une île escarpée, et sans bords,  
 “ Où l'on ne rentre plus dès qu'on en est dehors.”

BOILEAU.

WHSOEVER undertakes to write a complete history of the dissolution of the French monarchy, must not omit the unpunished riots in the months of July and October 1789; the oaths dictated to the king in his prison by M. Necker; and the law afterwards imposed upon that monarch at his return from Varennes. The narrower limits of my subject confine me to the short interval which took place between the birth and the death of the constitution; and if I take any notice of those first crimes, it is only to remind the reader, that their impunity had fully discovered Lewis the Sixteenth's

VOL. I. I character;

character; his abhorrence of blood; his wish to sacrifice himself in order to spare the effusion of that of Frenchmen; and the excesses to which an audacious faction might proceed without fear. Riches and preferments had been the reward of all those, who had contributed to destroy a government, which, they said, existed without a constitution, in order to place in its stead a constitution without a government: it was natural that their successors, whose avarice and ambition were equally unbounded; deriving strength from the king's weakness; having at their command the majority of the people whom they had armed, and a fund which their will rendered inexhaustible; above all masters of public opinion, should be animated by the like eagerness to destroy. The only difference between their crimes and those of their predecessors is that which may be observed between an original painting and a copy.

M. Necker having in the first instance subverted the fundamental laws of the kingdom by such a moulding of the states general as increased the proportion and influence of men of no property, and the Abbé Sièyès, by his curious demonstration *that the third is the whole*, having effected the change of the states general into a national assembly, the impulse was given, the work set a going; and every body must allow, that it required but one step more for a capuchin friar to insist upon a *national convention*,  
and



and to obtain the full and entire exercise of the sovereignty of the people.

M. Bailly, looking upon that as a *delightful day*, on which the king, *conquered* by the mayor of Paris, came through the midst of a hundred and fifty thousand subjects to put himself under his protection, had traced out before hand the line to be pursued by his successor in office, who, when he beheld twenty-five thousand men marching against the king, thought it a *delightful fight*; and who, when his majesty was covered with the cap of licentiousness, and insulted a thousand ways, complimented the populace on the wisdom and dignity of their behaviour.

M. de la Fayette, by putting himself at the head of the rebel army on the 15th of July, and declaring that the most sacred of all duties was insurrection against a government, in which there were some abuses, only shewed his happy rival Santerre the path he had to follow, in order to secure the command of the vilest rabble, and to sanctify the overthrow of a constitution, which was remarkable only for its vices.

The same thing may be said of the disbanding of the king's constitutional guards, and the dismissal of his life-guards: Charles Lameth putting to flight Marshal de Broglie his uncle, and M. Brissot in his

turn pursuing the two Lameths to a foreign land; Mirabeau threatening to impeach the queen on the sixth of October, and Condorcet drawing up twenty heads of an impeachment against her, if the persons named by him are not appointed ministers; Bishop Perigord sacrificing the property of the clergy, and Bishop Fauchet sacrificing their persons; Menou giving up Avignon and Jourdan to the nation, and the nation and Jourdan pursuing Menou on the 10th of August; Barnave applauding the murder of Foulon, and Marat demanding Barnave's head; all go on in the same line—all are equally guilty. But though the first representatives of the nation have no excuse in the eye of justice, they offer to history some instances of intrepid boldness; and their memories claim that kind of concern which we feel at the fate of great criminals: they fought against realities; their successors had but a phantom to overturn: these super-added cruelty to proud ambition: they said, “the constitution has destroyed the monarchy, let the republic in its turn destroy the constitution; *and it was so.*”

Such then is the melancholy consequence of the first shock, and of giving the sanction of law to a revolution:—once put in motion, nothing can stop its fatal progress.—Its authors are first swept away in the torrent formed by themselves: all now is revolution—all is change:—men, things, opinions, manners,

manners,—nothing can resist its force :—wisdom is a farce—property a mere chimera ; and the very instant a throne totters, the asylum of the meanest mechanic is no longer safe.

Thus in England we may at this instant contemplate the instructive spectacle of three parties, successively conquerors and conquered, all now fugitives and outcasts. The author of the oath, the scourge of the clergy, the patriarch of the intruders, here hides himself with his gold in the midst of ten thousand priests, of whose banishment he was the cause ; and shuns the sight of those hapless objects, by which he is incessantly haunted. The founder of clubs reproaches one man with his municipalities, and another with his departments. A magistrate lands ashamed of his juries, and of his high national court ; and he meets, upon his arrival, with the two Delâtres, who escaped, as by a miracle, from his prisons at Orleans. The officers of the regiment of royal dragoons hardly reach the shore, when the first object that strikes them is the person who chained their arms and their courage on the fourteenth of July, and who advised the king to remove those loyal troops. Some Swiss officers who escaped the general wreck, seek a place of temporary refuge in England, and find it under the same roof with the man, who had given them the perfidious order to sacrifice themselves. Thus London contains at once in its



bosom the victims and the executioners; and thus heaven, by crowding into the same spot the abettors of the first revolutionists, and the principal agents in every succeeding stage of innovation and anarchy, seems willing to hold out to the turbulent and factious of every country, particularly to those of England, an alarming example of the fate that awaits them. Heaven has begun the punishment of our incendiaries: it has brought them to a wise and happy land. The omnipotence of the law here confines within their own bosoms their passions, and their enmities which the greatest misfortunes can hardly extinguish. Government also, on its part, hinders them from disturbing the peace and good order of society by their opinions; and it appears that this double restraint is already a dreadful torment to those distempered spirits.

This whimsical assemblage of jarring elements is not, however, at an end. For whatever short period the wretched existence of the refugees may be prolonged by any unforeseen circumstance, we shall see their number increased by new persecutors, persecuted in their turn. Brissot and Condorcet will shortly come to fill the taverns here with the same complaints against Robespierre and Marat, that the constitutionalists have already uttered against the monarchy-men, and that the latter have poured out against the partisans of the old government. The  
revolution

révolution cannot be stopt till it has gone the whole round of the circle ; and the miseries of anarchy, which we have not been able to avoid, will bring us back, sooner or later, in more or less of the provinces, under the paternal yoke of one person.

We might have avoided in 1789 the horror of pity, with which we inspire all Europe, if timid counsels had not led the king astray respecting his duty. Puffillanimous advisers dissuaded him from punishing some factious leaders : they concealed from him, that policy is the only philosophy of empires ; and that a few drops of blood shed upon a proper occasion, often prevent it flowing in streams. He neglected bringing the Duke of Orleans, Mirabeau, the Abbé Sièyès, and Petion to trial on the 14th of July : he let all France take up arms : anarchy received a code ; and Europe was threatened.

All the reproaches which policy has a right to cast upon Lewis XVI. are equally applicable to the powers of Europe, who quietly suffered, in the very heart of them, two millions of people to arm, though there was no superior force, no effective government to insure, or be responsible for the wise conduct of such an armed multitude. But of what use is it now to break out into empty complaints ! All Europe should rise at length ; and the success of its arms will decide the fate of the world.

At the close of the last century, France, governed by the most absolute of kings, threatened all the neighbouring potentates with universal monarchy: at the close of the present, philosophers and rhetoricians have dethroned a king, the friend of peace; and democracy, already planted by France in several states, menaces all Europe with its spears and its firebrands. It is also worthy of remark, that the same fortune, which watched over the king's life in the midst of the massacres at Paris, seems still equally watchful of his glory, by conveying to him in his prison, as a palliative of that weakness with which he has been so much reproached, the defeats and the stupor of those very kings, who were coming to his assistance.

But, while we wait with anxious expectation for the great events of the next year's campaign, I shall examine, whether Lewis XVI. as constitutional king, deserved the misfortunes which have overwhelmed him; and whether the precautions, which he was bound by the constitution to take against those that infringed it, were not the result of his right, and of his duty.

It was impossible for him not to perceive the plan of republicanism eagerly set on foot by the wickedness of the *Jacobins*. The journals, the debates, the proceedings of those strange friends to the constitution



tion were published, and their prevalence in the assembly increased every day. On the other hand, hourly trials of the constitution proved that it was impossible to reduce such a system to practice. The inferior administrative bodies every where encroached on their superiors. Her soldiers, lost in clubs, and left without their officers who emigrated, formed only the skeleton of an army. The national guards, split into a thousand different parties, afforded government no firm and active support: the sovereign was every where, and sovereignty existed no where.

The king at the same time saw himself deserted by almost all his nobility, who crowded to the court of his brothers. His tender affection for them was not proof against the resentment he felt at seeing them engaged in hostile preparations. Reports, that were perhaps treacherous, but undoubtedly exaggerated, has filled his pure and upright heart with alarms, respecting the schemes and excesses at the court of Coblenz, which was reproached with all the vices and all the intrigues that had ruined France. After having, therefore, exhausted all the means of negotiation, he sent a discreet person, a man according to his own heart, to order, in the name of the French nation, a stop to be put to the raising and collecting of forces in the electoral states. M. Bigot de Saint-Croix,

Croix, who was intrusted with this painful commission, acquitted himself with honour, amidst a thousand perils; and the dangers, which so faithful a servant of the king had run, irritated their majesties still more against that turbulent army.

The emigration of the nobility had affected the king very sensibly: it also endeared to him more strongly the few who remained near his person, and who promised to die at his feet. As to the emigrants, his majesty could not hate them; but he could no longer love them.

Thus squeezed between the clash of three parties, one of whom wished to re-establish royalty in France, at the risk of Lewis the sixteenth's life; the second was determined not to have a king on any terms; and the third would admit only of a dependent king, who was to be the slave of an impracticable constitution, his majesty could not help seeking for some way to get out of so distressing a situation: it would be in vain to deny, that the king knew the constitution too well to be fond of it. He could not help longing for some alterations which might enable government to act, and to unite under the banners of peace the angry and divided hearts of his subjects. This was the constant wish of his soul: and though he could not bring it about, it was because the means of revising the constitution

constitution, according to the principles laid down and decreed, were, like the system itself, incapable of being executed. As therefore he could not effect it constitutionally, he felt it to be his duty to endeavour to obtain from the departments a revivification of so many absurdities by gentle methods; by that of *opinion*, for instance; by that of *confidence*, in collecting about him the talents and knowledge of the most virtuous men in the kingdom; by that of *union*, causing peace to be preached up every where, and keeping off war; and lastly, by the aid of the *law*; and adhering himself as closely as possible to the precise letter of the constitutional act. Republicanism was too strong for the constitution: nobody wanted the latter; the whole body of rascals wanted the former; and all the king's good policy failed.

As to *public opinion*, his majesty could not be mistaken with respect to the sentiments of all the men of property in the kingdom: their hearts were drawn towards him by one common effort. Whenever any opportunity offered of shewing him this attachment, either at the theatre, or in his palace, every good Frenchman did it with transport. It may be easily remembered what crowds always attended any performances, in which a little royalty was displayed. Every body remembers with what violence the opera of *Richard Cœur*



*Cœur de Lion* was forbidden by the municipality, and with what care that of *Adrian* was suppressed, even before it was performed, and its merits decided upon. The demagogue faction could not forgive the empty benches that were always seen at the performance of Gracchus, of Calas, of Charles IX. and all the other *Jacobite* productions of our false wits, the predominant feature in which was *a bad meaning barked out in bad verse*. The demagogue faction could not endure ballads to be brought upon the stage, as they might incline us to resume some part of our ancient character. Their gaiety was a crime, the loyalty they breathed a grievance; the pleasure of some over-ruled the rage of others; and all the spectators had like to be killed, at coming out from one of those entertainments, by the bludgeons of a gang let loose from the *Jacobite* den.

There were other grounds also, upon which the king might form a proper judgment of the *opinion of the public*. Every party had its clubs, every opinion its writers, every sect its journalists: Cordeliers, Jacobins, Feuillans, monarchy-men, aristocrats, had each their favourite newspapers: the *Friend of the People*, the *French Patriot*, the *Universal Gazette*, the *Mercury*, and the *Friend of the King*, appeared periodically, to corrupt, or to flatter the opinion of the readers. The proportion of the  
number

number of subscribers to the three last works, compared with the purchasers of the two first, was as 35 to 2; and there were three times as many of the moderate, or royalist newspapers as of any others. The king could not therefore be mistaken as to the general wishes of his kingdom. It was proposed to him to encourage the farther avowal of those sentiments, and to repel the attacks of the faction with the like weapons: his majesty consented, but at the same time recommended above all things a spirit of public order, and a due respect for the constituted powers. Then began the war of posting-bills: the *Sentinel* in one place, the *cock-crowing* in another: here the *friend of the citizens*, and farther on the *friend of the constitution* covered the walls of the metropolis; and tired out every body, without making a convert of any body. This pretended conspiracy of posting-bills subjected however, the unfortunate Laporte to sentence of death.—But it is not yet time to speak of the frivolousness of the charge, and of the courage of the accused. I shall therefore return to the second means of resistance employed by the king, *the influence and opinion of men of the greatest worth and talents in the kingdom.*

Hear it may not be improper to take a hasty view of the councillors, who, during this period, were intrusted with the executive power.

And

And first of all, let no man blame the king for the necessity he was under in choosing his ministers from among those who had made sacrifices to the revolution: he is rather entitled to our thanks for the choice he made whenever he could follow his own inclination, and for the directing impulse he gave to his council. Twenty-six ministers succeeded one another in the space of six months; and the very rapidity of this succession is a striking proof of the violence done him. Those twenty-six ministers formed four successive councils. The first, which lasted five months, and ended in March, was composed of Messrs.

Delessart	for	foreign affairs.
Duportail	—	the army.
Thévenard	—	the navy.
Cahier-de-Gerville	—	the home department.
Duport-du-Tertre	—	the law.
Tarbe	—	the revenue.

Two of these members were superseded during the continuance of this council by Messrs. de Narbonne in the war department, and Bertrand in that of the navy.

Of these ministers one was perfectly blameless, and the king's staunch friend: this was M. Bertrand. History must ever reproach M. Dupor-  
tail



tail with having solicited the admission of soldiers into clubs ; M. Thévenand with all the extravagance of republicanism, the fruit of a hardy life, and of a vulgar education in a sea-port ; M. de Gerville with a fierce atheism, which he had the insolence to make a boast of at the very council-board of a king eminent for his piety ; M. Duport-du-Tertre with having sealed the order for arresting his master in June 1791 ; and M. de Narbonne with his intrigues, his levity, and his indiscretion. Delessart's misfortunes have absolved him from the guilt of his connections with M. Necker. M. Tarbé, who is only charged with fabricating assignats and coining bell-metal, is lost in the nothingness of his functions. There remains then but M. Bertrand, whose firm and vigorous character deserves to be enlarged upon : I shall resume this task, as soon as I am satisfied that he has escaped from the daggers of the assassins.

The impeachment of M. Delessart occasioned the total dissolution of the first ministry. The faction of Condorcet, Brissot, and the deputies from Gironde were preparing to follow up the decree against M. Delessart with a scandalous impeachment of the queen. The king felt himself without power to resist calumny and revenge. He abandoned the ministry to the faction ; and France was afflicted at seeing the following promotions ;

Servan

Servan*	at the head of the war department,
Dumourier†	—— for foreign affairs,
Roland	—— home department,
Claviere	—— the revenue,
Lacoste	—— the navy,
Duranton	—— the law.

Brissot

\* M. de Grave preceded Servan in the war department; but as he was only a *Feuillant*, his colleagues and the Austrians made him mad, and forced him to abandon his place.

† It is not yet time to draw the portraits of the four first of these ministers; the proper place for exhibiting them will be in the account of the insurrection on the tenth August: but as to Dumourier, I cannot resist the desire of painting this Proteus, upon whom perhaps the fate of Europe hangs at this moment. I borrow for this purpose the words of a letter from Brussels of the fifth of October.

"As to Dumourier, he is an inconceivable being; he declares war; this was the object of all our wishes; people fancied they saw the tip of the aristocratic ear peeping out from under his red cap: his insulting dispatches to the court of Vienna, and the insolence of his manifesto against M. de Kaunitz seem to indicate a design to sting the old minister, whom he supposed to be refractory.—The plan of a campaign is resolved upon by the council and the generals: he overturns it; chouses old Rochambeau out of the command of the army, and has it transferred to Biron and other *Jacobins* whom he sends to fight near Beaulieu. He sends La Fayette to starve with cold and hunger at Givet, where he had nothing to do. He hinders Lukner from dragooning the electorate; and from planting the *Jacobin* standard in the very heart of Coblenz: Claviere, Roland, Servan, appointed through him, embrace too openly Brissot's schemes..... He kicks them out of office; takes the

port.

Brissot then reigned for three months, and this period may be looked upon, from the crimes that were

port-folio of the war department; and accuses Servan in the face of the assembly: he there meets La Fayette, who enraged to think that the king should be saved without his interference, avails himself of a momentary flaw in Dumourier's conduct to accuse him, and forces the king to dismiss him. He sets off to join the army in Flanders: at taking leave of Messrs. de Nivernais and d'Avaray, he tells them, that the king has not a more faithful servant than himself, and that he thought he had given a proof of it in declaring war. He stays at the camp of Maulde, contrary to the orders of his generals, Lukner and La Fayette: he thickens his mask every day, and serves the republic as he served the constitution: his letters to the assembly are covered with an air of continual mystery: at last he collects all the armies into one point in the face of the enemy, under his supreme direction, for I think him incapable of being any man's lieutenant. I hear some report of a capitulation proposed by him: there I think I have found out the man: I fancy I have discovered the point to which the last six months of his life, his thoughts, and his actions tended: but in an instant he slips from me: we are told that the capitulation was but a trick; that he made a fool of the Duke of Brunswick; that having gained time, and waited for the arrival of provisions, he challenges those, at whose feet he before seemed ready to crouch; and suddenly the lucky rival of Monk, the deep author of a plan the most deeply concerted, and the longest carried on, appears changed into a madman; for how can we reconcile with common sense his desire of supporting a system, which is of no advantage either to his country, or to himself, for six months? Did he look for the gratitude of republics! What an excellent security of reward! I was of opinion that he had drawn the army and the children of the Duke of Orleans into a snare, to



were committed in it, as the æra of a revolution in public opinion. War was declared; the friends of the faction got all the contracts; the revenue was given up to pillage; the expenditure of secret service money knew no bounds; the priests were persecuted; the neighbouring powers were roused from their lethargy, almost in spite of themselves; the generals of the constitution trembled; men's consciences were alarmed; and the colonies were abandoned to mulattoes. If the king had much to suffer, royalty had much to hope for.

In becoming the organ of the declaration of war, so long insisted upon by the turbulent democracy, could it have been the king's view to make the French nation feel in the most direct and forcible manner how much they were in want of peace, and what evils they would be involved in by the endless war, which the *Jacobins* were preparing to carry on against all mankind; and thus to render himself the umpire and mediator

make them in their turn hostages for the king; and that having directed his thoughts to the solving of a problem which has so long puzzled every body, he had found this solution of it to be the most certain and most expeditious. The last accounts, however, have overturned all my conjectures. Dumourier has broke off all treaty, and still intrenched in the narrow passes from *Clermontois* to the *Islettes*, he there prepares for a defence, which will not take place, as the King of Prussia has changed his plans, &c. &c."

between

between all parties, by a *holy* insurrection of the administrative bodies and of our armies, with the support of those of Austria and Prussia? The most active malignity cannot find any other thought lurking in the king's heart. But it belongs to God alone to scrutinize and judge of men's consciences.

His majesty, loaded with personal indignities, dismissed this ministry, and filled up the principal vacancies with four new members, namely,

M. De Chambonas	for	foreign affairs,
Lajeard	——	the war department,
Beaulieu	——	the revenue,
De Monciel	——	the home department.

The republican faction could not forgive the king such a disgraceful dismissal of their favorites. Claviere's and the Abbé d'Espagnac's speculations were going to be exposed, as well as the dirty tricks of the subordinate offices; and servants accounts were already in the hands of the rigid Gau, first clerk. The party had no resource but to destroy every thing, in order to put a stop to every thing; and war was declared against the king, on pretence that he did not carry it on with sufficient vigour against all Europe.

As M. de Chambonas, whose good intentions were no excuse for incapacity, could not be impeached for the little he had said, he was charged with what he had been silent upon. He had not told the nation that Sardinia was arming sixty thousand men: Montesquiou asserted it on the word and honour of a *Jacobin*; yet when Montesquiou invaded Savoy, he found nobody there. Chambonas had a miraculous escape from the risk of being assassinated on a mere assertion.—M. Lajeard was General La Fayette's friend: he was involved in the same proscription.—Beaulieu remained just long enough in office to tell the public that he had been thrust into it by his countryman Chapelier.—M. de Monciel, a man of great courage, and who had before acquired, when member of one of the administrative bodies, a very high reputation for integrity, astonished the faction by the firmness he exerted in calling upon the departments for their support, and in effecting their re-union with the king after the 20th of June. It is to him we are indebted for the beautiful proclamation issued at that juncture, and for the spirited resolves of several loyal sections of the empire. It was, however, impossible to resist all the attacks made on this new council; and M. de Monciel was obliged to retire with all his colleagues in the month of June, in order to make  
way



way for the fourth and last set of constitutional ministers.

M. Duranton, ashamed of having betrayed un-awares a single emotion of loyalty on the 20th of June, had for some time retired to Bourdeaux, and preferred living there in obscurity to the glory of dying by the side of his king. The seals had passed from his hands into those of M. de Joly, formerly Petion's secretary, and afterwards secretary to the council: his excellent behaviour in office blotted out the remembrance of some faults he had committed at the beginning of the revolution; and it was he, who now laid before the legislative body a list of the new council, consisting of Messrs.

Bigot de St. Croix, for	foreign affairs,
Dubouchage, ———	the navy,
D'abancour, ———	the war department,
Champion, ———	the home department,
Leroulx de-la-ville,	the revenue,

In order to form an exact idea of the difficulty the king had to find *friends* willing to govern with him in the midst of storms that thickened every day, it would be necessary to see the letters which he wrote to persons, who were pointed out to him as men of the greatest worth and popularity: one

should know the refusals he met with, notwithstanding his urgent requests. Several did not accept the port-folios of office till his majesty said to them in the tone of affliction ; *What ! you love me, and yet will not share my dangers !* It was impossible to hesitate any longer ; and from that moment they never quitted Lewis XVI. till torn from him by violence.

It is evident from this hasty sketch of the different ministers, who succeeded one another in the space of ten months, that if three of them justified the king's confidence, and deserved the esteem of the nation, and that of posterity, his majesty at least had no reason to blush for those, who were the objects of his free choice. Most of them gave him afterwards, upon very trying occasions, proofs of fidelity and attachment more than sufficient to atone for some faults they had been perhaps guilty of, at the beginning of the revolution.

To these considerations we should add the particular esteem expressed by the king for such moderate men as wrote upon the subject of our calamities, and on the means of remedying them without any violent convulsion. During this interval several works appeared, which will retain a place in libraries, and in the memory of statesmen, in spite of opposite faction. The following will  
long

long be read: *The Analysis of the French Constitution*, by M. de Clermont Tonnèrre; *The Opinions of M. Malouet*; De Mounier's *Inquiries into the Causes which have prevented us from being Free; and the Means still left us to become so*; M. Necker's *Treatise on the Executive Power*, a work reproachable only with the name of its author; *The Parallel of Revolutions*, by the Abbé Guillon; an excellent treatise *Of Liberty and its Causes*, by M. de Villers; an *Essay on Factions and their Principles*, by Mallet-Dupan. It was upon the strength of all these opinions, published by men, most of whom at first enjoyed a great share of popularity, that the king hoped to unite to his cause all the men of property, and all the *honest people* in the kingdom. But experience, has, alas! very quickly demonstrated, that, in a corrupt age, men of property are cowards; and that, in a revolution, nothing is more troublesome and embarrassing than an honest man.

I have taken no notice of private dispatches and letters which the king received from abroad. Foreign counsels were never attended to, but when they coincided with the spirit of the constitution. His majesty always thinking himself secure by his adherence to that constitution, wished to give *public opinion*, and *public confidence* time to come by degrees to maturity; and when that *opinion* should be



once formed, and that confidence should be fully acquired, then Lewis XVI. exercising an uncontrouled sway over the hearts of his people, could present them with a complete code of legislation. The materials of one had for some time been prepared in his cabinet: discretion and friendship forbid me to say any more of it at present. Perhaps it may one day or other appear, if wisdom and truth should ever regain their influence in France.

As to *union* and *peace*, the sacrifices of every kind, which the king made to them, are too well known to be spoken of. It is enough to say, that, when an unconstitutional decree deprived him of his guards without any just grounds, or evident reasons, but solely from the spirit of confusion and disorder which prevailed, he was advised to put himself on horseback at the head of those very guards who were going to be disbanded, and there, with the constitutional act in his hand, to call upon all the sections, who had sworn like him to die in its defence, now to join him in supporting the refusal of his assent to a decree which infringed it; but he never would agree to this legal step, for fear of disturbing the tranquility of Paris, for fear of prejudicing the Parisian national guards, to whose care he was now to be committed. Yet the constitutional guards, of whom he

was

was to be deprived, had been formed by the departments themselves; all that could be objected to their officers was the discharging of some soldiers, who upon stricter inquiry were found to have been turned with infamy out of other regiments to which they formerly belonged. It was M. de Brissac's wish, that whatever was responsible to France for the royal throne, that whatever approached the royal person, should be as pure as honour, or virtue itself. The men, who were thus discharged, and stript of the honourable uniform, went to the *Jacobins* to lay before them their complaints, their nakedness, and their patriotism. They concealed nothing but their ignominious backs. The decree was passed and executed: thus the king sacrificed to the peace of Paris his particular friendship for his old and trusty Brissac—for that unfortunate Brissac, who for three years had never quitted him a single day, and who had braved with him all the storms of the revolution: thus the king sacrificed to the will of the assembly the very cries of his own conscience, which ordered him to maintain this part of the constitution; and *men of property*, and *honest people* contented themselves with reasoning upon it very sagely in their private meetings. It would be no matter of surprize, if, among the thousand and one contradictions of the faction, after having alledged it as a crime in the king to have formed  
his

his guards, they were next to accuse him of not having opposed their being disbanded. Brissot had the impudence, since the tenth of August, to publish; “ *We have made him declare war, in order to put him to the proof!!*”

The agents of the civil list had resolved to employ a part of the money, intended to restrain the daily corruption of the public mind, in maintaining some peaceable and discreet persons, who might mix in the popular assemblies, and there by cool, dispassionate argument overturn the frantic violence of *Jacobite* hirelings. While the latter strove to agitate the people a thousand ways, by absurd factions, and imaginary plots, the friends of government exerted themselves in exposing by the joint force of reason and ridicule the absurd falsehoods, of which a mob of ignorant mechanics were too easily made the dupes. The men thus employed by the court, had orders to preach up nothing but the respect due to the constituted powers, and that the laws might have full and free force. The very stick they carried in their hands for their personal defence bore an emblematical mark of their commission: they had agreed among themselves to call it *the constitution*. Never did a single broil or scuffle tend to betray their secret and beneficent existence: they were walking justices of the peace; and their stick was their *caduceus*.

The



The king's efforts to keep off the war were astonishing. He seemed to foresee, in declaring it, that it would bring about the downfall of his throne; that it would cover France with crimes, and Europe with murders. The only hope left him was that a general congress of Europe would soon be declared, and would force us into a peace. Nothing less than such a prospect, nothing less than the certainty that all ministers would be the victims of his temporizing, nothing less than the dread of having his heart torn by an impeachment of the queen, could have made him declare that unjust war, to which he was compelled, and for which he has, no doubt, often blamed himself at the feet of the supreme being. Besides, the war would have been made without him; and by declaring it, he at least secured the power of carrying it on so as to shed as little blood as possible. The cowardice of the *Jacobite* troops, who fled even before they got within a league of the enemy, seconded his humane views, and seemed likely to open the way for a speedy pacification.

In so deplorable a situation, attacked as his majesty was on all sides, placed between a first assembly that had imposed on him the yoke of the constitution, a second assembly that made it a crime in him not to share, or even outstrip their frantic violence, and the prospect of a national convention,

with

with the sound of which all the echoes of faction already began to ring, even in the very face of impending shipwreck he clings to his oath to die with the constitution in his hand. He never after lets it go: it is constantly on his council-board: his eyes are fixed upon it as he awakes; he studies it even in the night: he knows every title, every chapter, every section by heart. The public peace is disturbed: his person is insulted under the eye of the mayor of Paris: he sends for him; and the strongest reproach he makes use of to him is in these words; *go, Europe will be your judge.* These words of mildness irritate Petion: from that moment he becomes the insolent rival of his king. The huzza of *God save the king* is changed into that of *God save Petion.* The latter demands the dethroning of his master: he is eager to supply his place in the palace whence he drives him: he never quits him till he gets him lodged in prison. *The faction whom I rule,* says he to himself, *will there be his judge; and it is a likely story that I shall forgive him.* Such was the meaning, such the end of all the words, of all the actions of Petion since the 20th of June.

From that time it cannot be said that the court had any consistent plan of resistance: yet it knew all the plots, all the projects of the factious: it knew that a scheme was on foot to carry off the king;

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king; to convey him to the south of France, with the assembly, the archives, and the treasury: no minister could appear before the Assembly, without being insulted: at the end of July they all resigned in a body. There was but little time, and still less choice to replace them. Intrigues and private schemes were now multiplied. Seventy-six out of eighty-four departments shared in the king's sufferings, and made an offer to him of their purses, their hearts, and their hands. He refused to set off; and would neither frighten, nor provoke the faction by an appeal to the departments. The more active that faction was, the more resigned was the king. *He no longer expected any thing from men*, he said in a letter to father Herbert, his confessor\*, *and he therefore applied to him for heavenly comfort*. Every day, new reports of a contradictory nature spread new alarms, and changed the plans which were hastily formed, and still more rapidly given up. As in a ship, tossed about, and shattered by a storm, its sails and its rudder torn away, the crew, ready to perish, no longer attend to the pilot's orders; one perhaps still works, while another is getting drunk: in the same manner, all was confusion and distress in the palace of the *Thuileries* ever since the arrival of the *Marcellais*: for a whole fortnight the ministers never closed their

\* He was massacred on the 2nd of September.

eyes,



eyes, and never stirred out of the palace. The insurrection was seen coming on: the king was advised to be before-hand with it by an avowed and decisive step: he still hesitated: he contented himself with permitting those about him to take such measures for his personal security as the constitution pointed out. How weak were his hopes! how fatal his irresolution! The storm was gathered: the thunder roared; and constitutional royalty, struck by the bolt of rebellion, instead of shelter, found death in the very temple of the constitution.

A great and terrible lesson this to all the princes of Europe! It should teach them that one's duty should never be compounded with: that the smallest sparks of rebellion against legal authority should be extinguished without delay. Their thrones are national property, founded, like religion, on the necessity of restraining our vices, and on a just sense of our miseries: whoever, through weakness, suffers the reins of government, with which he has been intrusted, to slip from his hands, will quickly be punished for his fault even by his very weakness. Every step he takes, being interpreted to his prejudice, gives his character the appearance of insincerity; and esteem for him lessens, in proportion as people are astonished at the vigour of successful guilt. But punishment is at its height, when

when the dethroned prince has been cursed by nature with exquisite sensibility ; and when the blood of all his friends streaming round him affords a painful proof, that nothing worse than such disasters could by any fatality have attended resistance, sometimes unfortunate, but always honourable.

We have just seen that Lewis XVI. never employed any other means to resist the republican faction but his virtue ; a passive courage, proof against every thing ; the text of the constitution ; and the mild expedients of union, of concord, of confidence, and of opinion : one word more would be sufficient to destroy all the charges brought against him. Twenty persons at most, who headed the revolt on the tenth of August, *are still alive* : they were known long before. The king need only have uttered a single word ; and with one blow all their crimes would have been prevented : *they still exist* : the king therefore is blameable only for having suffered them to live.

I shall now briefly unfold the particular intrigues which beset the court, from the 20th of June, and which the king constantly opposed. I shall add a few projects that were set on foot before that period, and the preparations of resistance that were made for the defence of the Thuilleries on the 9th and 10th of August.

*The*

*The Plans and Means employed by different Parties to  
oppose Republicanism, and to save the King.*

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WHILE the army of Coblentz and that of Austria were advancing to preserve royalty in France, and with it the peace of Europe, several busy parties crowded round the king at Paris. Though they had all distinct views, and their little secret intrigues to carry on, yet they sometimes united under the royal standard, sometimes combined their strength and their talents, then parted, joined again, quarrelled, and deceived one another alternately. Old ministers, old members of the constituent assembly, generals, writers, women, formed a thousand petty committees, of which zeal for the king seemed always the pretext, and the overthrow of the *Jacobins* the *primum mobile*, or actuating spring, while ambition was their real end.

To give the names and characters of the authors of all those intrigues would be to make out a scandalous chronicle of this part of the revolution, and the circumstances are too affecting to admit of any unseasonable pleasantry. Besides, they are all now  
objects



objects of persecution, and fugitives: ridicule ought not, it cannot fasten upon misfortune.

One only of those parties aimed at the full and entire re-establishment of the monarch in all his rights. The head of this party was an old minister, of a firm and enterprising spirit, rash, sometimes imprudent, but always loyal and ready to die for his master. Nobody dived deeper than he did into the secret machinations of the *Jacobite* faction, or exerted more ardour in defeating them. He seemed, as it were, to multiply himself for the execution of all the plans which might tend to save the king and the monarchy.

General La Fayette's party consisted chiefly of that fluttering troop of young men who had attached themselves to his fortune since the American war, and had helped to give him existence in the career of politics. Most of them had been returned members of the constituent assembly: their promotion had been rapid, but as it was very precarious, some fresh and daring effort could alone secure to them fresh success. They wished therefore to wrest the king of the constitution out of the hands of the *Jacobins*, and then make their own terms about a king of France with the emigrants, and the European powers. I shall not here name the principal agents of this party: they are easily

known from the pains they take to extenuate the faults they committed at first, by the good they intended to do afterwards.

Yet even in this party there were many subdivisions. Not a man but had an opinion of his own. Some would admit of amendments in the constitution; others would have it exactly as it was; one wished for money; another for a regiment; in short, every body was in the plot; except the august personage, whose name served as a cloak for the whole.

Long before the 20th of June, the ministerial party of royalists thought that, among the numerous plans laid before the king, that of implicitly trusting himself and family to M. de La Fayette deserved the preference: They saw no other means of snatching the king from the republican gulf now visibly opening to swallow him up. Either from sincere motives, or from a wish to allure the king to themselves, that party signified to him, that if he could but once put himself at the head of the armies under their command, or retire to any strong hold, which they were masters of, under the protection of M. La Fayette, his majesty would then be in the same happy situation as if he had escaped being arrested at Varennes the  
year

year before\*. They held out to his view an army; a royal dictatorship; the sweet pleasure of pardoning, of rewarding, of pacifying, of gloriously prescribing just terms to all parties. This was a prospect, no doubt, peculiarly calculated to please the king. But there were many obstacles to be surmounted. Besides the prejudices entertained in the palace against those who were looked upon as the first authors of our calamities, it was necessary to prove to the king the possibility of executing this project, and the certainty of not being arrested a second time. It was necessary to conquer his probity; his attachment to his oath; his and the queen's fixed resolution to remain at Paris, there to watch over the preservation of property, and as far as in them lay, of public tranquility: it was above all things necessary to avoid exciting any violent commotion, the uncertain issue of which might prove fatal to his kingdom, as well as to his person. All these considerations were so many insurmountable obstacles. The king heard every thing, weighed every thing, and persisted in his determination to maintain the constitution without quitting Paris.

\* See explanatory orders issued by M. La Fayette the municipality of Sedan; the arrest of the national assembly's three commissioners: and the resolutions of the department of Ardennes.

*[Copies of those papers will be given at the end of this volume.]*



The riots of the 20th of June occasioned the renewal of importunities. Every thing was changed. The constitution was just violated in the king's person : they might make him look upon it as dissolved : the outrage offered him annulled his engagements ; and his present bondage unloosed every former tie.

At this moment La Fayette arrives at Paris : he hastily alights at the porch of the assembly : his appearance there disconcerts at first the faction whom he came to oppose : he presents himself in the name of his army to demand from the legislative body the maintenance of the constitution, and the punishment of those who had violated it : this was telling the majority of the assembly that he came to revenge the king's sufferings on the 20th of June : it would otherwise have been ridiculous in the extreme to insist upon their punishing themselves, as they had sanctioned the violation complained of, by admitting the insurgents, and honouring Petion with a seat at their evening debates on that very day. So unexpected a step, however, on the part of La Fayette, astonished the royal party no less than the *Jacobite* faction. They thought him determined to strike a great blow after the boldness he had discovered : their sentiments were so far changed in his favour that they said ; *let him act now, and all is forgotten !* He  
was

was just come from his army, by whom he was said to be adored: his complexion was a little tanned by military fatigue: he had acquired a greater firmness of aspect than when he commanded in the streets of Paris: now that he was seen alone, they thought him altered: his person became interesting: but how grossly were they deceived! Gaudet saw through the man, and threw out such artful menaces on his immediate appearance at Paris, as made him on the very night of his arrival run about every where in search of advice how to retract the rash step he had taken. None of his friends could give him any good counsel. An old royalist member, who had broke off all intercourse with him after the 14th of July, now agreed to an interview, in order to discuss his plans and his means: La Fayette had none: from that moment the other foretold his ruin. Those, who had sent for him, could not supply him with what they themselves wanted, intrepidity and judgment; all that they could do was to get him some fishwomen, and a few nose-gays, which they went to market to purchase.

A detachment of the national guards did honorary duty round his person. Some of them felt a strong impulse to march, under the auspices of their old general, to attack the *Jacobins*; to block up the place of their meeting; and to annihilate

them at one stroke. This project was rendered abortive by the jealousy of the legionary commanders, who had been appointed in La Fayette's stead. It is still remembered, that, at one of the meetings of the *friends of the constitution*, a report was spread that La Fayette's life-guards were coming to dissolve the club sword in hand. Every one of those proud Romans made the best of his way through doors, through windows, through the garden; and their vanity could less forgive being thrown into this panic terror, which exposed them to so much ridicule, than their having been fired upon by his orders in the *Champ de Mars*.

The constitutional party, however, who had sent for La Fayette, were resolved to make something of his journey; and there was not a moment to be lost. They represented to the ministry that the dreaded anniversary of the 14th of July, was fast approaching; that it was necessary to get the start of it, and persuade the king at last to exert his right, with the constitution in his hand. For this purpose, it was to be proposed to his majesty, to leave Paris with all his family, not in a secret manner, but previously acquainting the assembly, that he should go to reside at Compiègne, which could by no means interrupt his connection with them; as he only availed himself of the privilege allowed him by the constitution, to reside where he pleased within  
twenty



twenty leagues of the legislative body. This message was to be delivered to the president of the national assembly at the very moment of the king's departure; and in case the assembly should order it to be opposed, they would then justify the insurrection of the armies against the populace of Paris. The gentlemen, who at this time frequented the palace, were consulted on this head, and requested to put on the uniform of the national guards, in order to give real excellence to the spirit of that institution, and to be also less suspected. Twenty of them consented; the rest were inflexible. A general review of the sixth legion, which passed for the most loyal, was intended; Sunday was fixed upon: the *Champs Elysées* were appointed for the place of rendezvous: the weather was fine: three thousand young men, ardent and devoted to the cause, animated by the sight of their king, and of their old general, would there have renewed the oath of fidelity to the king and the law: at that moment they were informed of his majesty's grievous complaints against the *Jacobins*, and of the design of his immediate departure. A chosen band of those brilliant young men, and of the Swiss guards, were then to have escorted the king; and La Fayette was once more to have led him in his train. Petion received intelligence of all this from the very Collenot d'Angremont, who was executed after the massacre of the 10th of Au-

gust: he opposed the intended review, and thereby deprived the king of the merit of refusing himself the plan in question, which was to be presented to him at the moment of the review, and during the enthusiastic transport excited by his presence.

Such were the manœuvres of the constitutionalists, by which they proved to the world that there could be something still worse than their constitution; and that was their own conduct.

M. de La Fayette, who set off in the midst of this ferment, loaded with curses and threats, had fully satisfied himself, that, though his faction had some weight in the national assembly, it had none in Paris: all his friends advised him speedily to quit a place where his safety became every moment more and more hazardous. The commonalty of Paris, accustomed to give the law even to the legislature, were now enraged against their old favorite, and already pulled down his bust. La Fayette, after this last proof of his impotence, repaired to his constitutionalists in the North, and continued to correspond with those at Paris.

The whole of the month of July was spent in negotiations, intrigues, and contrivances of every kind, to induce the king to quit Paris at last. Former.

mer, and present ministers, some late members of the constituent assembly, and actual constitutionalists, generals both old and young, all vied with one another in eagerness to get possession of the king's person, as the hostage of the constitution. He resisted all their proposals. He preferred continuing to live, though in a state of perpetual sacrifice, and to become the hostage of the republic, rather than engage in measures which would have placed him upon a scaffold, if they failed, and which would not replace him upon the throne, if they succeeded.

La Fayette's fruitless journey made it very evident to the constitutionalists, that they had no influence at Paris. They then tampered with general Luckner. Old grey-beard, all whose dispatches were the composition of M. Mathew de Montmorency, his aid-de-camp, who officiated as his secretary, came suddenly to Paris on the *federation-day*. The intrigue in which they wanted to make him an accomplice was too deep for him; he could not digest a single idea, a single word, nor even a single dinner. He accused La Fayette; he accused his own secretary; he stunned some; he poisoned others; he disgusted every body; and set off after having spoiled the whole plot. Messrs. de Narbonne, de Beaumetz, and the whole *national*



*nal assembly of rue de Bac,\** had now no hopes but in La Fayette alone. The king's removal to Compiègne was more warmly debated than ever. The plan was laid down, that two sets of horses were sufficient for that distance; and that La Fayette agreed to send thither for the defence of the king's person a considerable body of his best troops, with some of his artillery, under the command of a general officer, who is now in prison with him. La Fayette even offered to take a second trip to Paris, under the pretence of regulating some military operations. Every effort was used, every method employed to obtain the consent of his majesty, who constantly refused. But what was the grand aim of all those intrigues that entered into the secret plot of the play? It was to recal the constituent assembly; and place the king again between M. Philip d'Orleans, and the Abbé Siéyès; between the committee of revision, and M. Alexander Lameth; to fetch back M. Necker; and to continue the war against the priests and the emigrants! *stupete gentes!\**

\* Where the famous Countess de Staal resided, whose hotel was the central haunt of all the constitutionalists.

† Some of this party assert, that they meant to lead the king back through the constitution, in order to re-instate him on his throne: but by an assertion they only prove their ignorance of political tactics. Revolutionists never walk in a strait line: a revolution is not a ladder which one may go up, and come down

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The queen, to whom the different parties addressed all the memorials intended for the king's perusal, laid them before him, and conversed with him on the subject, but had made it a law to herself never to influence his determination in any respect. So great a degree of responsibility was immediately attached to her, that she could not even make the smallest discovery of her own sentiments: she always adopted the king's opinion in whatever concerned his preservation and that of her children. Nevertheless all the echoes of the *Jacobins* were continually accusing her from the beginning of the war with Austria. They spoke of nothing but an Austrian committee, that gave secret intelligence to the enemy of all our military plans. According to their account, the queen was at the

at pleasure: it is a *vicious* circle, the whole of which must be gone round, to come at the point first started from. The king, in refusing to listen to their plan, was sensible that they wanted to get him out of one awkward situation, only to place him in another. He foresaw the fatal instant of his fall: he was quite resigned; and abandoning himself blindly to his fate, he had the courage to face the imminent danger of being dethroned: he wished to terminate his constitutional royalty, without violating the oaths he had sincerely sworn: he sacrificed his opinions to his duty; for every other man in his place would have met his dethroning more than half way; and it was plain to whoever could form a clear judgment of his anxieties, that the night of republicanism appeared to him preferable to the mists of the constitution.

head

head of this committee ; Messrs. Bertrand and Montmorin were the principal agents ; the Lameths and the Duports were the scribes to pen the traitorous dispatches ; the life-guards were the post-boys ; and the secretary's office was held in the apartments of the princess de Lamballe. M. Bertrand, roused with indignation against the authors of such calumnies, condescended to come into the very pit of the Assembly ; and there to attack Carra, Merlin, Chabot, and Basire. Judicial authority was trampled upon ; the assembly defended its lost children, its *forlorn hope*, against the civil magistrate, who was condemned by its decree. The like sentence was next day passed on M. de Brissac. At the same time M. de la Porte was brought to the bar for having imprudently consigned to the flames some scandalous libels, which were taken for the archives of that Austrian committee. M. de Montmorin, and Madame de Lamballe, who had not been noticed for some time, appeared again upon the stage, and challenged their accusers in court. When we reflect that all those unfortunate persons were massacred a few months after, it is impossible not to deplore an abuse of courage, attended with such fatal consequences\*.

\* Several persons, belonging to the court, were accused of being agents to convey those projects of the constitutional party to the king. These reproaches fell chiefly on the Dutchess of

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The fourteenth of July, the *federation day*, was a day of triumph to the royal family. The 20th of June was still fresh in every body's memory. Loud huzzas of *God save the King* for a long time drowned the shouts of *Petion*. Three thousand trusty men of the national guards, three hundred of the *gendarmerie* on horseback, and six hundred of the Swiss, who on that day escorted the royal family, would have braved danger and death to effect the king's escape out of Paris, had his majesty been willing to accede to the proposal then made him : but his resolution was fixed to oppose any violent measure which might endanger the public tranquillity.

A third party, observing that the king rejected every plan, which must leave him in any dependence whatever, thought that he would more cheerfully consent to seek a retreat in Normandy. This province had been at all times devoted to its kings, and gives every day a proof of the same spirit even now, when it is so dangerous to betray

Luynes, the mother-in-law of Mathew de Montmorency, and *dame du palais*, [lady in waiting] to the queen. As this lady had been very guilty of democracy in the beginning of the revolution, they thought it no injury to her character to make her a *Feuillante*, after the trials and misfortunes of two years. They would, however, find it no easy matter to prove that she was an agent in all those constitutional intrigues.

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any symptoms of loyalty. All its inhabitants, employed in agriculture or manufactures, want security and quiet, not the ever rising storms of a republic. Rouen is perhaps the only commercial city which demagogue misrule had not invaded. The Duke de Liancourt had been for a long time quartered there with some trusty troops. The Swiss regiment of Salis Samade formed a part of them. When the regiment of Swiss guards were obliged to divide, the first detachment went to Normandy. The members of the departments in that province were staunch and loyal. A supply of cannon had been brought from Havre and Paris to Rouen: a house there, which was occupied by Mr. Kanning, an English gentleman, had also been hired for eighteen thousand livres a year. This high rent had given reason to suppose that such a residence was intended for some person of great distinction; and the conjecture was well founded. The commandant of the province, whom I have already named, had made the troops take the oath of allegiance to the law and the king: he went so far in his speech to them as to insinuate that the assembly were gone astray. In short, all Normandy expected the royal family. On the fifth of August the plan of departure was presented to the king. It was proposed that he should go out of the Thuilleries in the morning with his family, attended by about fifteen or eighteen

teen hundred of the national guards, who could  
 be depended upon, and his ordinary Swiss guard.  
 When he came to the *Etoile*, at the top of the  
*Champs Elysées*, he was there to find the remainder  
 of the Swiss guards, about three hundred cavalry  
 of his late constitutional guard, and fifteen hun-  
 dred gentlemen who were to meet there. Such a  
 junction would have formed a small army of three  
 thousand three hundred men to escort him to Pon-  
 toise. This place they would have reached in five  
 hours. Money and provisions were to be there in  
 readiness; and a fresh accession of forces was to be  
 made by the troops of the division. The bridges  
 were to be broke down behind him, and in this  
 situation, the king, equally supported by the de-  
 partment of the Somme, and that of the Seine and  
 Oise, was to determine which to choose, Amiens,  
 or Rouen; La Fayette and Duport, or De Lian-  
 court and Chapelier. He still refused; and in  
 this was guided by a double impulse, which does  
 equal honour to his heart and his understanding.

In fact, whatever plan he could adopt, it was  
 beginning a civil war, the very idea of which  
 made him shudder. His tender heart shrunk  
 from the dreaded effusion of French blood. He  
 also very justly concluded, that, as such a step  
 did not suddenly and completely overthrow the  
 power



power of the *Jacobins*, it would only place him at the head of the weaker, and less numerous party. It would be leaving the main-springs of government in the hands of his enemies. The deluded opinion of the public, the army, the fleet, the treasury, every thing would be at their command: they would remain masters of the field of battle without having fought: it would be the center of universal attraction; for wherever there are the greatest resources of power, there the people always place their confidence. Thus the king, a stranger to all factions, refused all the plans that were offered to him. I have omitted some, because they were laid before him without any parade or noise, and were rejected with the rest. I now proceed to the great events.

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*Prelude to the Horrors of the 10th of August.*

MEANWHILE the critical moment was drawing near. The preparations for attack were made on all sides, as explained in the first chapter. The insurrection broke out before any decisive measure was resolved upon. Even on the ninth the ministers were spinning out useless treaties with the leading members of the principal committees.

tees.\* They wished to concert with them some means to save the constitution and the king. Vain hope! The suburbs were ready on the eighth; and so great was the general consternation on Thursday the ninth, an ordinary court-day, that the *dames du palais* (ladies in waiting) did not dare to go to the palace for fear of being insulted. Lady Sutherland, the English embassadress, and another lady were the only ones, who on that day appeared at the queen's drawing-room.

M. Petion waited upon the assembly to inform them, that the alarm bell was to be rung at midnight, and that he was afraid he had not sufficient force to quell the popular riots, of which he had received intimation. They proceeded to the order of the day.

Such a declaration made to the assembly by the *procureur syndic* of the department, and the mayor of Paris, was enough to justify the fears of the king, and of those who continued faithful to him.

\* M. Delaucée had promised M. Lajeard a decree for modelling the volunteers of the national guards in such a manner, as that they might be allowed to rally at any post attacked, by putting themselves under the command of the officer on duty at that post. Petion opposed it; and every battalion remained confined to its own spot.

On the eighth, the departments required M. Mandat to cause an augmentation of the forces that were to guard the king; and M. Petion joined to this a positive and written order to *repel force by force*.

This magistrate visited the palace on each of the preceding days. Did he go there to make sure of the attack, or to prepare the defence? There can be no doubt about the matter, if we reflect on the hatred he had manifested towards the king; on his desire of being revenged on his majesty's person, by humbling him to such a point as to become subservient to his secret views; and particularly on the petition for dethroning him, which the mayor had presented to the assembly a few days before\*.

Some persons still flattered themselves that the riotous tumult, like that of the 20th of June, would go no farther than the carrying up of a petition by an armed multitude. No farther doubt, however, could be entertained of the design to make an open attack, when at eleven o'clock on the night of the ninth, a spy who was at the barracks of the *Marseillais*, came with intelligence, that

\* Of the 48 sections, in whose name he presented this address, 22 already disavowed it. See Chap. I.



the president had declared to his comrades, that they must prepare for something more than a civic procession.

On Thursday the ninth, M. Mandat ordered sixteen chosen battalions of the national guards to be in readiness to march; and at six o'clock in the evening, a triple guard was stationed at every post belonging to the palace. The regiment of Swiss guards, consisting in all of 950\* men had arrived there two days before. They were under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Maillardier, (M. d'Affry being absent through illness) and of majors Bachmann and Zimmermar. Quarters were prepared for them in the palace, in the hotel de Brionne, and in the new stables, which had been built in Marfan-court for the horse guards. At eleven o'clock the whole regiment was under arms. At half past eleven, they went to their respective posts†: they were particularly fixed at the foot of the stair-case.

A detachment of thirty of the national guards was added to the Swiss in their court.

\* Some say their number amounted only to 730 men.

† A quarter before eleven, a *Marseillais* in his shirt, and with a sword drawn, insulted the Swiss centinel at Marfan court, and said to him: *this is the last time you mount-guard, you wretch; we are going to exterminate you.* At this moment the cry, *to arms*, was heard.

The same evening, M. Mandat, commander in chief of the national guards, sent a written order to Captain d' Erlach, to reinforce the posts, and to repel force by force. This order, signed by him, was only a duplicate of the one he himself received from Petion, of which I shall give an exact copy.

The command of the seventeenth division, which comprehends the circle of Paris, had, in consequence of lieutenant general de Witlinckoff's dismissal, devolved upon M. de Boissieu, camp-marshal, who had been employed with success in Provence the preceding year. He had under him Mr. James Menou, a former member of the constituent assembly, and a camp-marshal also, and M. de Laleu, adjutant-general. These officers had no authority over the national guards: nor were the Swiss subject to their command: they had therefore under their direct and immediate orders only the horse and foot *gendarmérie*.

The foot *gendarmérie* of Paris *intramuros* were consigned to their respective quarters, except such as mounted guard at the usual posts. A reserve of a hundred and fifty men were fixed at the hôtel de Thoulouse, in order to protect, in case of necessity, the *caisse de l'extraordinaire*, the treasury, and the *caisse d'escompte*.

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The foot *gendarmerie* of Paris *extramuros* consisted only of thirty men, who were posted at the little stair-case in Prince's court.

The horse *gendarmerie*, commanded by Messrs. de Rhulieres and de Verdiere, amounting to six hundred men, were drawn up in order of battle at eleven o'clock at night on the *grand place du Louvre*.

Lastly, a great number of gentlemen and of young royalists had resolved to fly to the king's assistance on this fatal night. Some were to have posted themselves for his defence in the interior parts of the palace, while the rest were to patrol without. The *Pont Royal*, and the *Champs Elysées* were fixed upon as the places of rendezvous for this loyal, but ill concerted association.

At eleven o'clock a part of the officers of the old horse and foot-guards waited upon the generals who commanded them before they were disbanded. They all went, one after another, into the *Oeil de bœuf*: there they met with some other gentlemen armed like themselves with swords and pistols. By this union their number amounted to 200, who then dispersed into the different apartments, where they were posted for the night.



Several of the court-tradesmen, purveyors, and others, attached by service, inclination, or duty, to the king's person, seeing his life threatened, had repaired to the palace in arms, and there took their stand for the common defence.

M. de Boiffieu's orders to the horse *gendarmerie* were to let the column of the rebels proceed to the quay; then to divide to the right and left, and shouting on their rear that they were cut off, to force them into the *fauxbourg*; and that this might be effected without the necessity of firing, it was specified in the orders that the wickets of the Louvre should be left open.

The battalion of St. Roch, who were posted in the courts of the *Palais Royal*, had also orders to advance, upon the first signal, to the palace through Rohan-street, and with beat of drum to prompt the mob to fly through the wickets. The battalions of Vendôme Place were also to come through St. Honoré-street, and the little *Carrousel*, to drive the rebel column through the same wickets. Another detachment of cavalry, with two pieces of ordnance, blocked up the quay of the *Thuilleries*.

Such were the preparatory arrangements made solely to preserve the lives of the royal family; and this simple account of them will fully shew what  
degree

degree of credit is due to all the fabricated charges of a plot.

After supper, their majesties and the royal family remained in that part of the palace which is called the *Cabinet du Conseil*. The ministers and a select party of gentlemen spent the night there.

The clock strikes the fatal hour : the alarm bell is heard : the drum beats to arms : three hundred of the faction call together the mere phantoms of the sections\* : the common-hall is invested : the municipality put to the rout ; the national assembly waits to receive from the mob the orders itself had suggested : the constitution is no more ; and the palace is going to be attacked.

\* All the citizens were roused to arms and upon duty, for the defence of their own property ; in the section of the *Lombards* there were only eight individuals to name five commissioners. In the whole there were 192 delegates chosen by four hundred rebels, and this was *the voice of the people*.

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## APPENDIX

TO THE SECOND NUMBER OF THE  
LATE PICTURE OF PARIS.

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TO MR. PELTIER,

AUTHOR OF THE PICTURE OF THE REVOLUTION OF  
THE TENTH OF AUGUST.

*London, October 15, 1792.*

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to address to you a reply written by one of M. de La Fayette's friends to M. de Rivarol's slanderous pamphlet; a pamphlet which you censure, and which, no doubt, you inserted in your Work, merely as a brief, or document to be produced at the trial now pending between Paris and Coblenz, which, as you suppose, is to be decided at Brussels. I hope your impartiality will induce you to let this *new brief*, on the part of the defendant, find also a place in your next number. I even flatter myself you will admit into it this letter, wherein I beg the judges of that *trial*, the proceedings of which you have undertaken to report, to make M. de Rivarol sensible that the epithet of Traitor, which he so lavishly bestows on M. de La Fayette's companions, cannot be applicable to men, who were prompted by loyalty alone to quit a post, which they believed could be no longer kept without infamy. Faithful to their oath, they chose rather to relinquish every thing, to sacrifice every thing, to run every risk, rather than submit to orders, which  
they

they saw did not convey the wish of the nation, but the bare will of the authors of the massacre on the 10th of August, those monsters, who were then masters of the assembly and the king, and are become so since of all France.

Even admitting that the alledged criminality of Lewis the sixteenth's designs had been clearly proved, still the discovery of those pretended proofs must have been subsequent to the attack on the palace. Honour, therefore, as well as an express decree must have made it the sacred duty of the troops stationed there to repel such an attack. Yet, according to the language now adopted all over France, the loyal Swiss, massacred in the Thuilleries, were ruffians: the cowards, who deserted them to join the assailants, were brave patriots: and such of the butchers as fell in the murderous attack are called the only victims on that horrid day.

M. de La Fayette and his companions could neither adopt that opinion, nor speak that language: placed as they were between what they looked upon as dishonourable, and the assurance of future applause, which was not the effect of giddiness, or self-flattery, they did not hesitate in their choice. But in quitting the army, they took care to leave it in so strong and secure a position, that General Clairfait, when the intelligence was brought him from M. D'Arnoncourt, the commandant of Rochefort, advanced as far as the heights of Stenay, but dared not make any attack.

M. de La Fayette's companions, so far from plundering the military chest, of which their slanderers had the baseness to accuse them, left in that chest at least twelve hundred thousand livres in specie, and nearly as much in assignats. Even some of them, I myself am of the number, left money  
to

to reimburse the sum of 900 livres which had been paid them in advance towards an equipment which cost them 10,000.

Yet some of them had hardly wherewithal to subsist upon for a year, and have no relief to expect from any person breathing. I do not blush to acknowledge that I am one of that number also; yet that did not hinder me from sending to Longwy 4,800 livres, which had been there advanced to me by Messrs. Voyard and Guillemard.

M. de la Fayette's companions would not even take with them any of their official instructions:—not a single sketch, or memorandum:—they left all carefully numbered upon their tables. This is not what was told the Austrian officers, who, after the papers and cash of these unfortunate prisoners were searched at Nivelles, could find nothing upon them but a proof of the infamy of their slanderers.

Few people have themselves dignity enough to form a just idea of the character of those pretended traitors, whose conduct ever pure, ever generous, long remained a riddle to envy, and to hatred. These could find no way to explain it but by accusing us of a despicable and criminal ambition: but facts have spoken for us; our conduct has been seen, as well as that of our detractors; and people have been enabled to judge on which side the guilt of ambition lay.

ALEXANDER D'ARBLAY.

*Late First Adjutant General to the Army under  
the Command of M. de la Fayette.*

M. PEL-



*M. PELTIER TO M. D'ARBLAY.*

SIR,

**I** SHALL readily insert the defence you have sent me of M. de la Fayette, in reply to what M. de Rivarol has written concerning that general: impartiality is the duty of every man, who publishes his sentiments in a free country, far from the atmosphere of passions and of parties.

I am of opinion, that the author of this defence would have given it more dignity by avoiding personalities. The leaders of parties are judged of from their actions; but writers are estimated only by their works.

I am farther of opinion that M. La Fayette's friends may, perhaps with some justice, find means to excuse him, by enlarging upon his sentiments, and his views: but the statesman will attend only to his talents, his conduct, his errors, and his success.

If in fact the intentions of men were to be made the rule and standard of our judgment of them, what answer could be given to the complaints very naturally urged by the friends of the gentlemen so ill-treated on the 28th of February by the general's orders? What answer could be given to the king's friends, who still shudder at the recollection of the horrors of July and August, 1791? Is not M. La Fayette's fate, imprisoned as he is, after some reverses of fortune, precisely the same as that of Lewis XVI. confined after his journey

journey to Varennes ; and was it not at that time as easy to justify the king, on the ground of his intentions, in the eyes of M. La Fayette, as it is now for the friends of the latter to justify him on the same ground, in the eyes of Europe ?

And if any person inclined to urge this point with greater severity, were to compare M. La Fayette to an artful fellow, who, having stript an honest man of his property, might however consent to allow him barely enough to keep him from starving, and afterwards should prosecute in a high court of justice the robber, who, emboldened by impunity, might seize with rapacious hand the very allowance granted to the honest man through pity ; if, I say, such a comparison were to be pressed home, what could be alledged for the one, which might not be equally pleaded in favour of the other ; or what distinction could the judge make in passing sentence upon both ?

I shall in another part of this work examine whether it was political, or not, to imprison M. de la Fayette ; but however that may be, I have no doubt but the many friends and enemies, whom he has both in this country and in France, will all concur in doing justice to the sentiment which has guided your pen. I join them before-hand.

PELTIER.

*On M. Rivarol's Pamphlet against M. de la Fayette,  
inserted in the First Number of M. Peltier's Work.*

A FRENCH work, on its being announced at London, excited notice: it was subscribed for with avidity. Its author had promised *a narrative of the revolution of the 10th of August*; and among the papers inserted in the Appendix to the first number we meet with a declamatory invective against M. de la Fayette, who made himself a voluntary sacrifice, at first to prevent, and afterwards to defeat the revolution of the 10th of August.

It is natural to ask what sort of man he must be who could publish at Brussels such a pamphlet upon such an occasion?

He certainly is not a man of integrity: the man of integrity never perverts, suppresses, or invents facts.

He is not the friend of Lewis the sixteenth. The friend of that ill-fated king, knowing the depth of the abyss in which misfortune has overwhelmed him, thinks only of pitying and of serving him: he desires, he makes war upon those only who confine and threaten him: he forgets M. de la Fayette; or if he thinks of him, it is with a grateful sense of his last efforts: he pardons at least his former faults, upon reflecting that he is now a prisoner at Vefel, only in consequence of his endeavouring to hinder Lewis XVI. from being so at *the Temple*.

His



He is neither the friend of freedom, nor of royalty.—The friend of freedom would never call down all the thunders of despotism on M. de la Fayette's head. The friend of royalty would be particularly guarded against encouraging those *state-crimes*, which no enlightened people will any longer endure, and which juster sovereigns have been the first to disclaim. As a subject, I am filled with indignation: were I a king, I should punish the man, whom I saw thus degrading my august functions, and making my throne totter at the same time that he disgraced it, by laying it down as a maxim, that it should be founded in slavery, and that tyranny should be seated thereon! Assuredly, one may execrate the *Bartholomew-day* of municipal blood-shed, without applauding the *Bartholomew-day* of Charles IX.—human nature is not reduced to the wretched alternative of choosing between the commissions of Lewis XI. and those of Robespierre; between chancellor Jefferies, and chancellor Danton!

Lastly, he is not the friend of human kind.—At a moment, when France is deluged with blood and with tears;—when the cries of millions demand of a triumphant faction a father, a brother, a child, a friend, barbarously massacred;—when fifteen thousand victims have been heaped upon each other in the metropolis alone by the monsters whom La Fayette wanted to chain down, and who intended to butcher him; it could never be against such a man that the friend of humanity could wish to stir up hatred and persecution. The friend of humanity regrets such a man: he must remember the security of persons and of property, the commerce, the tranquility of the inhabitants of Paris, constantly maintained by M. de la Fayette, and which received but one or two  
shocks

shocks during the two years of his command; though invaded with the grossest outrage every week, every day, every hour since the triumph of his enemies. The friend of humanity sees M. de la Fayette devote himself to a thousand deaths, in order to prevent the assassination of a single citizen: he sees him rushing alone into the midst of a furious mob; tearing to pieces the fatal cord with which an unhappy victim was already suspended; seizing the lawless executioner; dragging him to justice; ruling the multitude; freezing some with fear; transporting others with admiration; and by the timely check of a single crime rendering a thousand abortive.

Who then can this impetuous declaimer be, in whom we discover neither the man of integrity, nor the friend of the unhappy Lewis XVI. nor that of freedom, nor that of royalty, nor even the friend of human kind? Hear his character.

A man, whose heart is a disgrace to his understanding:— who will be in the party he has sold himself to what Mirabeau was in his; fickle; as ready to do mischief, as to pursue good, to contradict his writings by his speeches, and his principles by his actions:—a journalist, superficial in his judgment, rash in his assertions, inconclusive in his inferences, who has blackened the intentions of the very men whose opinions he stole; audacious in forging calumnies, and trembling in the presence of the individual he calumniated:—a writer, who after having professed the best doctrine, would not leave it in any body's power to say, that he judged better of things than of persons; and who has fallen into such strange inconsistencies, as to leave it uncertain whether

whether he has been gained over by the victorious party, or whether he is of the number of those profound politicians; whose first wish was *that every thing might get worse*, and who as yet have been able to accomplish only that:—one of those *friends of the king*, who, when La Fayette and Petion were, about a year ago, rival candidates for the mayoralty of Paris, influenced the votes in favour of the *virtuous* Petion; that is to say, who are in the very first instance chargeable with all the horrors of the 10th of August, and the 2d of September; for it is certain that La Fayette would have prevented the fatal explosion on those days, or would have put an end to it in the manner that he quelled the riots in the *Champ de Mars*:—one of those counsellors, who boasts of having surrounded Lewis XVI. with *Jacobin* ministers; who prostituted to them his own pen, as well as places, and consciences;—the faithful agent of Dumourier, while the latter was engaged only in intrigues; but deserting him the very moment that daring ruffian was obliged to fight as well as to intrigue;—who now is said to sell to those of the other side what he before sold to Dumourier; and who will be numbered among the scourges, with which it has been the doom of that unfortunate party to be afflicted.

No doubt, the noble, the virtuous, the truly respectable part of the emigrants will reject with abhorrence and disdain the furious suggestions of this cold-blooded incendiary. But he will hunt for persons among the multitude, who have not so many losses to repair, as hopes to encourage, and who have more passions to gratify than principles to establish: he will flatter, and rouse them alternately; and who can say into what errors he may lead them? Of what consequence is it, that, on one day, he writes a treatise on moderation,



deration, if the very next morning he prompts to acts of ferocity? What can be the tendency of the last line in his libel;—of that impudent incitement to the murder of M. de la Fayette;—of that indignation at its not being yet committed? Did he expect any farther violence from the mob collected by folly, and dispersed by wisdom, during the stay of that general and his companions at Luxemburgh? Was it necessary for his satisfaction that the banks of the Rhine should exhibit the same spectacle as those of the Seine, prisons burst open, and victims sacrificed? No; it will not be so: French loyalty will still find some asylum in the world: there will be a boundary, where honour will always stop even those, who might be hurried on by resentment:—no; that party, the objects themselves of so much persecution, will not lose their chief support, innocence united to misfortune.

On what ground then does he pronounce against M. de la Fayette that woeful sentence, that *interdiction of fire and water*, to put him out of the protection of the law, and to solicit all those who are out of France to assassinate him, as Merlin and Robespierre urged all those to do who are in France?

He dares to charge him with the murder of Foulon and Berthier at the very instant that he felt the utmost indignation at seeing it committed, and the utmost despair at not being able to prevent it. *The invasion of property on the fourth of August*; but M. La Fayette was not present at the proceedings of that night! *The steps taken on the 5th of October*; yet the most inflamed enemy of the French revolution, Mr. Burke, could at that time look upon La Fayette only as a commander dragged on with a halter round his neck

by

by his *mutinous army*. We next come to the horrid crimes of the 6th—a day, on which every body must confess that M. la Fayette saved the lives of the king and queen! *The massacre of the life-guards*—He rescued ten\* of them out of the hands of the assassins! *The murder of Favras*—yet, on the very night before his trial, he sent word to the trembling judges, that they should attend only to the dictates of their conscience, and that he pledged himself to protect them! Last of all, *his cruelty, his barbarity, his cold-blooded atrociousness*—Yet I can confidently assert, that not only every friend, every acquaintance, but even every generous enemy of M. de la Fayette is convinced that humanity is one of the leading features of his character! There are few of those enemies who are not indebted to him for their lives. . . . . They may now curse his support, but they have all experienced, and many of them courted it; and it is precisely on that score that M. de la Fayette has always deserved well of the commonwealth. I cannot help again urging a comparison between the state of Paris while he had the command of the national guards, and what has taken place since it was transferred to other hands.

But what nobody would believe, if the pamphlet was not still before one's eyes, the author undertakes to review the whole of M. de la Fayette's political life; and he strikes out of it the last two months: he does not say a word of the events which filled up the interval between the 20th of June, and the 19th of August; though it is that period alone, which could enable the public to form a just opinion of M. La Fayette's moral character. It is now uncontested, that M. La Fayette's life has been chequered with virtues and with errors. Some of the former were neither suited to

times nor places, but many of them would do honour to any age, or any country. Among his errors, there are some which can only be wiped off by confession and repentance; and others which he may even pride himself for, because they arose from the excesses of a generous principle. Let him be reproached with not having always understood freedom and royalty; with having too much enlarged the first, and confined the second: but let it not be denied that he always wished to preserve both, and never aimed at crimes and republicanism.

Since the 10th of August, very flattering offers of aggrandizement were held out to him, if he would put himself at the head of this second revolution, and become the general of the republic: he rejected them with disdain and indignation: he chose to be the victim of his principles and his oaths.

His flying to a hostile land was neither *a testimony of fear*, to which he was always a stranger; nor *a testimony of esteem*, which could have been hardly justified, had he felt it: it was *the tribute of respect* for the oath he had taken—of his respect for integrity, honour, and freedom. M. de la Fayette saw the dangers to which an upright conscience exposed him: he faced those dangers: yet, when the purity of his soul is displayed to the world; when misfortune persecutes him; when an order, at which Europe is astonished, and which must soon excite its indignation, has flung him into a prison; even at that juncture, a wanton and unfeeling attempt is made to insult in a cowardly manner his sufferings, to ascribe to him faults he never committed, to upbraid him with those he atoned for, to pass over in silence the merit which



which made amends for them, and to demand his death, after having libelled his life.

But I have said too much of Rivarol: let me address myself to those, whom he equally insults by his servile flattery, and his savage exhortations.

M. de la Fayette, travelling through the Austrian territories, and repairing to Holland, in order to go to America, is not a prisoner of war:—nor is he a state prisoner. Yet, arrested contrary to the rules of justice, given up contrary to those of honour, and imprisoned contrary to those of humanity, he is overwhelmed with rigours which force can exercise, but never justify.

It is very seldom that injustice does not turn out to be bad policy. The ministers of the combined powers will one day or other know what influence the ill-treatment of M. de la Fayette had on the opposition they met with, an opposition of which it is impossible to calculate the effects.

The generous character, however, of the Duke of Brunswick, his enlightened mind, and his own renown, much dearer than what can be acquired by arms, are interested in putting an end to that violation of all rights. The son of the wife Leopold, and the nephew of the great Frederic will be sorry perhaps that was ever begun.

M. de la Fayette has friends: some of them will be believed: they have long and often been his severest censurers: they have constantly had the royal cause at heart: they adhered

hered to M. de la Fayette since the 14th of September, 1791, more closely since the declaration of war, and closer than ever since the 20th of June. They do not mean yet to publish all that they have known and seen of his conduct, his projects, and his actions. But if injustice is persisted in: if it be said that in this fatal revolution every party must be involved in guilt: if two causes equally sacred, improperly separated, when, on the contrary, they are intimately connected, are to be alternately destroyed by those who call themselves their champions; and if, after having disgraced the cause of freedom, a design is formed to disgrace also the cause of royalty; then M. de la Fayette's friends will undertake his defence, confess his faults, shew forth his merits, and hold out to Europe such documents as must put injustice to the blush.

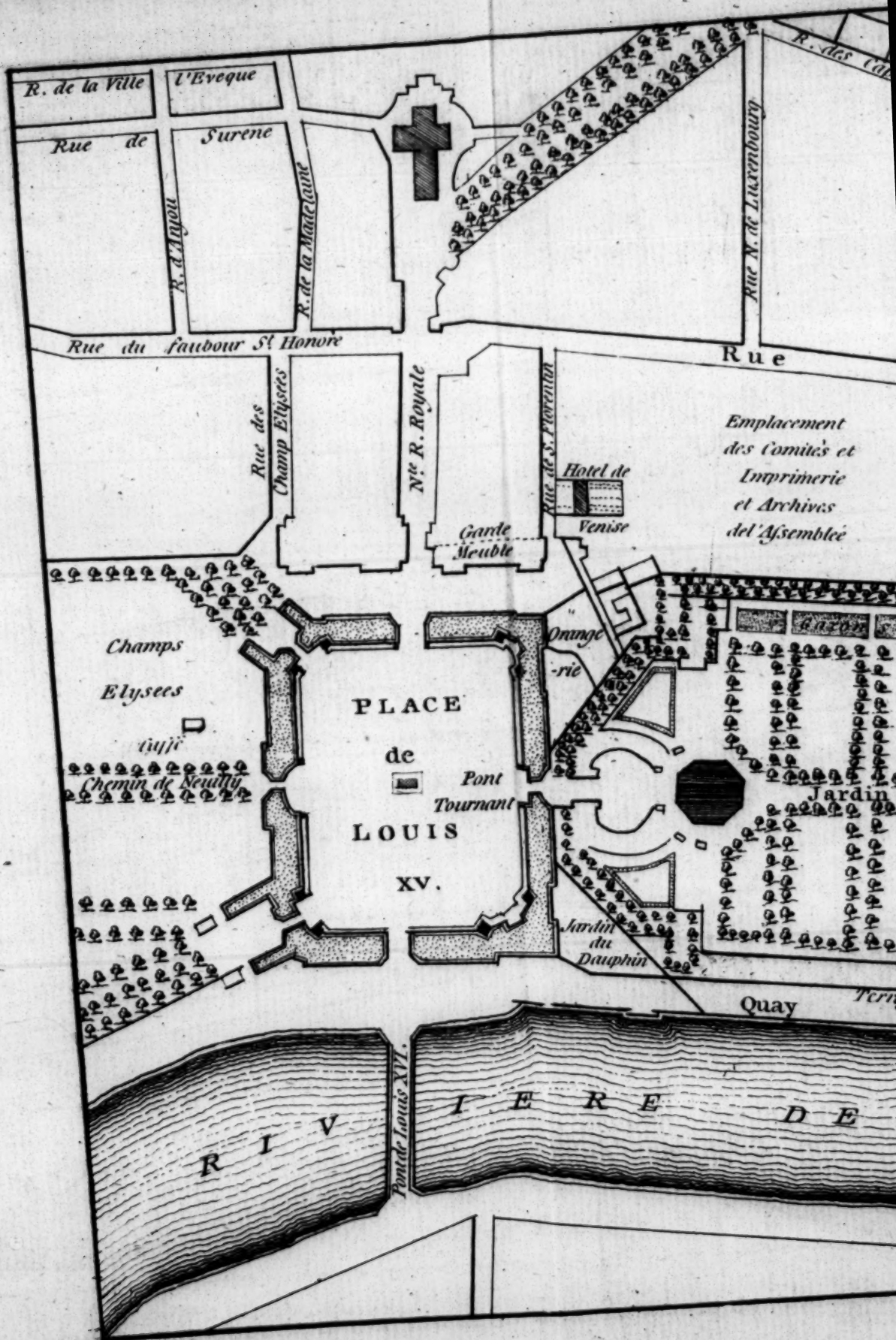
But above all, let it not be supposed, that in order to exculpate M. de la Fayette in one particular, it is necessary to give him up in another. The only thing in danger, and which would want any compromise, is the glory of his oppressors. Here no bribes have been offered, none received. M. de la Fayette remained, at this last period, equally faithful to liberty and royalty. No part of the body politic can at this day, with calumny, accuse him of treachery; and, setting aside private bickerings which may be settled how they will, he cannot on any political ground be the just object of any man's vengeance, except the ruffians, who, to glut their monstrous ambition, cover France with ruins, with taxes, and dead bodies; and keep buried in separate prisons the purest of kings, the most courageous of queens, an angel-like princess, whom the very devils in hell could not help respecting,

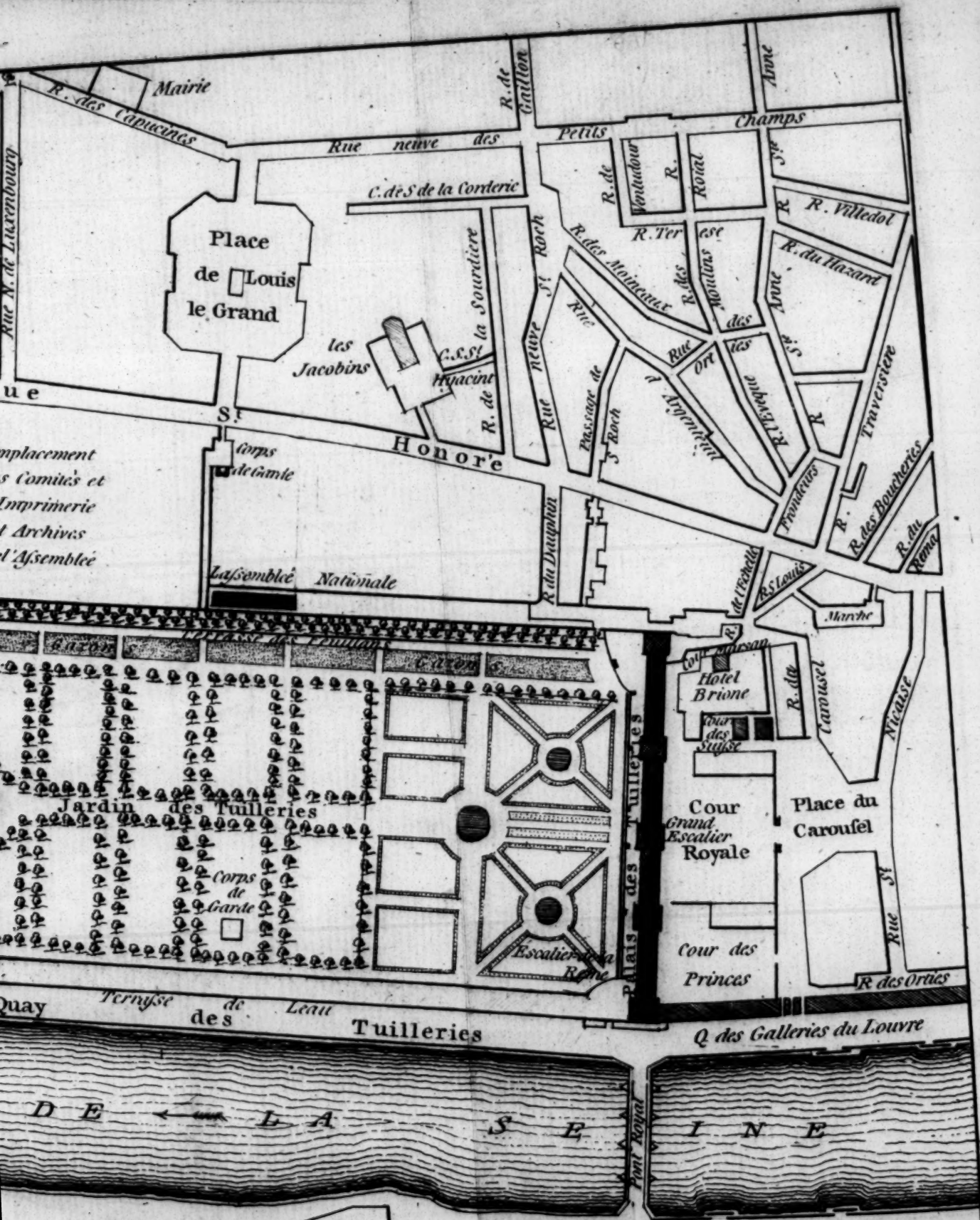
ing, and a child whose looks alone would soften a hord of cannibals.

Those are M. de la Fayette's enemies. They might depend upon M. de Rivarol to propagate their calumnies; but certainly they could not depend upon kings to become the tools of their revenge.

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## LATE PICTURE OF PARIS.

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### CHAP. III.

*Detail of the Horrors of the 10th of August.*

“Fit via vi : rumpunt aditus”.....

Vir. Æn. lib. 11.

**T**HE measures adopted within the palace, and the preparations made for its external defence, the king's reviews, his retreat to the National Assembly, his dangers, the storming of the palace, the dispersion of all his adherents, and the massacre of his Swiss guards, are to be the subject of the present chapter, to which is annexed a plan of the Thuilleries, and of the adjacent streets, to serve as a guide to the various scenes of action on that frightful day.

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In order to have a perfect idea of the combat, it is first of all necessary to be made acquainted with the exact situation of the Thuilleries. I shall appropriate a few pages to this purpose.

The palace consists of five principal pavillions, connected together by intermediate buildings, the whole of which forms one of the most stupendous piles of architecture in the whole world.

A gallery of immense length joins the Thuilleries to the old Louvre. This gallery was intended for a French Museum, in which were to be deposited all the national and royal collections of paintings, engravings, statues, medals, antiques, &c. It is called the *Louvre gallery*. Since the 25th of July, as fresh riots were justly dreaded every instant, M. de Salis, a major of the Swiss guards had a fort of intrenchment or barricado made in this gallery with boards and planks, in order to cut off the approach of the rebels, who might otherwise come up in great numbers by the *Apollo gallery*, or the ascent leading through the *Infanta's pavillion* in the old Louvre. The floor of the gallery had been broke down at the distance of about sixty yards from the first pavillion of the Thuilleries; and thirty of the Swiss were placed in this kind of out-post, which extended over the wickets of the *Carrousel*.

The first pavillion, which faces the *Pont-Royal*, is called the *Pavillion of Flora*: here were the apartments of Madame Elizabeth. In this pavillion there is a magnificent stair-case, called the *Princes'*

*Princes' Stair-Case.* It leads into a court of the same name. A branch of this stair-case runs off to an iron gate, which opens into the garden from this part of the palace. This is the gate which is known by the name of the *Queen's Gate*.

The *Pavillion of Flora*, is connected with the three central pavillions by means of a large gallery, called the *Carrachis' Gallery*. Under this gallery were the queen's grand apartments, nearly on a level with the terrace of the palace.

The central pavillions formed the king's apartments, consisting of the billiard-room, the grand dining room, the council-chamber, a magnificent saloon, called *Salle du lit*, (the state-room) the *œil de bœuf*, and different guard rooms : the whole terminates in a grand stair-case exactly in the middle of the palace, and is shut up by two iron gates on the side of the garden, and on that of the *Cour Royale*.

In this part of the palace, on the ground floor, and on the second story, were the apartments of the dauphin, of Madame de Lamballe, and several other persons belonging to the court. The king's private apartments consisted only of two suits of rooms, opening to the garden, and adjoining to the council-chamber on one side, and to



the state-room on the other. The queen's small apartments were over *Carracbis' Gallery*.

The other division of the palace from the staircase to the pavillion of the stables consists of the Chapel, Servandoni's Theatre, and the apartments which used to be occupied by the king's aunts.

Four courts inclose the palace on the side of the *Carrousel*. The first is called *Princes'-Court*. In the inner part of it, a guard-room had been built for the national troops on duty. The second is called *la Cour Royale*, (King's Court.) It was here, at the bottom of the great stair-case, that two cannons, belonging to the batallion upon duty at the palace, had been planted ever since the sixth of October 1789. The third is named *Swiss-Court*. It was through this court that people formerly went to the French theatre, when it was situated in the *Thuilleries*. The Swifs had barracks there for the ordinary palace-guard. Two stables had been lately built there for the horse *gendarmarie* upon duty, who were substituted in the room of the constitutional horse-guards, upon the disbanding of the latter. Lastly, the fourth court takes the name of *Marsan-Court*, from the pavillion on the northern extremity. There was a way through this court to the *Hotel de Brionne*, the residence of the

the *grand ecuyer* of France, on *Little Carrousel-Place*.

The different buildings round these four courts were divided into small apartments for the accommodation of old servants, and of persons actually engaged at the palace.

On turning round the *Pavillion of Marsan*, to go to the National Assembly, you enter the *Stable-Yard*, and then the yard belonging to the *Riding-House*, on one side of which is a door leading into the garden. Pursuing your way through the yard of the riding-house, you come to the National Assembly, where a party of horse, and of the national guards, with some sheriff's officers, some veterans and two pieces of ordnance were always posted.

Five terraces formed the inclosure of the garden. That, which runs along by the palace, and which is adorned with statues and marble vases of exquisite beauty, is called the *Palace Terrace*. That on the right, which extends the entire length of the garden, is called the *Terrace of the Feuillans*. This ground the assembly had taken possession of, a fortnight before, in order more easily to animate the people against the palace. This terrace is intersected by two flights of steps.

One leads to a coffee-house, called the Hottot coffee-house, which had been walled up on the side of the garden, as the mob could easily get that way into the Thuilleries, when the king thought it adviseable to keep them shut during the popular commotions. This coffee-house was again opened by the Assembly's order. It became the rendezvous of the motion-makers, and agitators of the populace. The other flight of steps led to the assembly, to all its offices, and to the passage called that of the *Feuillans*. It was through this dark, narrow, and fetid passage, that the king was always obliged to go on foot, whenever he went *in state* to the National Assembly. At the extremity of it is a small yard, a guard-room, and the church of the *Feuillans*, which opens into *St. Honoré-street*, facing *Vendôme Place*.

The *Terrace* of the *Feuillans* terminates in a beautiful esplanade, called *La Terrasse de l'Orangerie*, (Orange Garden Terrace) whence descending by a flight of steps, you are led through a small court to *Lewis the Fifteenth's Place*.

Another esplanade, like the former, on the side of the river, was called the *Dauphin's Terrace*, because a flower-garden had been made there for the amusement of the royal children. Here was a private door for the convenience of the gardeners.

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The fifth and last terrace, called the *Water Terrace*, runs parallel to that of the *Feuillans*, all along the quay of the *Thuilleries*; and ends at a side gate, which communicates with the *Pavillion of Flora* by an iron railing about twenty yards in extent. This gate faces the *Pont Royal*, and takes its name from it.

Finally, between the two esplanades, that of the *Dauphin*, and the *Orangerie*, the palace is secured by a fosse, or moat, over which is a draw-bridge that is shut every evening: this draw-bridge exactly faces the grand garden walk, the principal gate of the palace, the statue on *Lewis the Fifteenth's Place*, and the magnificent avenue to Neuilly. The view of buildings which here opens to the eye for the extent of more than a league, the collected beauties of art and nature which adorn the prospect, made this spot the Elysium of France! The scene, alas! is going to change: it will soon become the theatre of furies and of dæmons.

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*From Midnight till Six in the Morning.*

The detachments of the national guards, ordered by M. Mandat, arrived in the course of the night. At six in the morning, their number, including the whole what were in the palace and

at the draw-bridge, amounted to about 2400 men,

Their artillery consisted of three cannons that were planted in the *Royal Court*, facing the gate; one in the *Swiss-Court*; one in the *Marsan-Court*; two in *Princes' Court*; one at the *Pont Royal*; one at the gate of the *Riding-House*; and two at the *Draw-Bridge*; making in all eleven cannons.

The horse *gendarmes*, formerly the *Guet*, now consisting of 912 men, were all upon duty, and distributed in the following manner :

100 men under the command of Captain Hoche-reau, in the stables belonging to the Versailles coach-office, at the foot of the *Pont Royal*, on *Orsai* quay.

100 men, kept as a corps-de-reserve at the *Hôtel de Ville*, *Place de Grève*.

60 men, at the *Carronsel*, in the stables of the *Hôtel de Coigny*, under the command of Captain de Sarbonne.

30 men, with their first Lieutenant-Colonel, M. de Raymond, in the stables of the *Petit Hôtel de la Vallière*.

16 men,

16 men, at the ordinary guard of the National Assembly,

25 were at *Corbeil*, to guard the flower-mills, and the powder magazines of *Essone*.

581, with their commanding officer, M. de Rulhieres, and four captains, Messrs. de Laflus, — Gabriel, du Mesnil, and de Lille, were posted  
912 at the colonade of the Louvre.  
—

There were two captains more belonging to this corps, one of whom, M. de Maistre was absent upon leave; and the other, M. Destimauville, acted as aide-de-camp at the palace.

The horse *gendarmarie*, or *maréchaussée* of the department, consisted of 75 men. Twenty-five of them came in the morning, and were drawn up on the *Carrousel*; the other 50 remained at St. Martin's Gate. It was, it seems, with much ado that this *gendarmarie* belonging to the outskirts of Paris could be spared, for fear of riots in the environs. Yet, above a fortnight before, all the plunderers for ten leagues round, had been sent for to the metropolis by pressing invitations in M. Santerre's own hand-writing, under the pretence of a civic festivity. Strange and frightful visages were seen crowding to town; and people laughed at them at  
the



the *Palais Royal* with as much thoughtless levity, as that of the simple *Lazarite*, singing at the foot of Mount Vesuvius.

The foot *gendarmerie*, as I before observed, were consigned to their respective posts. Their chief commander was with the detachment on duty at the *Hôtel-de-Ville*. Their first Lieutenant-Colonel, M. Carl, and M. Guinguerlo the second, were at the palace.

Two of the municipal officers, Messrs. Borie and Le Boule spent the night at the *Thuilleries*.

At midnight, the Swiss occupied a sort of guard-room, on the right hand as you go in, at the foot of the great stair-case in *Princes' Court*. Others took their stand on the steps of the stair-case up as far as the first story; and some more were seated upon benches that run along the banisters. In this spot they planted their colours. They spent the whole night in profound silence.

The Swiss officers declared that they would act as the national guards did; *neither more nor less*. Eight well-affected men were required to be stationed with the Swiss troops at the foot of the stair-case. This post was afterwards occupied by the national grenadiers of the out-posts. The  
other

other ordinary posts were equally filled Swiss soldiers and national guards blended together.

M. Petion had been at the palace ever since eleven o'clock. His carriage was seen in the courts; but it was two hours and more before he himself could be found. He was all this time engaged in conferences with M. Rœderer; in examining with him the forces of the palace; in making himself acquainted with its strong and its weak sides, and with the manner in which the national guards were disposed; in marking his victims, in damping the ardour of the king's defenders; in prejudicing the battalions against the gentry; in sowing enmity and division. The events of the day sufficiently unfolded the dark designs of those crafty and perfidious conferences.

The palace was to have been stormed in the night; but the attack was delayed till the most favourable moment could be found. The populace, blind instruments of the crimes of their leaders, suffered themselves to be led on, to be stopt, with a pliability worthy of the most expert conspirators, and the most perfect masters of their passions. The columns in motion through all parts of Paris, regulated their steps so as to be in exact readiness for action, and to give vigour to the political efforts  
of

of their leaders by the near approach of such a tremendous force.

The new commissioners of the sections, who had elected themselves at the sound of the alarm-bell, which was rung by their order, while all the citizens in arms ran to their respective posts, had rushed with desperate resolution into the common-council hall; and there amounting to 192 in number, they formed a new revolution-municipality, still however retaining at their head their colleagues, not to say accomplices, Petion, Manuel, and Danton. One Huguenin, a patriot of *Faubourg St. Antoine*, sat as president of this common-council: this was the very fellow who acted as the orator and leader of the *spear-men* on the 20th of June\*. The secretary appointed to assist him was Tallien, a young incendiary, about 25 years of age, who for the last six months was the editor of a posting-bill, which regularly appeared every day, under the title of *the Friend of the Citizens*.

During the whole night, and a part even of the preceding day, the gunners and artillery-men, who

\* This Huguenin was at first a deserter from the corps of carabineers, afterwards a clerk at the barriers, next a bawdy-house bully, and last of all, president of the council general of the rebel commonalty.



were at the palace, often broke out into insults and menaces of all kinds against the gentry whom they knew to be within, and against some members of the national guards. They even went such lengths, that the grenadiers of the *Nuns of St. Thomas*, who since night-fall had been drawn up in the court to the number of 40, resolved to keep a strict watch on every cannon, and on the manœuvres of the gunners, by joining four of their own company to them.

At day-break there was a false alarm excited by the inadvertent discharge of a fusée in one of the courts. Every body was lying on matresses, or on benches; and it was not without some trouble that the sleepers could be roused.

Petion having gone down from the palace into the garden, was surrounded by a group of 20 national grenadiers. He remained for some time seated on the steps of the terrace stair-case, with M. Sergent, a municipal officer, who accompanied him. These grenadiers kept him as a kind of hostage, that they might act under his responsibility. In this situation the mayor of Paris, perplexed enough for his personal security, kept up, however, an air of composure: but his convulsive mouth, and the strong pressure of his lips betrayed the inward agitations of uneasiness and anger.

From

From time to time various accounts were brought him, which he listened to with the air of a physician, consulting on the crisis of a serious illness. He found means, by virtue of a decree of the national assembly, to get away from his guards. One may say of these, what Voltaire did of the Italians :

“ Ils tremblent tous à l’aspect d’un décret.”

The Marseillais began now to put themselves in motion, with their artillery in front; and the rioters in the *Fauxbourgs* were preparing to muster. The new municipality, whose existence, or self-creation was not yet known at the palace, heard that M. Mandat, commander in chief of the national guards, had in his pocket an order from the mayor of Paris to repel force by force : it was necessary to take away this order from him : it was necessary to destroy by division the whole defence of the palace : it was necessary to remove every plea, or authoritative sanction for resistance, in order more easily to triumph over a divided party. Here we shall again see exerted with success that system of dismembering, so skilfully employed at all times, and upon all occasions by the *Jacobin* leaders :—a system, by which they have successively destroyed the defenders of the monarchy, those of the constitution, those of the kings of Europe,

Europe, and those of the king of France :—a system, to the completion of which M. Rœderer gave the finishing stroke on this last and memorable day.

M. Mandat seemed to anticipate his fate: he refused to obey the first message : yet the order in question was to be got out of his hands at all events. A second message is dispatched to him by the municipality. Rœderer and the two municipal officers represent to him that it is his duty to wait upon the civil power: he hesitates; he shudders; he foams with rage; he takes his leave of the friends whom he leaves behind him at the palace; he sets off; he arrives, attended by a single aide-de-camp. The new municipality, of the formation of which he had not even the most distant idea, interrogate him respecting the order he had given the preceding evening, and the steps he had taken to disperse the apprehended riots, without the effusion of blood. They charge him with a plot to cut to pieces *the innocent and patriotic column of the people*. Mandat thunder-struck, and confounded at what he sees and hears, makes no reply: he is ordered away to the *Abbey Prison*, and the signal given for his execution\*. He is butch-

\* The president extending his arm horizontally in a very significant manner, said, *let him be dragged away*.



ered on the steps of the *Hôtel-de-Ville*. A pistol shot first brought him to the ground ; spears and cutlasses finished the business. Petion's order is taken from him : the dead body is flung into the Seine, notwithstanding the cries of his afflicted son, who begs in vain for his father's corpse to perform the funeral rights. Here legal defence ends, and gives way to the natural right of self-preservation. It was then four o'clock in the morning.

They were formally deliberating in the Assembly on the gradual abolition of the slave-trade, when M. de Joly, the chief justice, entered to inform the legislative body, that the only means of preserving the king was by sending to him a deputation from the National Assembly ; and that the king desired it for his own safety, and that of his family. The Assembly proceeded to the order of the day, observing that there was not a competent number to take the request into consideration.

At this time the rioters were plundering the arsenal, and had particularly seized upon 2600 firelocks, which they found there. The batallion of St. Gervais, commanded by M. le Laboureur, was appointed to guard this post ; but that officer was threatened by his own artillery-men, who compelled him, at the peril of being massacred, to leave his

his batallion to the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine*: this corps formed the van of the rebel column.

The different centers, whence all orders issued, were the barracks of the *Marseillais* for the *Fauxbourg St. Marceau*; and the *Hôtel-de-Ville* for the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine*. The leaders at the first post were *Barbaroux*, a hosier at the *Hôtel de Toulouse*, who had raised himself to be deputy extraordinary from the city of Marseilles; *Fournier*, a captain who came at the head of the *Marseillais* to Paris; and *Alexander*, commander of the batallion of the *Gobelins*, a worthy friend of *Santerre's*.—The chief directors at the second post were the secret committee of the new municipal officers, *Manuel*, *Danton*, *Camille-Desmoulins*, *Fabre-d'Eglantine*, *Huguenin*, *Paris*, *Offelin*, *Marat*, *Freron*, *Tallien*, *Duplain*, *Billaud Varennes*, *Robespierre*, *Duffort*, *Cailly*, *Jourdeuil*, *Desforgues*, *Lénfant*, *Le Clerc*, *Collot-d'Herbois*, *T. M. Chesnier*, *Paris*, *Legendre*, and other *Jacobins*, who hardly perceived that they were only the tools of the four ministers of the Duke of Orleans, *Sièyès*, *Laclos*, *Sillery*, and *Condorcet*. Their friend *Santerre* had been appointed temporary commander in chief, in *Mandat's* place, as soon as the latter was killed; but he was quite passive the whole of this morning.

The troops of the conspirators kept crowding from midnight till fix in the morning to the following places of rendez-vous :

The place of the French theatre	}	<i>Faubourg St.</i>
The Horse-Market		<i>Marceau.</i>

The Arsenal	}	<i>Faubourg St.</i>
Little St. Anthony's		<i>Anthoine.</i>

The number of the conspirators in the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine* may be reckoned at 15,000 ; and those in the *Fauxbourg St. Marceau* at only 5,000 : but the mob of curious spectators and of plunderers, who followed them, exceeds all possible calculation. The quays and streets, from the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, and the *Quay of the Mint* to the *Champs Elysees*, were covered with continually increasing torrents of the populace.

At six o'clock they began to move in two columns ; one of which took its way partly cross the *Pont-Neuf*, the *wickets* of the *Louvre Gallery*, and *St. Nicaise-Street*, and partly over the *Pont-Royal*, the *wickets*, and the *Carrousel* : the other column advanced through *St. Honoré-Street*, and *St. Nicaise-Street*. But it was past eight o'clock before their van began to spread at the *Carrousel*. Their whole



whole artillery consisted only of the two pieces of cannon belonging to the *Marseillais*.

The column of the *Fauxbourg St. Marceau*, in crossing the *Pont-Neuf*, passed by Henry the fourth's batallion, who remained perfectly motionless. This batallion had felt a great loss in the removal of their late captain, M. Carle, to the command of the *gendarmerie*. It consisted chiefly of goldsmiths and jewellers; and those rich citizens, who had been long since marked out by Brissot, under the title of the *gentlemen of the epaulette*, did nothing now but tremble for their property. A parody of the decree of *the country in danger* had been applied to them; and some of the newspapers had proclaimed the *Goldsmith's Quay in danger*, a few days before the tenth of August.

At two o'clock a party of eleven people, armed with pistols and daggers, were taken up in the *Champs Elisées*, on the ground of their appearing to personate the patrole. They made no resistance, and were conducted to the guard-house of the *Feuillans*. Eleven prisoners more, who had been apprehended in the course of the night, were added to their number. Among the latter was a man, about five feet ten inches high, with a frightful visage, and the accent of *Provence*. He complained bitterly of being made wait so long for his examination.

nation. *This*, he said, *was downright Aristocracy*. There was terrible disturbance and confusion in the guard-house; but they dared not examine any body.

Petion was then at the Assembly, in obedience to a decree which had summoned him there to give an account of the state of the capital. He assured the house, that the minds of the citizens were much inflamed and discontented; but that he did not think there was any danger on that day. M. Joly, a petty municipal officer, asserted that violence had been done to Petion to keep him at the palace. A long debate ensued upon this charge. Petion never said a single tittle, either *yes* or *no*.—A moment after, he made his bow to the Assembly, and withdrew amidst bursts of applause. He did not go back through the garden, but crossed the passage and court of the *Feuillans*, went to his own house, where the mob mounted guard as his centinels. M. Joly had caused 400 men to be posted there, who, through their affectionate concern for Petion, hindered him, as he pretended, from coming out. It was thus he hoped to shake off the heavy load of responsibility which lay upon his head and shoulders.

At five o'clock the Queen sent for the royal children, who were called out of bed to go to her.

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her. In the course of the night, the intelligence that was brought, alternately excited hope and fear. The King employed the short intervals of tranquillity in the discharge of those duties, which religion inspired him with. He saw his confessor, the Abbé Hébert; and, like a devoted victim, prepared himself for every event with the most composed and modest resignation.

The Queen, attended by Madame Elizabeth, was almost constantly passing and repassing from her own apartment to that of the king, to her children, and to the council-chamber. Not a word escaped her, not a single look or gesture, which could betray any vexation or fear. She still maintained the consistency of her character, the well-known calmness and dignity of her countenance.

All the ministers were met to receive the reports of what was going on, which they immediately communicated to the King and Queen; and spent the rest of the time in deliberating with M. Rœderer, and the two members of the municipality on the best means of preserving his majesty and the royal family from the daggers of assassins.



At six o'clock, several batallions arrived, armed with pikes, under a pretence of defending the palace. M. de la Chesnaye, a legionary commander, made them file off to the terrace by the water side. Some pieces of artillery, which they brought with them, remained in the courtyards.

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*Review of the Palace Guards.*

AT half past five in the morning, the King was requested to visit all the posts, and by his presence to encourage the brave men, who were at once to defend his person, his family, his crown, and his constitution. He had been up all night : his hair was in some little disorder ; and he had not changed his dress of the preceding evening. In a plain, violet-coloured coat, with his hat under his arm, and his sword by his side, he went at first to visit the several posts in the palace : the Queen, the royal children, and the princess de Lamballe, with some other ladies, accompanied him in this first visit. I have been informed by some eye-witnesses, that his looks were strongly affected, yet benign ; and that his eyes were covered with a watry suffusion, though a smile was seen upon his lips. He often repeated these words, but with frequent interruptions : “ Well ! I am told they are coming—I do not “ know what they mean—I will never separate “ from good citizens : my cause is theirs. The meaning of these words, as they were understood and felt by the national guards, was this : “ I am “ willing that my friends should defend me at the “ present crisis : we shall perish, or escape toge-

“ ther.” The Queen also spoke a little : she seemed to suppress, though with some difficulty, the sighs that swelled her bosom. Her Austrian lip and eagle nose, a little more inflamed than usual, gave her aspect an air of majesty, of which none but those who saw her at the moment can hardly form any idea.

The national guards discovered great emotion at the time, and warm sentiments of loyalty. Their language, at least, excited that idea of them.

At six o'clock the king went down into the court-yards. He was attended only by M. de Boissieu, M. de Menou, camp-m Marshals ; Messrs. de Maillardor and de Backman, Swiss officers ; M. de Lajeard, late secretary at war ; M. de Briges and the prince de Poix, who there joined him. The drum beat in the fields : the shouts of *vive le roi* were heard in the courts, and re-echoed by the national guards ; but the artillery men and the battalion of the *Croix Rouge* constantly cried out *vive la nation*. All the people, who were in the upper apartments of the palace, shed tears of joy, when they heard the acclamations of loyalty.

While his majesty was reviewing the troops posted in the different court yards, two battalions  
more



more\* entered, who were armed partly with firelocks, and partly with pikes, and who encouraged the artillery men in their sanguinary disposition. The king having gone into the garden, to continue the review, M. de Boissieu took that opportunity to repair the disorder which the royal visit gave rise to in the court-yards; and made those two battalions file off to the water-terrace. As they passed by the King at the great iron railing of the Thuilleries, they made use of very insolent language, shouting *Long live Petion! long live the nation!*

The king then reviewed the palace terrace, where several battalions were posted, particularly those of *Petits-Peres* and *St. Thomas's Nunnery*. Several grenadiers belonging to these troops surrounded the king, and pressed him with so much importunity to go and review the *corps de reserve*, stationed at the draw-bridge, that he suffered himself to be led there, notwithstanding the remonstrance of one of his attendants, who pointed out the danger of his being suddenly attacked by the pikemen on the terrace, who cried out with might and main, *down with Veto! down with the traitor!* From that moment, the hopes, before en-

\* One of them was that of St. Marcel, commanded by M. Alexander, and M. Azevilly.

tertaind of the national guards, were completely destroyed.

His majesty reviewed the post at the draw-bridge very quietly : he also found the arrangements there satisfactory and excellent ; but he ran a very great risk in his return. An ill-looking fellow among others, joined his escort, and seemed to threaten him every instant. One of the national guards, who watched all his motions, thought he perceived a dagger which the other concealed, and was therefore more vigilant to prevent every wicked design of his, by never quitting him. Abusive language and insulting shouts were so often reiterated, that one of the grenadiers who had persuaded the king to go, and who attended him till he came back to the palace, there fainted away through the excessive alarm he had felt for his majesty's safety.

The two before-mentioned batallions went out by the *Pont-Royal* gate, and drew up with their cannon along the iron railing, where they waited for the *Marseillais*. Thus, instead of defenders, they soon became assailants.

During the review, two other batallions, who had come latterly, and who were in the *cour royale*, thought proper to disperse, and a strong detachment

ment of them quitted the palace, to go and post themselves with two cannons on the *Carrousel*. There they stopped several new batallions, who were going to defend the palace. The pretext for all those desertions was the loyal measures taken by the Swifs. They seemed to be in fear of the latter. The cowardice and disloyalty of those traitors found also another excuse in the very formidable appearance of about two hundred and ten gentlemen, who were seen in different parts of the royal apartments. The spirit of the palace guards was tainted by the momentary intermixture of the pike-men: the system of equality and brotherhood gave easy admittance to the contagion; and every plan of defence became every moment more and more impracticable; all hopes that the national guards would by their present fidelity, blot out the remembrance of the twentieth of June, appeared extremely absurd and visionary\*.

\* The ladies, who never quitted the Queen during this deplorable night, were the Princess de Lamballe, superintendant of the queen's household; the Princess de Tarente, and the Marchioness de la Rocheaymon, maids of honour; and Madame de Genestous, a lady attached to the Princess de Lamballe. The royal children had with them Mad. de Tourzel, their governess, and the young Paulina, her daughter: they had also their under-governesses and some other female attendants.

The Duchess de Maillé, another of the maids of honour, was no sooner informed of the danger the queen was in, than she  
went



went on foot from her own house, through the frantic mob; and wanted to force the guards, who defended the gates of the Thuilleries, to let her pass. But as they had positive orders not to admit any body, her courage and perseverance were ineffectual. Such, however, was her zeal, and her intrepidity, that in the very midst of the people who were storming the palace, she proclaimed aloud her attachment to the queen, and her eager desire to get near her majesty's person; for that it was her post and her duty.

The melancholy catastrophe of the Princess de Lamballe does not yet permit me to pay the just tribute to her virtues. But it is impossible to make mention of Mad. de Tourzel and the Princess de Tarente, without displaying their amiable characters to the eyes of all Europe.

That of Mad. de Tourzel is an astonishing mixture of virtue, fidelity, and courage. The storms that have burst on the royal family have afforded many trying occasions for the full exercise of those qualities. She shared the afflictions of that family in every scene of misfortune, distress, and imprisonment: her young and lovely daughter, who unites to the outward charms of her person a sweetness of soul that was her mother's only comfort, had like to become the victim of her duty: her dangers will be made known in their proper place.

I have now to draw the Princess de Tarente's portrait; but friendship snatches the pencil out of my hand: I yield it to the Duke de Choiseul.

"Friendship," says he to me, "has an exclusive right to paint the character of the Princess de Tarente. It is the privilege I claim;—it is a sort of homage which I feel a pleasure in paying her. Mad. de Tarente presents us with a perfect model of friendship, of fidelity, of the most disinterested attachment. Devoted to the queen, as to the object of her worship, she loves her person; and that affection is rivited by an intimate knowledge of her endearing qualities,—of qualities so lovely, yet so calumniated. Loving the queen with transport, beloved by her, and a total stranger to intrigue, she vindicates the character of  
princes

princes from the hateful prejudice, the odious idea of their being incapable of friendship. Saved, as it were, by a miracle in the massacre at the Thuilleries on the tenth of August; arrested a few days after; led from committee to committee; dragged to the Abbey prison; interrogated with threats; every where confessing the truth; making a merit, even before hostile judges, of her attachment and fidelity; rejecting with horror the terms on which she was offered both liberty and life, and which were to utter some doubtful phrases respecting the queen; and last of all tried on the night of the massacre by those sons of blood, she was acquitted and set free, after having expected death every instant for thirty-two hours. A God watched over her: I can therefore still believe in a divine providence! Ah! if our august and unfortunate queen has been the object of the most atrocious horrors, her pure image is at least preserved in the hearts and memories of her faithful servants;—of those whom she honoured with the name of her friends. Attached to her by the strongest of all ties, that of gratitude; indebted to her for every thing; proud that my name should be at any time mentioned in a narrative of the tenth of August—Ah! it is not self-love that guides my pen; but having been a witness of so much virtue;—a witness and admirer of the virtuous character, the probity, and the firm resignation of the King and queen, it is a debt I owe to their glory and to truth, to attest those instances which are to be consecrated in history. Forced to remove far from them, torn from their person, obliged to fly to a foreign land, I have at least the consolation to think, that my residence here has still been useful to my masters. I have discharged the duties of a faithful subject; and though I am now precluded from devoting to their defence the remains of life rendered unfortunate by their misfortunes, I can at least weep for them in peace among their friends.”

*The*

*The King's retreat to the National Assembly.*

At half past seven, as soon as the king returned from reviewing the Swiss and the national guards, the gentlemen who had been all night at the palace, and the officers of his majesty's former life-guards, who always looked upon it as their most sacred duty to watch over the king's person, resolved to embody themselves. For this purpose, they formed two companies, under the orders of Marshal de Mailly, their senior officer. One of these companies, consisting of one hundred and eleven men, chose for their commander the Baron de Viomesnil, a lieutenant general, who had under him M. d'Hervilly, a camp marshal: they drew up in the gallery before described, called *Carrachis' Gallery*, at the door of the queen's apartment. The other company was stationed in the king's antichamber, under the orders of M. de Puysegur, a lieutenant general, and M. de Pont-l'abbé, a camp marshal. At each of these posts, they were again sub-divided into three parties, and drawn up twelve in front and three deep, with a general officer at the head of each subdivision. Though but indifferently supplied with arms, this troop of honorary volunteers were animated by such



such generous motives, and such pure heroism, as to excite the tenderest concern for their fate. Nothing but the strongest prudential reasons could hinder me from yielding to the desire I feel to publish to the world the names of those unfortunate royalists.\*

When this disposition was made, the King walked through the lines to the bottom of the anti-chamber. The Queen remained at the door of the council-chamber, facing the state-room. Here were twenty grenadiers of the national guards, mixed with the gentry. The Queen, addressing herself more particularly to the grenadiers, said, "Gentlemen, whatever you have dearest in life, your wives, your children, your property, all now depends on our existence: our interest is common: you ought to have no mistrust of those brave servants, who will share your dangers, and defend you to their last breath." She made this speech with so much animation and dignity, that the tears trickled down from every eye. The king spoke also with great majesty and cour-

\* M. d'Ablancourt, the war minister, came to examine the internal defence of the palace. The orders he gave were, that in case any violent attempts should be made to break open the doors, or endanger the king's life, and if it should be found necessary to repel force by force, the grenadiers should fire first, and the volunteers then succeed to the charge.

age. The grenadiers, as if they had received an electrical shock, immediately charged their firelocks; and seemed to renew at that instant the sublime scene of *moriatur pro rege nostro*.

The most perfect harmony at this time prevailed between the national guards within the palace, and the volunteers of honour. They shook hands, and shouted, *Vive la garde nationale*.

Just before, M. de Belair, a legionary commander, came to represent to the Queen, that the party, who were thus drawn up in the apartments, gave great umbrage and uneasiness to most of the national guards in the courts, and at the other posts of the palace. Her majesty replied; "Nothing  
" can separate us from these gentlemen: they are  
" our most faithful friends: they will share the  
" dangers of the national guards; and will obey  
" you. Place them at a cannon's mouth: they  
" will shew you how men can die for their king."

M. Dupont de Nemours, who had been one of the members of the constituent assembly, and who was now upon duty with his batallion at the palace, drew up in the guard-room, a petition to the National Assembly to demand the dismissal of the *federates of Marseilles*. This petition had a  
great

great number of signatures. It was then thought, that the day would be spent only in threats.

A quarter before eight, a municipal officer entered the council-chamber, where the king then was with the royal family. M. de Joly, the keeper of the seals, asked him: "Well! what do they want?" The other replied, "to dethrone the king." M. de Joly hastily answered; "Well then! let the Assembly pass that decree." The Queen then addressing the municipal officers asked him, "But what will become of his majesty?" To this the officer made a bow, but no reply. At this instant M. Rœderer entered, with a scarf on, at the head of the directory of the department. His first words were: "Nobody is to interpose between the king and the department." He perceived that several were preparing to listen to what he was going to say. He then declared aloud, that he wanted to speak to the King and Queen only; upon which they went into the inner apartments.

The King, Queen, and directory of the department headed by M. Rœderer, having entered the King's inner room, where the ministers also were, M. Rœderer told their majesties; "That the danger was at its height, and beyond all expression; that only a small number of the national guards

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“ could be depended upon ; that the rest were cor-  
 “ rupted, and would be the first to fire on the pa-  
 “ lace ; that the king, the queen, and their chil-  
 “ dren, with all those who were round their per-  
 “ sons, would be infallibly butchered, if his ma-  
 “ jesty did not resolve without delay to repair to  
 “ the National Assembly.” The Queen, who had  
 some moments before penetrated into this scheme  
 of separating the King from every body, and giving  
 him up to the Assembly, was resolved to oppose it,  
 and had even told two of her most confidential  
 friends ; “ that she would sooner be nailed to the  
 “ walls of the palace than quit them.” She there-  
 fore expressed herself with great vehemence against  
 M. Rœderer’s proposal\* ; but he replied, “ Ma-  
 “ dam, you want then to be answerable for the  
 “ death of the King, of your son, of Madame, of  
 “ yourself,

\* Rœderer conducted himself that day as a man who wanted  
 to please both parties, and to conciliate monarchy and republi-  
 canism. He went to the palace to frighten the king: he de-  
 scended into the court-yards to animate the troops to repel force  
 by force: he went to the Carrousel to harangue the mob. But  
 being unable to work upon the populace, and perceiving that the  
 column advanced, and that the rebels declared they were come  
 to disarm the Swiss, he then returned to the palace, and surren-  
 dered up, as we have seen, the King, his family, and their fate to  
 the National Assembly. He said to the Aristocrats, *I have saved*  
*your master* ; to the Jacobins, *You are indebted to me for the re-*  
*public*. Popular frenzy, however, which knows no medium,  
 wanted to hang him ; and he was obliged to hide himself for a  
 long time.

“yourself, and of all the persons who are here to defend you!” At these words, they unanimously cried out; “Ah! may we be the only victims.”

Now we come to circumstances which must rend the heart of a man of honour and sensibility. The King, the Queen, the royal family, devoting themselves to humiliations worse than death, to prevent Frenchmen from the commission of crimes, and to save from the hands of assassins the remains of the faithful nobility who had rallied round their persons, set off: they forbid any body to follow them: they cross several apartments, where their shuddering and faithful servants, all dissolved in tears, want to crowd round them: “You will be the cause of the King’s death,” said Rœderer: “Stay where you are,” was the King’s order: “We shall soon be back,” added the Queen, “to comfort them.” Even their lovely child, in whom the graces of youth are so captivating, and whose countenance is so strongly marked by the beauty and dignity of his origin, the dauphin is employed by them to secure obedience by irresistible allurements. He goes up to one of the gentlemen, who kept following the Queen, though both her majesty and the King had given a positive order to the contrary: “Stay where you are,” said the child; “my papa and mama command it; and

“ I beg it of you.\*” But the words, “ you will be  
 “ the cause of the king’s death,” were the strongest  
 barrier of restraint.

\* It is impossible to speak of this young prince, without feeling the tenderest emotions, and without being tempted to make his character more known. Brought up in the school of misfortune, his taste formed by the reading of Homer and Plutarch under the care of the Abbé Davaux, a respectable instructor, the dauphin, at the age of nine, has already learned to put in practice the lessons of antiquity. This young prince has been plunged into the Styx; and, amidst the horrors of a prison, his grace, his candor, his reflexions, his replies disarm the assassin, and comfort the illustrious victims. I shall devote an entire chapter to a detail of the employments of this unfortunate family: but, in the mean time, let the reader picture to himself the august mother reduced to the necessity of washing her son’s stockings, and performing that menial office with the same dignity she displayed at the levee or drawing-room at Versailles in the height of her glory, thus enobling the meanest functions, extorting the respect even of her slanderers, commanding the admiration of Europe, and striking the spark of happiness out of the very flint of misfortune.

If we follow the dauphin to his father’s dungeon, we shall behold an equally great, an equally interesting scene. This monarch is become his son’s tutor. It is in English and Roman writers that he seeks for lessons on firmness of soul: he has no occasion to turn to the annals of France: he himself may be called its living history. He opens Shakespeare, and explains to the young prince the fated end of all earthly grandeur in these admirable lines, which are even inscribed as an epitaph on the poet’s tomb:

“ The



“ The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
“ The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
“ Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
“ And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
“ Leave not a wreck behind!”

Horace is taken up after Shakespeare; and the dauphin there reads,

Rebus in angustis  
Appare generosus & fortis.

He looks at his father; and finds in his eyes the example close by the precept.

If Pope's works are the book for the order of the day, they find there the prophecy of the misfortunes of France in these two lines, with the alteration of only a single word:

“ Returning seasons still new flowers bring;  
“ But faded *kingdoms* have no second spring.”

Manuel comes, with fire in his eye, and menace in his aspect: he orders the turnkeys to make their prisoners hear the noise of the bolts more distinctly: he announces to the king, with all the convulsions of successful guilt, *that monarchy is abolished in France*; and that *he, Manuel, is one of the leaders of the republic*. The king, who is already revenged in our misfortunes, reads upon Manuel's front the accomplishment of the curse given by Cleopatra to Rodogune:

“ Puissiez-vous ne trouver dedans votre union  
“ Qu' horreur, que jalousie, & que dissension!”

The dauphin asks his father the meaning of the word *republic*; and the king, who has promised himself to forget every insult, explains

plains that word by what Mirabeau said, when tortured with a tooth-ach: In the violence of its pain, the *great man* roared out, *I have a republic in my mouth*. The child, delighted at seeing a smile on his august father's lips, runs to report this fallacy of wit to his sister and aunt, to cheer them at their getting up;—to his sister, who though a child in point of age, is made a woman by fears and misfortunes;—to his aunt, that angelic princess, whom we may admire, but cannot describe with suitable dignity; and who, for some months has uttered no other sigh, no other complaint than her favorite exclamation: *divine goodness!*

Oh! all of you, who think you have reason to accuse providence for your private misfortunes, turn your eyes on that family, once so glorious, now so depressed; then tell us, if you dare complain.

*The King's Passage to the National Assembly.*

THE King met no obstacle in crossing the Thuilleries to the stair-case leading to the terrace of the *Feuillans*, through two columns under arms, consisting of Swiss grenadiers, and the national grenadiers of *Petits-Peres*, and *St. Thomas's* nunnery. When he reached the stair-case of the terrace, which was crowded by the mob, who refused to let his majesty pass, he was detained there about a quarter of an hour. The populace kept crying out, *Away with all tyrants : death : death.* A man of a frightful figure, in a miner's frock, named Rochet, a noted maniac, who had been at the head of former insurrections, poured upon the king a torrent of the grossest abuse. The directory of the department prevailed upon the mob at length to give way, and to let the King have a free passage to the National Assembly, on condition, however, of his agreeing to leave his escort at the door. That very miner, who had insulted the King so much, snatched the dauphin out of the Queen's hands, and carried him in his arms into the Assembly. Two fellows levelled their pieces at the king, as he passed on.



The persons who followed his majesty were, besides the six ministers, Messrs. de Montmorin, de Poix, d'Hervilly, de Tourzel, de Briges, two other persons attached to his service, and the municipal officer Leroulx, M. Borie having from prudential motives remained at the palace. The municipal officer went in first to announce, that the king, the queen, their family, the ministers, and the administrators of the department desired to appear before the National Assembly. A deputation was then appointed to go and receive their majesties.

The King, Queen, and their family, accompanied by two of the ministers, entered, and advanced towards the seats designed for administrators. The King said; "I am come here to prevent a great crime, which was going to be committed; and I think I cannot be in greater safety than in the midst of you, gentlemen."

M. Guadet, who acted as president in the absence of M. Merlet, replied, "You may rely, sir, on the firmness of the National Assembly: its members have sworn to die in defence of the rights of the people, and of the constituted powers."

The

The King took his seat on one side of the president; but some members remarking, that the constitution forbade the legislative body to debate on any subject in the King's presence, the Assembly decided, that their majesties and family should retire to a small lodge, or apartment, situated backward of the president's chair.

This apartment had been appropriated to the writers of a newspaper, called the *logographic* journal, which reported the debates word for word. This journal had already been often complained of by the members. Its exactness ruined many of their reputations. The Assembly in turning out those writers, added to the barbarous pleasure of keeping the royal family in an anticipated prison, that of preventing the pen of truth from publishing the petitions, motions, and debates of that execrable day, and the three following. The journal was soon after suppressed; but its name will ever be remembered.

It was in this prison, six feet square, and eight feet high, the white walls of which reflected the rays of the sun, and increased their ardor, that the King and his family spent fourteen hours together in the course of a day that was burning hot. As the mob kept tumultuously crowding round the hall, it was found adviseable to destroy an iron  
railing

railing which separated this lodge from the National Assembly, that the King might be able to get into the Assembly, in case the lodge should be attacked. Messrs de Poix, de Choiseul, de Sainte Croix, and Dubouchage, four of the ministers, and the King himself, were obliged to pull down this iron railing, without any instruments but the strength of their hands and arms. The king then sat down, and remained in his chair, with his hat off, during the debate that followed, keeping his eyes constantly fixed on the Assembly, and taking no refreshment for the whole time but a peach and a glass of water.

I shall here break off for a moment the detail of the shocking debate, in order to relate what happened in the mean time at the Feuillans, the Thuilleries, and the palace. In the next chapter I shall give an account of the abolition of royalty and of the constitution, in the presence of the King of that constitution.



*First Massacre in the Court of the Feuillans.*

Since the morning, a report had been spread of the arresting of a false patrol in the *Champs Elysées*; and the populace, connecting that arrest with the shouts of *vive le roi* made by the Swiss at the time of the review, spoke of nothing but plots and revenge. The fact was, that some of the patrol had imprudently taken up in the course of the night twenty-two persons whom curiosity, fear, the sound of the alarm bell, and the general tumult had led to the *Carrousel*, the *Thuilleries*, the *Champs Elysées*, &c. Most of them were armed with swords and pistols for their personal defence. They were almost all taken up separately. There were only three of them found together. Thus the idea of false patrols is entirely out of the question; though it was no doubt in order to keep up that pretence, that about thirty persons were taken to the guard-house, and afterwards sent about their business.

Of the twenty-two individuals who had been apprehended and taken to the section of the Feuillans, eleven were placed in a separate room. These found means to make their escape at day break, by jumping from the window into an adjoining garden.

The

The president on that day at the section of the Feuillans was one Bonjour, a mad *jacobin*, formerly a clerk at the navy office, and turned out by his own colleagues for having accused M. de Fleuriu, minister of the marine. As soon as any prisoner was brought, he was put into the hands of the national guards, till his turn came to be examined.

At half past eight in the morning, a young man about thirty years of age, wearing the cap and uniform of a national guard, was brought to this section. Having attracted notice by the freshness of his uniform, the lustre of his arms, and the elegance of his own appearance, he was taken up in the terrace of the Feuillans. This was Suleau, a royalist well known for his pamphlets against the Duke of Orleans; his humourous interrogatories at the Chatelet; a newspaper which he published; and a journey to Coblenz, the circumstances of which gave him great notoriety. He complained in very animated terms of his being arrested. He said he was the bearer of a very important order which he produced. It was there expressly stated: "The national guard who is the bearer of the present order, is to go to the palace, and examine the exact posture of things, and to make report thereof to the attorney general of the department. Signed, Borie and Leroulx, municipal officers."

“officers.” When he was taken to the guard-house, they disputed the authenticity of this order. They sent to the palace to ascertain the point. The municipal officers not only acknowledged their signature; but farther affirmed that Suleau was the bearer of the order.

Ever since seven o’clock, a part of the mob had crowded into the court of the Feuillans. A commissary of the municipality, justly apprehending some fatal consequences from such a ferment, got up upon a bench to harangue the people, and to persuade them to retire by assurances that the prisoners would be treated with the utmost rigour of the law. The virtuous zeal of this magistrate exposed him to great danger: charges were brought against him: he was ordered to get down; and his place on the bench, or temporary rostrum, was filled by Miss Theroigne de Mericourt, in the habit of an Amazon, with the national uniform, and a cutlass slung in a bandoleer. This wretch exhorted the populace to massacre the twenty-two prisoners\*. She had an inquest immediately appointed,

\* Though the character of Theroigne de Mericourt must be notorious, it may not be improper to mention here, that she was a common prostitute, a native of Luxembourg, about thirty years



pointed, and went herself at their head to the committee to insist upon having those victims delivered up to the people. The president Bonjour forbade the national guards to oppose the wishes of the people, and even ordered them to lay down their arms. There were about two hundred soldiers with the committee at this time. A very small number of them hesitated to obey the president's order. All the rest complied instantly. The mob entered: the first victim they seized was the Abbé Bouyon, a man of gigantic stature, whom they forced away from one of the commissaries who was examining him. Though he made a long and vigorous resistance, he was at length overpowered by numbers, dragged into the court, and torn to pieces at nine o'clock.

This Abbé Bouyon was a dramatic writer, better known by a work entitled *Cousin James's Epigrams*, than by the failure of most of his pieces at Montanfier's theatre.

years of age, diminutive, wretched, unhealthy, worn out by debauchery, and without any resource but a *revolution*. Unable to seduce any more lovers, she threw herself upon the deputies of the nation. She first admired Barnave: Petion was the next object of her esteem. She afterwards set up a *club*; then went upon her travels; was imprisoned, and set at liberty by Leopold; and now, when blood is to be spilt, behold her again upon the stage.

Before

Before Bouyon's murder, Suleau said to the national guards; "I see plainly the people now thirst for blood; but perhaps one victim will satisfy them: let me go, and offer myself: I shall pay for every body." He was just going to fling himself down from the window; but was stopped. Poor Suleau! this trait does more honour to thy memory, than all thou hadst ever done before.

The next victim was M. de Solminiac, formerly one of the king's life guards. His gallant defence served only to render his death more cruel. A person, whose name we know not, was then butchered.

Suleau's turn now arrived. Already one of the rioters, named Aubigny, who had been some little time before turned out of the new municipality for his robberies, had begun to rail at Suleau with great virulence, and had stripped him of his sword, and his grenadier's cap. Suleau protested against this violence in the most energetic manner. Theroigne kept inquiring for him under the name of the Abbé Suleau: she had not the least knowledge of him. A woman points him out: the mob surrounds him: Theroigne grasps him by the collar, and helps to drag him along. Suleau fights like a lion against twenty of those hell-hounds

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hounds : in the struggle he happens to get hold of a sword : he makes way : he clears round him ; he aims a thrust at Theroigne : he is stopped ; and being soon rendered unable any longer to defend himself, he is dragged into the court, and cut to pieces.

M. du Vigier, a late life-guard, one of those men whom nature sometimes takes a delight in forming to serve as a model, and who was known by the name of the beautiful Vigier, was the fifth victim. As he united strength to elegance, and activity to grace, his defence lasted almost a quarter of an hour. Twice he forced his way : twice he was dragged back : at length he fell.

Four new victims followed. The nine dead bodies were conveyed to the *Place Vendôme* ; and their heads were fixed upon spears.

In the confusion of these massacres, two of the prisoners found means to escape ; and it is from one of them I obtained the faithful and lamentable details I have just related.

Thus perished the first innocent victims on this bloody day. Their only crime was that of having got up at the sound of the alarm bell, and having  
walked

walked along the streets, with arms for their natural defence, and for the purpose of assisting the national guards upon any emergency.

Thus perished above all the amiable Suleau, whose gaiety, candour and friendship endeared him to me. He had spent the preceding day with me: we conversed on the king's dangers, without once thinking of those to which we ourselves were exposed. Far was I from thinking that this conversation was to be our last; and that the head of my friend, whose countenance glowed with the pure flame of loyalty at the bare idea of Lewis the sixteenth's situation, would on the morrow be the first object to strike my view the moment I opened my door. Ah! amiable Suleau! since the hand of thy young wife \* could not perform the last fond duty of closing thy eyes in death, let friendship at least be allowed to scatter a few flowers over thy ashes. Thou art no more! It was thy fate to expire with French monarchy: thy loyalty has already received its reward: in dying first, thou hast not been witness to the long series of disasters, which have

\* The daughter of the famous printer Hall, the charming Adela, whose talents are even superior to her beauty. Suleau had been married to her about two months, and left her in a state of pregnancy.



made us, every day since, experience a thousand deaths! May thy son, happier than his father, behold one day the French monarchy re-established upon an immoveable basis; and the ruins of that family, whom you wrote against with such just vehemence, scattered in their turn, to expiate the miseries they have brought upon France!

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*The storming of the Palace.*

The rebel columns were in motion since seven in the morning; and every hope of defence was blasted by the pikemen, before taken notice of, who spread turbulence and treason among the other guards. After the King's departure to the National Assembly, the artillery-men directly avowed their sentiments, exchanged their cannon with some other rebels; and turning against the palace those field-pieces that were brought for its protection, they shouted *vive la nation!* The number also of the defendants of the palace was diminished. Two Swiss companies and three hundred of the national guards were gone with the King to the Assembly. The latter party had by this step placed themselves almost in a state of perfect security, between the honours of the republic and the favours of monarchy; patriots without fighting, and royalists without any danger.

The first detachment that came to the *Carrousel* was not numerous; and drew up in order of battle, facing *Princes'-court*.

A more considerable detachment, descending from the Pont-royal, meant to pass through the

wickets into the Carroufel. The commanding officer spoke to some national guards, and to the people. He was told that the court-yards were full of troops, and that nothing could be done. Then continuing his march, he led on his men towards the wicket of *Froidmanteau-street*. His detachment there met another party, who were coming from the *fauxbourg St. Antoine*. The spears were very thick among the latter; and they had some cannon in their center: they were commanded by an officer with round hair, mounted upon a poor black horse. The two detachments halted just facing one another; and the officer on horseback advanced to speak to the other commander. The latter seemed resolved to continue his retreat; when a man, about forty five years of age, with a black aspect, and still blacker beard, stepped up to them, and said, loud enough to be heard by the populace, "we are undone for ever, if we let slip the present opportunity of defeating the court-plot." Upon this all their hats were waved in the air, and every body was made shout *vive la nation*. The two detachments then joined, and entered *Carroufel-place*. The little officer on horseback took upon him the chief command; and drew up the conspirators in the form of a square, extending from the wickets to *Echelle street*. This display of the lines, which was done with great regularity, filled the interior of the *Carroufel*. We find that  
the



the officer, who thus marshalled them, was a Prussian, named Westermann.

It was now eight o'clock. The *gendarmerie* of the *Carrousel*, commanded by M. Raymond came out of their stables, but not in any order. The mob forced some of them to shout, *vive la nation*; but the greater part said nothing. They withdrew without striking a blow, at the approach of those numerous cohorts; and went to form the line on the little *Carrousel*, facing *Echelle-street*. But soon after, M. de Raymond, not thinking the post tenable, led them off to *Palais Royal-Place*, where he drew them up in order of battle.

After the retreat of the *gendarmerie*, the rebels planted cannon at all the openings that led to the Palace, the *Carrousel*, *Echelle-street*, and *St. Nicaise-street*. They waited a few moments for the arrival of two carts, one loaded with powder, and the other with ball. As soon as these came into the middle of the *Carrousel*, the commanding officer went himself, and knocked at the Palace-gate, but was refused admittance. It was then nine o'clock.

When the populace had forced the *gendarmerie* to quit the *Carrousel*, they perceived some Swiss soldiers at the windows of the *Hôtel de Brionne*, and cried out to them to shout, *vive la nation*. The

Swift drew back from the windows, without uttering a word. This redoubled the threats and fury of the mob.

About eight o' clock, the part of the *Gendarmerie* who were at the Louvre, received orders from M. de Boissieu, to advance and form the line before *St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, where they were to be divided into two platoons, to the right and left, to drive out the mob on one side towards the *Hôtel-de-ville*, and on the other into the *Champs Elysées*. Then the *Gendarmerie* from the *Palais Royal*, returning by the *Carrousel*, was to make the mob disperse through the *wickets*. On receiving this order, which was brought by an adjutant, M. de Rulhieres, who had reason to apprehend from the language of his troops for the last hour, that they were not well-affected, called his officers together to know their opinion. They agreed with him on the impossibility of enforcing the order, and advised him to send it back; but he could not avoid ordering his men to form the line in *Palais Royal-Place*. The troops, on their way thither, shouted through the streets, *vive la nation*. They met there the other detachment under the command of M. Raymond. They were going to be drawn up in two lines; but the ground being too confined for this purpose, the three last companies were ordered to the Louvre court-yard, where they were joined by M. de Raymond's

Raymond's detachment. At this moment, M. de Rulhieres found himself much indisposed. Heat, fatigue, age, uneasiness, and chagrin overpowered him: he withdrew about half an hour before the fire. The command devolved on M. de Raymond.

News was now brought to the palace, that the attack was going to begin. Several people were then made go into *Carrachis' Gallery*. Some grenadiers were there drawn up three deep, with their backs towards the *Carrousel*. The two hundred and nine gentlemen, who had embodied themselves under the command of Marshal de Mailly, and almost all the people in the palace belonging to the household, drew up in a line facing the national grenadiers. There was room between both, for the general officers and the aide-de-camps to walk backward and forward.

The warlike preparations of this small party of the gentry gave great offence to the national guards. Yet some of them had only a cane in their hands: others were almost seventy years of age: a young page was seen in one place; and in another a gentleman dressed in black silk, with a brace of pistols slung from a temporary girdle made out of his white handkerchief: in general their arms consist-



ed of old swords, hangers, and cutlasses without any scabbards ; so that they looked more like men willing to die at the feet of their master, than capable of affording him any effectual assistance. It was insidiously suggested by some who wished to divide the national guards, that those gentlemen had thus posted themselves to claim all the merit, and receive the reward, in case the defence succeeded. What a villainous insinuation !

The King's retreat to the Assembly had produced a bad effect among the national guards ; every one looked at his comrade to see what he thought of it. Some said to themselves, in order to palliate their cowardice: *we are betrayed ! aristocrats on one side, and Swiss on the other ! we are between two fires ! &c. &c.* The Swiss themselves seemed violently affected, when they found that the king's departure was a retreat in reality. They had a mind to go to him, and to guard him at the Assembly. In a very little time there was no order kept up in the great gallery : they all quitted their ranks : they went to breakfast, or to take a walk ; and the Swiss remained huddled together in the apartments, and on the stair-cases. At this instant, the palace was more like the dressing room in a theatre, than a military guard-room : there was nobody to give orders : M. Bachmann and his adjutant had accompanied the king to the Assembly : in short,  
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the commanders of the national guards, the captains of the several companies either were not at their posts ; or such of them as were, knew not what to say, or do.

At ten minutes past nine, the gates of the *Cour Royale* were forced open. Some persons got in through the windows, and the porter's lodge. The mob rushed into the *Cour Royale*. When the national guards saw this irruption, the little remains of their courage seemed totally to desert them : their looks turned pale ; and several thought more of making their escape, than of defending the palace. But being posted in the last inclosure, as sentinels upon duty, they could not well get off with their arms. The national guards were distracted by these reflections ; and to complete their perplexity, their officers seemed to have lost their senses. Thus, from this moment, we may estimate the whole strength of the defendants as reduced to 700 Swiss distributed in above twenty different posts, 200 of the gentry, 100 of the household, and 30 national guards, in all about a thousand men, without leaders, without order, without ammunition ; while the number of assailants amounted to at least a hundred thousand, with thirty pieces of artillery, the corporation and the legislature at their command, the arsenal open to them, and the king in their power. What great  
fear

fear the insurgents must have been in of a conspiracy !

There was an interval of a quarter of an hour between the bursting in of the mob, and the first fire. The leader of the *Marseillais*, who entered first, with a pistol in his hand, cried out to his gang to follow him. He drew them up all round the court, in two square divisions, facing the palace. The mob, emboldened by his conduct, cried out with horrible imprecations; "Down with the Swiss : surrender : the Swiss must lay down their arms." They brandished their spears : they levelled their guns with menacing gestures ; but still they discovered their timidity, and did not dare advance beyond the middle of the court-yard. The Swiss and the national guards answered them from the windows, not with signs of friendship, as has been reported, but with motions of their hands and hats, strongly indicating their wish, that the rioters would be quiet and withdraw.

Meantime the steady demeanour of the Swiss, who were at the foot of the stair-case, struck some terror into the assailants. In proportion as the group advanced into the court-yard, the sentinels no sooner shewed themselves, than the army of patriots recoiled with fear. They remained above a quarter of an hour in this ridiculous situation, when



when at length a dozen of *sans culottes*, and not *Marseillais*, with a national officer at their head, more hardy than the rest, went up to the foot of the grand stair-case. There they laid hold of the first Swiss sentinel, and five others after him. Their mode of doing this was to dart their crooked pikes at them, and by means of these, when fastened in their cloaths, they dragged them out, and disarmed them, with loud bursts of laughter. Encouraged by the success of this first forlorn hope, the main body of the assailants rushed on to the foot of the grand stair-case, and there with clubs beat the brains out of the five Swis, who were already seized and disarmed. At that instant, all the Swis belonging to the same post drew up in order of battle, under the direction of Captain Turler, and M. de Castelberg, some on the stair-case, others on the steps facing the chapel-door, and the remainder on both sides of the double stair-case ascending from the chapel to the apartments of the palace. It was upon seeing the five Swis butchered, that M. de Castelberg executed the order to repel force by force, and commanded the men to fire. The reader must feel a pleasure in being informed, that this first discharge levelled to the ground a man remarkable for his tall stature, and who had with his own hand killed several of the sentinels before mentioned.

At

At the instant when the fire was going to begin, the national officer, of whom I have just taken notice, vexed to find that his gang were not active enough, discharged his pistol against the palace. The shot made a few splinters of stone fly off; and prompted those within to return the fire by discharging their muskets through the windows. Upon which three cannons were immediately fired off from the *Carrousel* at the palace, but with such precipitation, and so ill directed an aim, that the balls struck against the top of the roof, though the distance was not above eighty yards.

It is plain from this narrative, supported by the concurring testimony of six eye-witnesses, that the first fire came from the mob in the court-yard, and that the first blood shed was that of the Swiss. From that moment the rest of the Swiss only yielded to the natural law, which commands every being when attacked, to fight in self-defence.

The first fire was as rapid in its effects as a thunderbolt. Fear seized all the assailants, and the whole mob of curious spectators: the court-yards were cleared in an instant; in the wildness of their consternation, many of them threw down their arms, so that the yard was covered with the fusées, pikes, and grenadier-caps of the runaways. Some of them, in order to escape being shot at  
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through the windows, fell upon their bellies, and counterfeited death, till they found an opportunity of slipping off by the side walls to get behind the sentry-boxes belonging to the horse guards. Even the gunners and artillery-men deserted their cannons, and fled like the rest.

When the Swiss saw the *Cour Royale* completely swept, about 120 of them came down, under the command of Captain Turler. They first took possession of the cannons which had been abandoned; and conveyed them to the palace-porch: but they could not make any use of them, for want not only of ammunition, but of the most trifling necessities, such as a match, &c. A detachment of about sixty men formed themselves into a square batallion at the gate of the *Cour Royale*, and fired some random shot among the rioters in the *Carrousel*, till the place was quite evacuated. The Swiss had but one man killed in the first action: several of the *Marfellais* fell. The number of their dead was the greater, as the people in the palace, the national guards, and the Swiss in the gallery, kept up a constant fire till the assailants dispersed.

This formidable column existed no longer: it vanished before a hundred and twenty men: the fugitives had left behind them four pieces of cannon



non in the *Carrousel*, opposite the *Hôtel Longueville*; and scampered off through all the openings in hopeless confusion, and with dreadful screams. The streets, the quays, the *boulevards* were covered with the runaways, trembling, and as pale as ghosts. Two of the federates from Brest in a scarlet uniform were flying on horseback along *St. Honoré-street*; but the mob, mistaking them for Swiss guards, on account of the colour of their uniform, stopped their way and massacred them.

While Turler's company of Swiss were clearing the *Carrousel* of the rioters, and preventing the populace from crowding there, another detachment, under the command of M. de Salis, went to seize three cannon that were at the door of the riding-house, and brought them all along the garden terrace to the iron railing of the palace on that side. This enterprise cost a great deal of blood. The Swiss, raked by the fire of the rebels from the terrace of the *Feuillans*, lost thirty men. They also killed a prodigious number.

When the national guards upon duty in the palace heard the first fire in the court-yard, without knowing any thing of the particulars which occasioned it, they were in the utmost agitation. Every one seized his firelock, and got into his rank somehow or other. They saw the Swiss colours displayed;

played; this was a new fight to them: confusion and disorder prevailed every where: *Silence*, said one: *let us advance*, replied another: *we must not quit our post*, exclaimed a third: *I am of the party*, said another in a trembling tone: they sought an officer to head them, but there was none to be found.

One of the gentry went up to them, and animated them to do their duty. "*Come*," said he, "*Gentlemen, now for courage: this is the decisive moment.*"—Courage was a rare article: mean time a column of the Swiss comes up, and the guards join them. All go down the Prince's grand staircase: the van turns towards the iron gate opening into the garden; but finding it fast, they re-ascend in a hurry to the place whence they came down.

In the mean while a report is spread that the Swiss in the other court-yards had seized a part of the cannon of the besiegers. This was a momentary incitement to the courage of the former party. They advanced again. A Swiss officer said to the national guards; "*Gentlemen, you are to take the lead; we shall follow.*" They go down a second time: their number when in the court-yard amounts only to 120 national guards, and 80 Swiss. This little troop were going from *Prince's Court* into the *Cour Royale*, when a cannon shot from  
Prince's

Prince's gate made them change their march. They faced about to that gate; and by a cross fire, killed a great many, and silenced the battery of the *Carrousel* on that quarter. They advanced next to King's gate, where they fired with equal effect, and then returned to join the main body at the circular colonnade of the palace. Two of the Swiss officers, who had been wounded, were laid there upon chairs.

It was by this time ten o'clock in the forenoon. The gentry who were in the palace, not having any arms to fight with, remained in the apartments.

The *gendarmerie*, who had been about half an hour in the court-yards of the *Louvre*, seemed quite regardless of subordination or discipline. On hearing the first cannon fired, they precipitately took to their horses, and shewed by the paleness of their countenances what impression this signal made upon them. Their terror was so great, that they fancied they saw cannon-balls flying through the air over the *Louvre*. They cried out; "we are in the very centre of destruction: we cannot stay here: we must be off." The runaways increased their alarm. They took them for assailants: some of these ran between the feet of the horses, roaring out; "they are butchering our brethren at the palace." The cavalry set off in disorder, some trotting



trotting, others in full gallop. They pointed out to one of their officers the post where they wished to go. "Cowards," said he in a rage, "if you only want to run away, go to the Champs Elysées, there you will find room enough." They rushed into *Cog-street*. It was choaked up by the multitude of the runaways; so that the whole place became an almost inconceivable scene of confusion. Some fusées fired off close by their sides, and several of the mob, trampled under the horses feet, increased the disorder.

In hopes of screening themselves from danger, they rode along, with their hats on the points of their swords, shouting *vive la nation*: but one of their troops being killed by mistake near the *Palais Royal*, they were so alarmed, that they galloped away full speed, through the cross streets leading from *St. Honoré* street to that of *Petits champs*. The courts, the passages are filled with men and horses: fear is too great to attend to any obstacles in its flight. Those who had rallied out of the field of battle, were advancing, as it were, mechanically towards the *Champs Elysées*: the mob stopped them at *Place Vendôme*, to increase their numbers, and force the battallion of the Capuchins to come out. This batallion was lying snug in its barracks, with two cannon planted at the entrance, and did not

make the least motion. After some parley, they were gained over: then the *gendarmerie*, and the mob marched on to Lewis the fifteenth's place, preceded by that batallion, with the grenadiers and their cannon in front. This was a considerable accession of strength to the armed multitude who were already assembled at this rendez-vous.

A part of the *gendarmerie*, who had their station near the coach-houses belonging to the palace, mounted their horses as soon as they saw the van of the rebel columns approaching. As they had received no particular orders, the commanding officer wished to go and join the main body. In crossing the *Pont neuf*, they were raked by two fires, from the palace, and from the mob. Out of a hundred men, they lost five and twenty. They joined the populace, however, to fire upon the Swifs; and they were the very men that were afterwards sent to face some other Swifs, of whose march towards Paris from their barracks at *Courbevoie* a false report had been spread abroad.

Hitherto we have seen the small number of the defenders of the palace victorious; the *Marseillais* routed; the mob dispersed: but the ammunition of the Swifs was nearly exhausted: they had also lost a great many men; and the orders brought from  
the

the King on the one hand, and the numberless reinforcements of the rebels on the other, totally changed the scene ; and the field of battle became a field of massacre.

I shall continue the narrative of the horrors that ensued in the next chapter.

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THE HISTORY OF THE  
LIFE OF  
JAMES OGLETHORPE  
BY  
JOHN STURGEON

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## LATE PICTURE OF PARIS,

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### C H A P. IV.

*Continuation of the Events of the 10th of August.*

AS soon as the report of the first guns was heard in the Assembly, consternation seized the members and all persons present : the president put on his hat as a signal that the commonwealth was in danger : all debate was at an end ; and, for more than a quarter of an hour, the silence of the house was interrupted only by the cries and tumult of the populace from without.

The King, equally surpris'd and afflicted at seeing his subjects commence hostilities against each other, after his very retreat seem'd to forbid all manner of resistance ; and being also ignorant how the battle was first brought on ; immediately dispatched M. d'Hervilly to the palace, to call off the Swiss, and bring them near his person.

Vol. I.

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The

The violence of the riot rose to such a height, that his Majesty thought it his duty, at so desperate a crisis, to prevent the effusion of blood on any terms. As it was impossible to quell the insurrection, he justly concluded, that though his faithful servants might hold out for a few moments, their valour and loyalty must soon give way to the numbers and fury of the mob. These were the considerations that had made him come to the Assembly : after this step, nothing was wanting to complete the horror of his situation, but to be kept in constant alarm for the lives of his defenders ; to behold, in all the anguish of his soul, the blood of Frenchmen shed in the justest of all causes, that of self-defence ; and to find himself overwhelmed from all quarters with reproaches of his being the author of so many calamities. His affliction admitted of no increase : the cup was filled to the brim !

M. d'Hervilly got to the palace just at the instant that the Swiss, who had made themselves masters of the *Carrousel*, were bringing back the cannon they had seized. They were trying in vain to spike it with their bayonets. He cried out to them from the garden-terrace,—*Gentlemen, I come from the King, and have his order* [nobody asked to see it] *for you to repair to the National Assembly*—His zeal for the defence of his Majesty's person



person made him add, *with your cannon*. They rolled along a cannon from the circular colonade to the terrace ; but as they were in want of every thing to make it serviceable, having no ammunition but their cartridges to charge it with, hair-pins to prime it, and the flints of their fuses to strike fire, they were obliged to pay no farther regard to that part of the order ; so that the cannon was left behind.

About a hundred of the Swifs with Captain Turler and a few of the national guards set off for the Assembly. In the short passage they had to cross, above a thousand shots were fired at them from all parts of the garden, and especially from the *Hottot Coffee-house*. The Swifs, who had already spent a great deal of their ammunition, could return the fire but faintly. In this little way, they lost thirty of their number. As soon as they reached the assembly, the officers ordered the soldiers to repair to the guard-house of the *Feuillans*, where they were stript of their arms and their cloaths. Their guns and their uniforms were afterwards carried in triumph round the streets of *Paris*. The officers wanted to get into the hall of the Assembly, to put themselves under its protection. Two of the members, one of whom was M. Courard, met them, and told them it was impossible they could go in ; but they took them into the

office belonging to the keepers of the hall. They were eleven in number; and as they form a part of the only thirteen officers who escaped from the butcheries of that day, and of the 2d of September, the reader will not be displeased at being informed of their names :

Messrs de Salis	-	-	-	} Captains.
Turler	-	-	-	
Pfiffer	-	-	-	
Zimmerman, sen.				} Lieutenants.
Zimmerman, jun.				
Glutz	-	-	-	Adjutant.
Gibelin	-	-	-	Under Adjutant.
De Luze	-	-	-	Second Lieutenant.
Castella	-	-	-	Ensign.
Diesbach	-	-	-	} Under Lieutenants.*
Ernest	-	-	-	

I must here observe, that the Swiss who were stript, as before intimated, at the *Feuillant* guard-house, did not surrender their arms but in consequence of a written order for that purpose given by the King to M. Turler. This order also

\* These two unfortunate young men, who were hardly eighteen years of age, were taken up in one of the *visites domiciliaires*, [a sort of search warrants] and butchered at the Abbey. Captain d'Erlach escaped almost by a miracle, as did also young Deville, the colour bearer.

charged

charged the detachment to repair to *Courbevoie*; but they were detained prisoners. The disarming of them took place one by one: their guns were piled together behind the doors of the Assembly: the mob never touched a single gun, till all the soldiers were disarmed; but the national guards were the only ones to whom their arms were afterwards returned.

Meantime the runaways, who had been routed at the first onset, returned to the *Carrousel* with new forces and new cannon. They planted the latter at the corners of *St. Nicaise-street*, *Echelle-street*, and *Orties-street*. They kept firing almost a quarter of an hour; but with so little judgment, that most of the balls were shot over the tops of the houses. The mob had wheeled round, and got into the garden through the gates of the *Riding-house* and the *Pont-royal*. This irruption of theirs might have received at least a momentary check, had all the entrances been as well guarded as the *King's-gate*. The mob wanted to get through the other court-yards; but they were repelled by some shot fired at them from the windows, and by the weak guard of those posts.

When the Swifs, who were left at the Palace, found themselves attacked from the garden, tumult and confusion prevailed among them: it was



impossible to give or receive any orders. Most of those who were mounted at the different posts fell back to the grand stair-case. There they formed a group of about eighty men: the fire lasted twenty minutes: the first and second discharge of their pieces was in a regular file; the rest was at random, and disorderly: they were all killed. The mob, on their part, lost four hundred men under the colonade. They now rushed into the palace with fury, and butchered in the most inhuman manner all the Swiss they could find in any of the apartments. Those poor creatures had been scared out of their senses: few of them attempted to make any defence: a great many, who fell upon their knees to beg for quarter, were taken up and flung headlong out of the windows. The national guards, finding themselves no longer supported, joined the mob in pursuit of the Swiss. These unhappy wretches, with despair in their hearts, and foaming at the mouth, attempted all ways of escape: some hid themselves for a moment in the cellars, the garrats, the stables, the hay lofts: but they were soon found out, and instantly put to death.

A small party of seventeen of them had taken refuge in the vestry-room of the chapel. As these had not fired a single gun from the beginning of the action, they hoped to save their lives by surrendering

rendering their arms to the mob, and shouting *vive la nation!*—no sooner did they lay down their arms than they were butchered.

Another party, about a hundred in number, got out through *Marfan-court*: eighty of them were killed in *Echelle-street*: their bodies were left there heaped upon one another for eight and forty hours, after having been mutilated in the most indecent manner: the rest found means to hide themselves in the hay-lofts, under the stair-cases, and in stalls: some persons humanely supplied them with cloaths to disguise themselves: several of them were three days without any nourishment; and some died with thirst and fatigue.

At the moment the fire began, the two hundred of the gentry, whom I before made mention of, went into the Queen's guard-room, to deliberate on the steps proper to be taken at such a crisis. The fire had continued in the courts half an hour before they determined to repair to the King at the National Assembly. They rallied all the Swiss who happened to be in this part of the palace, and being joined by some national guards, they went down into the garden, their number now amounting to five hundred. The only possible way to get out was through the Queen's gate, which was

broke open : but as they could pass this way only one at a time, and as they were but thirty yards from the battalions posted at *Pont-royal gate*, the attempt was extremely dangerous. The two first of the Swiss soldiers, who ventured through, were shot at the very gate : the rest of the party had to walk over their dead bodies : they were raked by cannon balls and small shot, fired at them in every direction : but as the Swiss, from the red colour of their uniform, attracted more particular notice and were more striking objects to aim at, only two of the gentry were killed in this passage, M. de Casteja, and M. de Clermont d'Amboise, formerly a *cordón-blue* [*a knight of the Holy Ghost* \*.] Another of them, the Baron de Viomesnil, a lieutenant general, was wounded in the thigh.

As they marched on to the Assembly, they passed by a post where some national guards were upon duty under the trees, near the middle of the terrace that runs along by the water side. Those guards discharged their pieces at the Swiss, who returned the fire by flight : eight or ten of them were killed here. I should inform the reader, that several of those soldiers had thrown down their swords, and shouted *vive la nation*, on com-

\* The *cordón blue*, or *blue string* was the badge formerly worn by this order of knighthood in France, in the same manner as a *blue ribbon* is a mark of similar distinction in England.



ing out of the palace, hoping by that means to interest the mob in their favour : but it had no other effect than that of leaving themselves more defenceless, without checking the fury of their pursuers.

Having reached the foot of the flight of steps leading to the *Feuillans*, they were rallied by the Duke de Choiseul, under the fire of cannon from the *Pont-royal* and the *Draw-bridge* ; the point was to get to the King in the National Assembly, and to form round him a rampart out of those who were left. The duke, thinking they followed him, advanced sword in hand towards the place where he expected to find the royal family. Impelled by his zeal, he was going thus armed into the very hall of the Assembly, when M. Merlin, one of the members, luckily met him on the top step, close to the door : Merlin cried out to him ; *Madman ! what are you at ? It's all over with you—Put up your sword.* The Duke amazed at finding nobody after him, and still more astonished at the danger he had run, repaired immediately to his post near the King's person in the *Logographic-lodge*.

The rest of the three hundred Swifs and of the gentry continued to make their escape along the trees. They were going, as it were mechanically,  
towards

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towards



towards the *Champs Elysées* by the *draw-bridge*, in order to make a stand with some other loyal troops whom they hoped to find there ; or, in case they should meet none, to disperse with greater ease and safety. The continual fire of small shot made them wheel about to the right, and march towards the *Green-house-terrace*, where they halted for a moment to consider what step was to be taken next : three fourths of them were of opinion that they had best go through the *Green-house-yard* to *Lewis the Fifteenth's Place* : the rest were for returning to join the King at the National Assembly.

M. d'Halonville, sub-governor to the Dauphin, imagined he could make good his retreat to the Abbé Davaux's lodgings : he was killed on the *Dauphin's-terrace*.

The Viscount de Maillé, a camp marshal, who some little time before had refused the governorship of St. Domingo, was grievously wounded in getting back to the National Assembly : he had like to drop, on entering the passage that leads into the house : his face was covered with blood, and his cloaths all rent : he was saved in the hall-keeper's office, only to be butchered a few days after at the Abbey-prison.

When

When the Swifs and the national guards who had escorted the King to the Affembly, and who were drawn up in good order on each fide of the door, faw the other Swifs and the gentry flying along under the trees near the *Green-houfe*, they thought it fafeft for themfelves to go into the Affembly. The national guards led the way; and the column advanced almoft into the middle of the hall. At the fight of thefe armed men, the legislators were feized with confternation. Some of them started precipitately from their feats, and were making off for the oppofite door. (It was for having candidly ftated this inftance of their cowardice a few days after, that the *Logographic Journal* was fuppreffed.) The national guards, who had got in, were ordered to fall back into the lobbies. The fuddennefs of their retrogade motion threw the Swifs grenadiers, who were juft behind them, into fome confufion: they retreated and made their appearance, to the number of about fixty, on the *Feuillans-terrace*. A batallion of the rebels, who were rufting through the *Riding-houfe* gate, difcharged their pieces at them, and they returned the fire. Immediately after, they went back to the galleries on the outside of the hall, and were difarmed by the King's order, of which I have before fpoken.

The Swifs and gentry, who had got off by the flight of fteps in the *Green-houfe* paffage, purfued  
their

their way towards the *Ward-robe*, in hopes of making good their escape either through the *Boulevards*, or the *Champs Elysées*. The baron de Viomesnil, some others of the gentry, and five of the Swiss found a hospitable asylum in M. Pisanit, the Venetian ambassador's house, formerly called the *Infantando Hôtel*, in *St. Florentin-street*. In vain was search made for them several times in the course of the day : the risk his Excellency ran in concealing them from the rage of assassins, did not shake his resolution. The law of nations was trampled upon in those *inquisitorial* visits at the house of an ambassador; but it is well known that the *rights of man* have annihilated the law and right of nations. The ambassador was unable to make any resistance: yet his life was at stake, if the unhappy fugitives he gave shelter to had been discovered in his house. We know not which to admire most, his humanity, or his courage! \*

The rest of this party, as they went along by the *Wardrobe* to get into *King-street*, perceived among

\* He supplied the fugitives with different disguises, under which they got off one after another. They had like to be discovered at one time by a very alarming accident. As they were throwing their guns in a great hurry into the privy, one of them went off, while a party of the rebels were searching the house. Luckily, the confusion was so great, that the assassins did not hear the report of the gun.

some



some stones for building a bridge, that lay scattered all over *Lewis the Fifteenth's Place*, a piece of ordnance with four gunners, and a detachment of rebels. These fled immediately at the sight of the Swifs, and left their field-piece behind them. The latter were endeavouring to spike it, when several cannon, charged with old iron, were fired at them from a battery that extended from the *draw-bridge* to the foot of *Lewis the Fifteenth's statue*, along which two thousand men were posted.

This fire made a dreadful havoc among the poor Swifs, and dispersed the whole party. The *gendarmerie*, who had just arrived with the batallion from the *Capuchins*, were also preparing to attack them. M. de Villers, formerly an adjutant in the *gendarmerie*, but lately a captain in the *constitutional guards*, and who was among the number of those that fled from the palace, fancied that this body of cavalry was to cover their retreat. He cried out to his old comrades;—"Courage, my friends!" One of them who recollected him, very coolly clapped a pistol to his head, and blew his brains out, while another was dispatching him with his hanger. This atrocious act of barbarity was applauded by all their comrades. The *gendarmerie* then went to draw up in order of battle in the *Champs Elysées*, facing the *Dutchess of Bourbon's Gardens*. But as heaven never suffers any crime to escape without just vengeance sooner

sooner or later, it permitted the fire from the *draw-bridge*, which lasted six minutes, and was terrible, to kill six of those *gendarmes*, several of the townspeople, and a great many of the plunderers. Two more of the *gendarmes* had fallen, in their way from *Vendôme-Place* to *Lewis the Fifteenth's Place*

The little party of the royalists were dispersed, as I before intimated, by this cannonade. Some of them ran towards *Florentine-street*, others into *King-street*, and a few into the *Champs Elysées*. Those who got into *King-street* were thirty of the Swiss, and one of the gentry, formerly a page to his majesty. They rushed into the *Hôtel de la Marine*. The gentleman observed to them, that if they staid there, they would be infallibly cut to pieces; but the Swiss would not listen to him: they resolved among themselves to lay down their arms. Upon this they advanced to the gate, and flung away their fuses five or six yards from them, shouting, *vive la nation!* At this shout, a group of eight *sans culottes* came up to them and said, "they were traitors, who would not have laid down their arms, were they not very sure of being caught; adding, that no quarter would be therefore given them." They made them, however, shout *vive la nation* a second time. Notwithstanding this, one of the poor wretches was killed stone dead by a spear run through his body: another was shot.

Both

Both their heads were then cut off to be carried in triumph. This fired the other Swifs with indignation: full of rage and revenge they ran to recover their arms, and to difpatch thofe eight affaffins: they instantly killed feven of them: but fome other *fans culottes*, who had gone to feize the cannon that was left on *Lewis the Fifteenth's Place*, charged it with old iron; and pointing it at the twenty eight Swifs, they killed three and twenty of them with a fingle fhoot. The other five, with the page, directly retreated into the *hôtel*, and went to hide themfelves in the cellar. They were purfued in an inftant; but they had found means to penetrate into an adjoining little cellar, through a door which they forced open and fhut again fo dexteroufly that it could not be perceived. They found in this fecond hiding-place one of their comrades, who had been put there by the keeper of the adjoining *hôtél*. An hour after, the fame good man brought them fomething to eat and drink; and, what was ftill more wanting, he fupplied them with blankets, for they had been obliged to bury themfelves in wet fand, fo that they muft have foon perifhed with cold, even fupposing them able to endure hunger, and every other dreadful agony. All the people in the houfe over their heads, both men and women, gave them every proof of the moft humane concern. They brought them cloaths to difguife themfelves in: they cut their hats round: they



they also cut their hair ; and, at nightfall, enabled the poor fugitives to make their escape.

As to those who had fled into the *Champs Elysées*, M. Forestier de St. Venant, a young Swiss officer, not more admired for the elegance of his person than the goodness of his heart, retired in fine order with thirty of his countrymen. He sees another party of about the same number flying with some gentlemen through *King-street*. He leaves his own little troop to the care of M. de Mon..... and runs in order to rally those who were flying. He rallied them in fact ; but upon his return to *Lewis the Fifteenth's Place*, he no longer finds those whom he had intrusted to the care of M. de Mon.... Though fired at from all sides, they had stood their ground for some time, but were at length obliged to wheel off through *Champs Elysées-street*. M. Forestier, thus finding his forces unexpectedly reduced, resolved at least to die gloriously. He advanced sword in hand, at the head of his thirty men with their bayonets fixed, to attack the body of rebels who were drawn up at the foot of the statue. Thrice he put them to the rout ; but having at length lost half his soldiers, he was forced to retreat with the remainder into the *Champs Elysées*. Even in giving way he well sustained the dignity of his heroic character : for as he had before marched at the head of his men to the charge,

so

so now in their retreat he placed himself last to cover their rear. They could not long hold out in the *Champs Elysées*; his brave comrades were massacred one after another: he himself, as he was endeavouring to get to the *Ambassador's coffee house*, was spied by a *gendarme* on horseback, who leaping over the ditch that separates the walk from the main road, fired his pistol at his back, and shot him dead.

The little troop of Swiss soldiers, whom M. Forestier had left under the command of M. de Mon.... and of whose being driven away from the post where they left I before took notice, were now again forced back into the *Champs Elysées* by about three hundred men, who had themselves fled at first before the whole body of the Swiss, as the latter were coming out of the *Green-house* passage, and who afterwards took their course towards *Lewis the Fifteenth's Place* through *Champs Elysées-street*. Grown bold now by the superiority of their numbers, they cried out to the Swiss to surrender their arms, and to fall upon their knees to beg for quarter. Some did so: the mob surrounded them; made them shout *vive la nation*; took them under the arm, and conducted them, with their officer M. de Mon..... to the hôtel that was formerly the residence of the mayor, but now that of the *mini-*

*ster of contributions*\*. As it had a guard-room in it, the mob used it as a sort of receptacle for their conquests. The thirty captive Swiss were sent in one by one, and afterwards conveyed to the guard-house at the *Feuillans*. Here they found their comrades, who before had been made prisoners; and were saved with them.

The young gentleman who commanded them made his escape by means of his not having on a uniform like the others.

A detachment of sixty Swiss, part of those who got out through the *Green-house* yard, had made their way cross the *Champs Elysées*, and were effecting in great order their retreat to the barracks at Courbevoye, under the command of four officers. The horse *gendarmarie* overtook and hemmed them in; the people then laid hold of them, and set off with them for the *Hôtel-de-ville*, where they were to be placed in security, with a promise of having their lives spared. But they no sooner reached the *Placè de Grève*, than they were torn to pieces by the populace. This happened at two o'clock in the afternoon.

\* An officer of state in the revenue department, somewhat like a Chancellor of the Exchequer in England.

A young



A young gentleman, whom prudential reasons forbid me to describe otherwise than as the nephew of one of our best general officers, was retiring from the palace through *Echelle-street*. Being stopped by two men, he shot them both dead with a brace of pistols: the mob dragged him to the *Place de Grève*, there to cut his head off. Fortunately for him, he got there just at the moment when the attention and fury of the populace were directed to the before-mentioned Swifs. He found means to disengage himself from the two fellows, to whom he was given in charge, by wounding them both with a knife. He had afterwards the good luck to slip off in the crowd; and he is still alive.

Another gentleman of seventy, the viscount de Broves, a member of the constituent Assembly, had been wounded in coming out of the palace. The blood which ran down his cheek made him more noticed by the mob; and he was butchered opposite to *St. Roch's church*.

The populace were no sooner become masters of the palace than they exerted their fury against every soul in it without distinction. The gentlemen ushers of the chambers, the pages of the back stairs, the door-keepers, even persons in the lowest and most servile employments were all alike butch-

ered. Streams of blood flowed every where, from the roofs to the cellars: it was impossible to set a foot on a single spot without treading upon a dead body. Stripped as soon as they were murdered, their lifeless bodies presented, in addition to the ghastliness of death, the shocking spectacle of a mutilation which the mind may conceive, but which modesty forbids me to describe; and these atrocious deeds were perpetrated by women! by dæmons! by furies! A player, who usually acted the part of tyrants, and who was always hissed by the pit, drinks in public the blood of a Swiss! We fancy ourselves at the entertainment of Atreus! The hand trembles, the pen itself shrinks from the description of the horrors then witnessed: the imagination is scared at such debasement of the human heart; and, to use the words of M. de Rivarol, sensibility cannot keep pace with so many calamities.

The fire which began at half past nine ceased entirely at noon; and the massacre was discontinued at two, only to make way for assassinations of another kind, which are not yet ended.

The number of the Swiss who were saved in the guard-room at the *Feuillans*, and in private houses, amounted to 180: the other 750 perished on that frightful morning.

Nine

Nine officers survived the destruction of their regiment, only to be butchered themselves a few days after, in a more cruel manner, as will be seen in the sequel of this narrative. Those officers, who were conveyed to the Abbey-prison, were

Messrs de Maillardor	- - -	Second Colonel,
Reding	- - -	Captain,
De Salis	- - -	} Adjutants,
Alimann	- - -	
Chollett	- - -	
De Wirt	- - -	Under Adjutant,
De Zimmermann	-	} Lieutenants,
De Maillador	- -	
Bachmann	- - -	Major-general.

The officers who are still alive, intended at first, as I have already related, to go in to the bar of the Assembly, to put themselves under the protection of that house, when they were met by two of the members, who remonstrating with them on the danger and even the impossibility of their getting in, persuaded them to go into the office belonging to the keepers of the hall, where they remained from eleven in the morning, till nine at night. In the intermediate time, both the same members came twice to see their prisoners; at first, to inform them that a decree was just passed for



placing the Swiss under the safeguard of the law, and the loyalty of the French nation ; and afterwards to tell them that the populace were dissatisfied with that decree, and insisted on their being put to death : but the members, at the same time, assured the officers, that they would do every thing in their power to rescue them from the danger that threatened them : they contrived to procure them towards evening riding coats and other cloaths to disguise themselves in, by means of which they got off undiscovered in the night.

Thus, in less than three hours, was destroyed the finest and the most loyal of the regiments that remained in the French service : thus was pulled down the last pillar that supported monarchy. Probity, discipline, valour, every great and good quality enobled those brave sons of the mountains : the eye of the honest man, wearied with the disgusting spectacle of national licentiousness, rested with satisfaction on those pleasing objects : the very sight of them restored serenity to the soul : virtue was impressed on every feature of their countenances ; and the perfect correspondence between their looks and their principles, rendered the contrast between them and their adversaries still more striking. Already had this corps been twice sent for against the rebels, without being able to act with effect : their hands were already restrained : but  
how

how delightful it is to recollect their awe-inspiring march to Versailles on the memorable morning of the sixth of October! How many plots were contrived,—how many springs put in motion, to disband and annihilate those loyal troops! They withstood the manœuvres of three whole years, two national assemblies, robbers collected in the capital from the extremities of the kingdom, and Petion with Rœderer at the head of the constituted powers! Before their enemies could prevail against them, it was necessary to take away from them their King and their generals; and to leave them almost without officers, as well as without artillery and ammunition; yet we see them for a whole hour masters of the field of battle. One would think, that some fatality must have directed all the events of that day, and that every step the King took was to be attended with misfortune, when we find M. d'Hervilly coming by his majesty's order to weaken the defence of the palace, by calling away to the National Assembly a part of the victorious Swiss, with one of their bravest captains (Turler :) the company of the grenadiers, who had escorted the King to the Assembly, were also to remain, as it were palsied, or petrified, while the massacre of their brethren took place within five hundred yards of them: it even happened, that three hundred of those troops were sent off, but a few days before, after more than three weeks delay, and temporising

on the part of a sensible minister, who has since been put to death, as the reward of his fidelity.

Every mode of seduction had been tried to corrupt the loyalty of this regiment; and the sole effect of such wicked artifice was to purify the corps of eight rebellious sons who were a disgrace to it. A report was spread among the people that the court had not only been lavish of money to those soldiers, but had even made them drunk with strong liquors on the morning of the battle: thus the popular passion ascribes its own propensities, its own desires, and its own language to its enemies. An advance of pay had been made to the soldiers a few days before; and the good order that was kept up among them rendered their circumstances easy: was it then surprising that a few half-crowns, or a few five-livre notes \* should be found in the spoils of those unfortunate victims? But what excuse can the assassins make for the massacre of the five Swiss, who were disarmed at the foot of the grand stair-case? What more did the ill-fated Castelberg do, than barely execute the order given by Rœderer, who, after the King had reviewed the troops, spoke to them exactly in these words; “Gentlemen, I order you, in the name of the law,

\* These notes are called *Corfets*, the value of which is a little more than four shillings, English money.



“to defend the palace, and to repel force by  
“force.”

Loyal band ! brave foldiers ! I have not the eloquence of a Demosthenes to cover your melancholy remains with the flowers he scattered over the graves of those who fell at the battle of Cheronea ; but at least, I shall be the first to vindicate your memory from the outrage offered to it by calumny and guilt. A plain account of the truth is your highest encomium : I have fulfilled that duty : and have only one wish left : may your courage, and your loyalty serve as an example to your avengers !\*

*Horrors*

\* It has been said, that the Swiss soldiers complained of having been abandoned by their officers on that dreadful morning ; but besides what I have before related of twenty two of them who were killed in the field of battle, it should be remembered, that most of the general officers had accompanied the King to the National Assembly ; that M. d'Hervilly, when he brought the order for more troops to go and protect the royal family, took with him as many officers as he could find ; and that the dispersing of the Swiss into such an infinite number of small posts had rendered the usual military communications impracticable. Thus, instead of reproaches, tears alone are due to the memory of their officers.

It would be abusing the patience of my readers, to take any pains to refute so absurd a charge as the pretended intoxication of the Swiss soldiers. With what face of unblushing impudence will

*Horrors of the 10th of August continued.*

As soon as the mob became masters of the palace, they forced their way into, and plundered every

it be asserted, that those men were drunk, who were drawn up in regular order on the Terrace of the *Feuillans*; who stood and received three discharges of artillery without emotion; and who coolly waited for the orders of their officers to retreat? If those, who were butchered as they fled, and when begging for quarter, had rage in their hearts, and foam upon their mouths; and if that sensation is to be called drunkenness; where shall we find a name for the ferocity of those, who not contented with drinking the blood of their victims, trailed about their mangled limbs, and feasted upon their flesh!!!

Among the signal instances of courage displayed on that day, we should not omit that of a sentinel on the terrace, who, upon being attacked by the mob, so far exerted himself as to fire at them seven times, then defend himself for some moments longer with his sword, and at last threw that also away, in order to die naked and disarmed. It would be equally unjust not to notice that of a *Marseillais federate*, who happened to be under the trees of the Tuilleries, just facing the platoon of the Swifs and of the gentry who were getting out of the palace, stopped them, though he was alone, and forbid them to advance; then discharged his gun, and afterwards a pistol at them; nor did he fall till he had killed two men.

Some persons, who happened to be dressed in scarlet, being mistaken for Swifs, were butchered by the mob. Among this number was M. Melan, the architect, to whom the public was indebted for having built the *Chinese Redoubt*, and the *Summer Vauxhall*.

corner.

corner. Bureaus were burst open; furniture was broke to pieces and flung out of windows; even the cellars were ransacked; in short, the whole presented nothing but scenes of devastation and of death. They spared only the paintings in the state-room. The arts at least were not compelled to blush for the destruction of one of Lebrun's master-pieces, of another of Carrachi's, and of Feti's beautiful picture of melancholy.

All the beds, which had been prepared for the Swifs at the *Hôtel de Brionne*, were burnt in *Little Carrousel-Place*. The hotel itself was pillaged.

The two stables, which had been erected for the use of the horse guards, were also reduced to ashes; as were, in like manner, the buildings in the court-yards. The lodgings of Messrs. de Choiseul, d'Hervilly, de Champcenets, and Dupare were plundered and destroyed; and, what we must more particularly lament, the valuable library, the manuscripts, the original drawings, and the geographical collection of the amiable M. Laborde, an old valet-de-chambre, and an intimate friend of Lewis the Fifteenth's. After having spent fifty successive years in all the enjoyments of a court, of study, of pleasures, of music, and of love, Laborde, shutting himself up in a little hermitage, which the goodness of his masters had reserved



reserved for him in the *Carrousel*, was devoting the rest of his time and talents to some chronological and geographical works intended for the Dauphin's education. A stranger to all cabals, to all intrigues, he forgot in the midst of his books, and of his other memorials, his own past fortune, and the present revolution. He was drawing maps of the Roman republic, when France suddenly became a blank in the general map of Europe ; and the dynasty of his own masters was going to be suspended, while he was yet employed on the chronology of the Pharaohs. But neither his labours, nor his candour, nor his venerable grey hairs, nor his well-known intimacy with Voltaire, nor any thing, in short, could preserve the fruits of his midnight hours from the fury of the barbarians : it was almost through a miracle of good fortune that his person escaped their rage, for they threatened him with death, a man, who the very night before was at work to save the life of M. de la Peyrouse and of his companions, by promoting the equipment and departure of two ships just sent out under the command of M. du Petit-Thours ; and the superintendence of which equipment had been given to M. Laborde, on account of his great knowledge and humanity.

The royal family had been accompanied to the National Assembly by the Princess de Lamballe,  
and

and by Mrs. de Tourzel: the only women who remained in the palace, were Mrs. de Tarente, de la Rocheaymon, de Ginefous, Paulina Tourzel, and the chamber-maids. They were come down into the Queen's apartment, and there heard all the conflict. When the palace was taken, the *Marseillais* broke into the asylum to which those ladies had retreated. The doors fly open, and the first object that strikes Mrs. de Tarente's eyes is the dead body of the servant in waiting, who had been massacred while defending the entrance of the apartment. This good lady, less concerned for the preservation of her own life, than for the honour of young Miss Tourzel, who seemed left under her protection, placed herself before her, and facing the leader of the *Marseillais*, harangued him, and thus gained time till some of the national guards came, when she prevailed upon them to put her and her companions into a place of safety. It was not, however, for some hours after, that they could get out of the palace: they were obliged to come down the *Pont-royal*, and to cross all the way on foot between that and *Lewis the Sixteenth's bridge*, along the *Seine*, and at the bottom of the *Quay*, in order to avoid being seen.

The leader of these *Marseillais* was one Fournier, a man about sixty years of age, who had long resided in the West Indies, and whose natural violence

violence of temper had been irritated by some pretended injustice, of which he had for several years complained in vain. He was the proprietor of a *guildive*, or a taffia manufactory, in the parish of Verettes, in St. Domingo. This manufactory had been set on fire either by accident, or by his own orders, as I have myself heard upon the spot from people who were well acquainted with his splenetic and perfidious character. He brought an action for this fire against the richest of the neighbouring inhabitants, and upon so absurd a ground he kept up a law-suit, which he removed from court to court, till it was given against him in every tribunal in the colony. But he was not to be disheartened : he came to France, where he appealed from the former verdicts, and commenced prosecutions against all the Judges and Magistrates of St. Domingo. These prosecutions proved to be as frivolous as his law-suit, when the revolution came to revive his hopes, and to inflame his revenge. It is easy to conceive what an acquisition a man of this stamp must have been to the pride of a Petion, and to the frenzy of a Chabot and a Merlin. The Bordelais, with Brissot, Claviere, Roland, and Condorcet, foresaw clearly that the scheme of general disorder they had in view, must cause a renewal of the bloody scenes of Avignon ; but they wanted to be able to make a distinction between the two catastrophes : they wanted a different



ferent man from Jourdan to direct their army ; for by taking that sanguinary hero of the *Glacieres*, they knew they could not lay claim to the glory of the 10th of August, without becoming responsible for the second of September. Luckily for them, Fournier started up to their view, to relieve their alarmed delicacy : thus they had it in their power to throw all the butcheries at the prisons upon subaltern assassins ; and thought they could with impunity lay them to the charge of the Bazires, the Panises, and the Marats. They little expected that the latter would glory in the charge, would boast of having *saved their country* by those massacres ; and would one day insist upon obtaining the *civic crown*, and would even tax the former with cowardice and effeminacy. Such is the melancholy result of insurrections ! Men are hurried on from excess to excess, from crime to crime, till the whole world is involved in confusion : the most cruel character is the most consistent ; and the best of kings becomes the most unfortunate of men ! \*

\* About three o'clock in the afternoon, M. Carl, a lieutenant colonel of the foot *gendarmerie*, was killed soon after his coming out of the lodge where the royal family were. Two of his own *gendarmes* fired at him in the court of the *Feuillans*, but happened to miss him, though quite close. He then drew his sword, and cleared his way into *St. Honoré-Street*, where he met with Palloy, the patriotic mason of the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine*. As Palloy was one of his friends, he went up to him, and begged his

his protection. The other in a very friendly, generous, and humane manner, first shot him with a pistol, and finished the business with his hanger !

M. d'Hermigny, a colonel of the *gendarmerie*, was killed in the square before the *Hotel-de-Ville*. His connections with M. de la Fayette had not been forgotten, nor his spirited reproaches on the legislative body at the beginning of their sessions, when he spoke of Goupilleau and his colleagues in the language of just indignation and contempt.

The hanging and butchery did not cease for the whole afternoon : but the *aristocrats* were no longer the only victims : some of the plundering rioters were butchered by other rioters, less expert than the former in plunder, but now skilled in shedding blood, and who therefore soon stripped and instantly murdered them. Rapine, drunkenness, and impunity increased the numbers of the mob : the evening seemed to be made the revel of carnage ! murder became a party of pleasure ! and the mangled bodies of the Swifs were covered with fresh heaps of the self-destroyed rabble !

*Account of M. de Clermont Tonnerre's Murder.*

AMONG the crimes of this day of mourning, it is with horror that we must relate the treacherous murder of one of the men who had most distinguished themselves in the revolution. M. de Clermont Tonnerre found his house in the morning surrounded by the populace, under a pretence that some arms were concealed there. He was torn away from his wife's last embrace, and carried to his *section*. In the mean time the search took place, and his innocence was acknowledged. After this declaration, he thought he might return home quietly, to remove his wife's alarms: yet some of his friends advised him to hide himself. He goes out from the inquest into the midst of the mob: some applaud, others threaten him: he repeatedly harangues the people: his eloquence has at first some effect; but a cook, whom he had dismissed from his service, incites the rabble against him: a blow of a scythe in the head warns him that his last hour is come: he gets up into the fourth story of Mrs. de Brassac's house in *Vaugirard-street*: he is brought out lifeless, and so disfigured, that his friends know him only by his cloaths stained with his blood.



M. de Clermont Tonnerre had opened his career in the National Assembly with peculiar brilliancy. An easy flow of language, an engaging figure, and an air of dignity in his countenance pointed him out to sustain a great character at the time of a revolution; and the popular party, on whose side he was, placed him among the number of their most illustrious leaders. Chosen twice for their president, it was towards the close of his filling that office the second time, that he lost all their favour; and ever since the sixth of October 1789, having incurred the hatred of all parties, his reputation dwindled away; his influence in the Assembly became insignificant; and no mention was made of his talents, except to reproach him with abusing them. But his works survive him; and posterity will do him greater justice than his contemporaries. Those who were well acquainted with Clermont Tonnerre, and who lived in habits of intimacy with him, concur in saying, that he was a man of exalted sentiments, of just and extensive views, glowing with a sincere love for his country and for true liberty. The precipitancy of his judgment, which arose from an abundance of ideas not ripened by experience, led him into errors which he candidly acknowledged. He particularly blamed himself for the rashness of his hopes, and the inconsiderate ardour of many of his motions in the first months of the revolution.

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He checked himself on the 6th of October 1789, and openly abandoned the majority of the National Assembly. But he did not mean to abandon at the same time the cause of liberty; which placed him in a very equivocal situation between both parties, without being thanked by either of them for alternately defending, as his conscience dictated, the real interests of the people, and those of royalty. But as a public character, when his opinions are in print, ought to be judged of, only by the fair examination of such opinions; in these we shall find numberless proofs of his possessing an understanding and genius, which, when ripened by the exertions of a few years longer, would have raised him to the first rank. His *Analysis of the Constitution*, his speeches on the affair of Avignon, on that of Count Albert de Rioms, on the legislation of the colonies, on the right of making war and peace, and on various other subjects, united a purity of principles with a precision of reasoning, which formed the distinguishing characteristic of his eloquence \*. When animated by the warmth of a debate, his fallies were beautiful, and his repartees admirable. In private life, his manners

\* At the very time of his being massacred, a new work of his was in the press, entitled, *A Sequel to my Analysis of the Constitution*, exhibiting with great acuteness a comparative view of the principles of the constitution, and of the acts of the legislative body.

were mild and endearing, and his friendship steady. His wife, a most amiable woman in every respect, enjoyed his full confidence, and deserved it.—The murder of Clermont Tonnerre was followed by so many deeds of the like kind, and happened at so cruel a period, that the mourning of his relations and his friends, being confounded in universal mourning, hardly leaves them the consolation of paying that particular tribute to his memory which he deserves.

*Recapitulation.*

SUCH was the insurrection of the 10th of August, the necessary result of a constitution, which had destroyed the entire independence and equipoise of the different powers; which had introduced a King without authority or strength into a body in perpetual action; which had placed sovereignty, according to Rousseau's ideas, in the people, that is to say, in numbers, in violence, in folly, in madness, or in stupidity; instead of placing it where it exists, in supreme reason founded on the very nature of things, that is to say, in propriety, in paternal influence, in wisdom and experience.—*You have gold, and we have iron,* said Charles Lameth to Montlaugier: *Yes,* replied the latter, *you have iron, and all your laws are made of it.* These laws have since broken the iron arms of  
of



of the very champions of the constitution ; and their gold is become the prey of people of no property, whom they had imprudently invited to assist them in supporting the edifice of their rebellion.

This insurrection having been since made the great title of honour now claimed by perjured legislators, we are relieved from taking any pains to find out the authors of it. Chabot, in the *Jacobin Journal* of the 7th of November, very candidly gives us a list of them. Barbaroux has lately confessed, that the plan was determined upon and finally settled on the 29th of July in the *secret directory* held at Charenton. Petion, in his speech about Robespierre claims a part of the glory as his right, for having laboured during ten successive months to prepare the way for it by throwing the whole state-machine into disorder. In short a committee of five persons, Fabre d'Eglantine, Panis, Tallien, Chabot, Bazire, and Danton have been directed to prepare a historical account of it.

I have been before hand with them in delineating this picture ; and from the indisputable facts I have stated it clearly results ;

That the King maintained the constitution, bad as it was, as long as he had it in his power :

X 3

That,

That, if he wished for a reform of it, he desired to bring it about by mild means, and such as arose from the constitution itself, and particularly by a cordial union with the several branches of civil power :

That being himself one of the constituted powers, his own defence, as a simple citizen and as King, became his right and his duty ; and that the whole guilt falls upon those who abandoned him, after having taken the oath of allegiance to him :

That the regiment of Swiss guards did no more than obey the three successive orders of Petion, Leroulx, a municipal officer, and Rœderer, all commanding them to defend the palace, and to repel force by force.

That they never fired till they were attacked, and five of them disarmed and butchered : that, in like manner, not a single shot was fired from the Palace-windows, till the discharge of a pistol from the Court-yard, and the sight of the cannon levelled at the Thuilleries, shewed that the storm was going to begin, and that there was an urgent necessity for preventing, if possible, that agitated and seditious mob, who had not one feature  
among

among them of the character belonging to the real people that form the body politic :

That the Swiss remained three quarters of an hour masters of the field of battle, and that perhaps they would have gained a decisive victory over the rebels, had they been seconded by only one hundred horse, and had they not been abandoned and parted a thousand ways by fatal circumstances :

That the national *gendarmerie* behaved on that day in a manner which will be their eternal disgrace ; and that the national guards proved what was known a long time before, that some individuals among them were excellent soldiers, but that the main body was depraved, corrupt, cowardly, or factious :

That the King's retreat to the Assembly was only a consequence of his fixt principle never to despair of the public honour ; and that, if he could have foreseen his being made on that day to survive the constitution, he would have buried himself in its ruins, by putting himself at the head of his Swiss and national guards, and by personally opposing the seditious multitude, as had been done in the two preceding years by M. de Bouillé, and



de la Fayette, with the applause of the half-republicans who bore the sway at that time :

That it was not the *people* who caused the insurrection of the 10th of August ; but that it was occasioned by a hundred vagabonds in league together, who, after having tried, without full effect, to embroil the nation by their writings and their speeches for almost a year, and made war be declared, in order to avail themselves alike of our victories or defeats to irritate and inflame the minds of the public, still doubtful of success, invited as their grand resource a banditti, under the name of a *Marseillais* army, consisting of about two hundred and fifty desperadoes, the scum of Barbary, Malta, Italy, Genoa, and Piedmont, who, being protected by Petion and Santerre, suddenly became masters of the National Assembly and of the metropolis, just in the same manner that Peter Mandrin became master of Dauphiny and of the adjoining provinces for several years, only with the support of a hundred and fifty resolute ruffians ; and in the same manner that Cromwell governed England for fifteen years with his *brother-redcoats* :

That almost a month was still necessary to add fifteen hundred artillery to this *kernel*, as it were, of an army ; and in order to get that number, thirty thousand federates were to be sent for from  
the

the departments, a multitude of ignorant and stupid young men, among whom it could be no hard matter to pick out and corrupt so small a number of desperate ruffians :

That by turning the sections topsy-turvy, under the pretext of the war, it was easy to arm and seduce that class of workmen and labourers, whom the constitution had secluded from a share in the commonwealth under the name of *passive citizens* ; and that, by a promise of some money, it was possible thus to recruit in the *fauxbourgs* from twelve to fifteen thousand of such fellows :

That a disturbance of this kind concerted with strangers at the head of it, the attacking of a palace and of a king, the dispersion of a court, the hope of the pillage, the allurements to see oceans of money and of wine, and every other circumstance might give the plot the appearance of a revel, where the mob crowded alike from curiosity, frenzy, and the desire of plunder; but all this fallacious shew cannot deceive the penetration of the statesman, or mislead the judgment of posterity respecting the true springs of such an insurrection :

That the pretended bribery laid to the king's charge can at the worst be imputed only to his agents ;

agents; that it is very difficult to prove his having had any knowledge of it; and were that even demonstrable, it would still serve only to shew more evidently the purity of his heart. In fact, obliged to govern in an age and a country where love and fear are the too great and only springs of government, if the king, who seems by nature to be all goodness and love, being reduced to such an alternative, had preferred making use of favours to put the state machine under his guidance in motion, who would dare to urge it against him as a crime? Would the charge be brought by those, who after having destroyed monarchy, proceeded next to lay their eager hands on the kings of the republic? Or will Roland stand forward to inform against Valade's pamphlets, and farthing newspapers,—Roland, who upon his first official appearance on the great stage of the republic, made a present of fifty thousand livres to the two theatres of the *Palais royal*, and of *St. Martin-street*, to indemnify them for the contempt and absence of the people in reality, the public?

But I am already incroaching upon the justification which is preparing by pens much more eloquent than mine; in case, however, the king should so far humble himself as to justify his conduct before the very men who have been guilty of rebellion against him, and who, after having co-operated



operated in framing the constitution, accuse him of having wished to destroy it, when they make it their proudest boast that they concerted its ruin from the very moment of its birth. In a few days more, the fate of Lewis the Sixteenth will be decided. There is not a country in the world, where more kings have been assassinated than in France; but this country had not yet seen the blood of any of its rulers shed on a scaffold. Ah! no doubt, this execrable scene is preparing: the combat of the two parties of the Convention will be the signal, or the conclusion of it; but our unfortunate king will not escape! What tears gush out at the very idea! Ah! may he not, at least, degrade his august character! History and posterity will fix him again on the throne which the outcasts of the earth now want to rob him of, with his life; and which he is solely to deserve by the manner of his appearing before his executioners. The scaffold murders the king; but degradation murders royalty! (*Let us hope they will not dare to condemn him!*) In vain for three years past did we point out this fatal period to the constitutionalists. These terrible misfortunes were necessary to convince them that the evil could not be averted by little intrigues, and that the warning of certain destruction was not given by idle or conceited prophets. The late successes of the republic will not check this catastrophe. Those successes cannot be con-  
tinual,

tinual, as they have been for the last two months: some reverses of fortune will by and by be experienced to counterbalance them, and to rekindle popular vengeance. Even were those successes to continue, the splitting of the National Assembly would bring things to this inevitable issue. The republicans will be routed in their turn by the *anarchy-men*: that fate awaits them. Robespierre has already imperiously prescribed the order of the day to his accusers; and the decree of Dumourier's impeachment is now perhaps preparing in Marat's cave, along side of the decree which condemned Montesquieu. In such a state of things, where is the power to be found, which can and ought immediately to defend the king? Is it opinion? That is corrupted. Is it the majority of the people? They are chained down by terror. Is it the pity of the National Convention that we are to implore? The Convention is without authority; and its pity would be a punishment worse than death. Every heart that has one real drop of French blood in it, faithful to monarchy, faithful to its former laws, and to its old rulers, pants for an army of some kind, that may present us at least with a phantom of power, and the appearance of a leader capable of impressing respect, and of making royalty spring out of the grave of a prison. ... Must I declare my sentiments?—Foreign armies, and the French nobility leave us now  
but

but a very weak hope of it..... But there *is* a victorious army, and it consists of Frenchmen. It is in the hot-bed of glory, that the buds of honour expand themselves soonest..... Will the conqueror of *Mons* have power and virtue sufficient to command the re-establishment of order?....Shall we be indebted for royalty to a Frenchman?....Ah! may then the unaccountable Dumourier triumph! ...May he cross the Rubicon.....May he dissipate all factions....May the daggers of the assassins spare him.....Let him but be the high constable of my King, and *the past is all forgiven.*

The idea of the King's situation led me quite away from the continuation of my narrative. I fancied myself for a moment at the Convention, listening to the defence made by the generous mortal, who from London offers to go and plead for his King, and who devotes himself to act the most admirable part in the sublimest drama that ever excited terror and pity on the great theatre of the globe. I was lamenting the necessity that all his Majesty's advocates will be under of looking for his inviolability in the pages of a constitution worthy of contempt as well as its authors, instead of looking for that sacredness of character in the nature of his dignity. Convinced as I am that the real life of a King depends on the preservation of his glory, I could have wished the actions  
of



of Lewis were to be justified solely by his own interest inseparable from that of his people ; and that the exercise of his will was to be justified only by his conscience. In short, I wish he could have had a General to plead his cause, instead of an Orator, all whose eloquence and genius can never make him reign. My soul, long depressed under a load of affliction, re-animated itself at this thought, and I indulged the pleasing reverie, having quite forgot, that I had not yet given the detail of the total abolition of monarchy. I broke off the thread of my story with leaving the King at the National Assembly : the debate on that memorable occasion will be the subject of my next chapter. I shall fill up the last pages of this in giving a short sketch of the Duke of Brunswick's campaign, and of the actual state of Europe. However interesting the former picture is, which I have undertaken to delineate, public attention is divided by another object of equal importance. All societies, all governments begin now to feel, in a manner more or less direct, the agitation which has totally subverted France. A part, therefore, of the different numbers of my work will henceforward be employed in a review of the most recent transactions. Thus I shall have it in my power to connect the first events of the republic with the conclusion of monarchy ; and to introduce my intended labours for the ensuing year by pictures exhibiting a collected

lected view of all the scenes towards the close of the year 1792. \*

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The 10th of August cost human nature about seven hundred soldiers and twenty Swiss officers; twenty royalists of the national guards, five hundred *federates*, or *Marseillais*; five of the gentry; three commanding officers of the national troops; forty *gendarmes*; above a hundred persons of the King's household; two hundred men killed for robbery; the nine citizens who were butchered at the *Feuillans*; M. de Clermont Tonnerre; and about three thousand of the mob, who were killed in the *Carrusel*, the *Thuilleries-Gardens*, and *Lewis the Fifteenth's Place*, amounting in all to about four thousand, five hundred men.

\* The reader must not forget that the above narrative was written last December; but as the arrangement of an infinite variety of interesting articles, and the delay of waiting for important communications from abroad, unavoidably rendered the appearance of the Numbers in the original French somewhat uncertain, the publisher thought it best to defer printing the translation, till the numbers could be brought out in the most regular and punctual succession.

It was upon these piles of dead bodies that the monstrous edifice of the FRENCH REPUBLIC rose ; and, like the monument which one of the despots of *Asia* caused to be built with human skulls, it shocks the eye so much as to excite an involuntary wish to see the horrid fabric crowned, as its model was,..... with the head of its architects. \*

\* While this sheet was printing, I received an account of the debates occasioned in the Convention by a motion for its being always attended by a military guard. In the *Monitor* of the eighth of November I find Cambon's speech of the preceding day. It contains in a few words a full avowal of the whole plot of the 10th of August. I cannot resist the desire of inserting it at the end of this Recapitulation. I shall only observe, that this very Cambon's skull has been trepanned three times, and that he is insane half the year. But the confidence he now enjoys is entirely owing to those fits of madness, with which his frantic look and filthy appearance perfectly correspond.

*Cambon.* "Witness as I have been to several facts, I think it necessary to relate them, that the Convention may not experience what the Legislative body experienced. An enemy to Kings, I embraced with avidity the revolution of 1789, which has brought about the downfall of Kings. When I came to Paris, I saw that a new revolution was necessary to complete this downfall of Kings. This revolution has been effected, not by those who say they did it, but by the Legislative body who had disbanded a guard of conspirators ; who had commanded the dismissal of the Swiss ; who had suppressed the establishment of general officers at Paris ; who had sent off the troops of the  
line ;



line; and placed the citizens above all fear. (\*) *The Palace of the Thuilleries felt the blow; parted itself off: and shut up its garden. The Legislative body ever actuated by the true revolution-spirit, said: You shut up your garden: well then! I shall open it; and the garden was opened, in spite of the tyrant who thought to make it his strong hold. This appeared to some a pitiful, but it was a revolutionary measure. The Parisians, enemies to royalty, saw that every obstacle was removed out of their way; and they pulled down royalty. Turbulent spirits, perceiving the organisation of the public force destroyed, began to attack the Legislative body: they wanted to seize upon the whole revolution, in order to reap all the fruits of it. From that moment, there were no horrors to which the Legislative body was not exposed. From that moment, the Legislative body could employ only intreaties, not with the people, for they do not want to be intreated, but with those agitators, who intended nothing less than an universal massacre. Lacroix has been obliged to throw himself on his knees, in order to check their mad excesses, &c. &c. &c.—The Legislative body often felt itself in a very disagreeable situation. The palace wanted to attack one after another all those who were defending liberty. But its designs were defeated, because the Legislative body was resolved to save liberty. The Legislative body was convinced that a revolution must be the most unequivocal manifestation of the wishes of all Frenchmen. Twenty thousand men were sent for: despotism shuddered at such an accession of strength, well knowing that twenty thousand men, added to the Parisians, would re-establish and maintain order. Unfortunately those twenty thousand men did not come to Paris; [What then were the federates and the Marseillais?] for they would have preserved us from the anarchy, to which we are a prey ever since the 10th of August....[That is to say, ever since the so much boasted revolution.] On the 2d of September, I was wounded.....I got up into the rostrum.....If we had*

\* The orator surely forgot to make one exception, the fear of the second of September.

seized upon the municipal power, we should have prevented anarchy.....[*If the King, after the 10th of June, had seized upon the Legislative power, would he not have prevented the insurrection and anarchy of the 10th of August ?*] I approve of the revolution of the 10th of August.....[*Madman, you must then approve of anarchy, and of the 2d of September, which was the consequence of it*]......”

Never has any speaker heaped together more precious and more precise confessions. Whoever is to plead for the King, has now nothing more to say: Cambon has laid open every thing: whatever steps have been taken by Lewis XVI. for or against the constitution, are fully justified in that single speech. Europe has decided upon the business; and agents only are wanting to enforce its just decision.

## APPENDIX TO No. V.

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*Political Survey of the State of Europe from the  
10th of August till the 20th of November.*

THREE months are scarcely elapsed, and the face of Europe is already changed: the hopes which had been formed of the re-establishment of order, of monarchy, and of the King of France, exists no longer: anarchy has spread its ravages; and uncertainty and despair are added to the real sufferings now felt every where by the friends of peace, by the agents of governments, by the children of honour, and by all who are attached either to principle or to property.

When I undertook to write the history of the revolt of the tenth of August, how different was the state of affairs! The dawn of a finer day began to appear above the horizon; and we had not the most distant idea of the possibility of that political darkness which now overspreads us.

Yet it is through this darkness that we are to find our way, and to strike out some faint sparks of information for those unhappy men who keep asking one another every day, what will become of



all this ? What will become of ourselves ? What is come of those formidable armies, whose projects so long amused our hopes ?

I will endeavour to satisfy their curiosity ; but I cannot promise to satisfy any other wish.

I have deferred speaking of Mirabeau's hero till now. The reports concerning the Duke of Brunswick were before so vague, and the first moments of a disaster are so full of discontent and obscurity, that it would have been rash to have made any use of the first materials with which we were supplied by the ill temper of one party, or the exaltation of another. Those, who were within reach of hearing, and of seeing every thing, ascribe the misfortunes of the royalists to a great variety of causes. The first and the most powerful of all is the natural antipathy between the Prussians and the Austrians. Accustomed to fight against one another, it was not easy to make them unite in battle with success. There prevailed between the two armies a spirit of jealousy, and a habit of constant comparison which irritated their minds ; and the Prussians were vexed to see the Austrians take the lead upon so grand and solemn an occasion. The Hungarians were particularly galling to them : their discipline as well as their generals were greatly superior : their strict order and their habitual subordination the Prussians  
had

had not even an idea of: their manners were also more conciliating; and the country people all over Ardennes wished for the Austrians to be quartered among them, but fled at the sight of a single Prussian \*. When the armies separated, the Austrians cursed their allies, whom they called robbers and plunderers: the Austrian officers assured the emigrants, that *if ever they made war on the Prussians, they would make them smart for this campaign*. Such jarring elements were therefore incapable of any effectual union; and should another campaign take place, it will be necessary to make the armies act separately: then perhaps there will be emulation without jealousy.

The second cause of the disasters of the combined armies, arises from the bad plan that was pursued, and which, it must be confessed, was partly owing to the restless precipitancy of the French princes, and to the importunities with which they wearied the cabinet of Berlin. They were led on by blind hopes of the easy conquest of Mons and of Tournay: they expected to meet only with friends, or with runaways: they depended so fully

\* Stenay was given up to be pillaged by the Austrian soldiers for seven hours; but instead of the usual rapine upon such occasions, they contented themselves with demanding contributions at the gates, and doors of the houses; a few days after, no trace of depredation was to be seen.

on a plain, unobstructed road to Paris, that they took no precaution to secure the back-posts. Custine has since experienced the effects of the like indiscretion, in ravaging the electorates. The plan of Marshal de Castries was first to attack the fortresses on the Meuse and the Moselle, and afterwards to set off from thence. The French Princes, on the contrary, hurried on by their zeal, which is a sufficient reply to the calumnies spread against them, thought of nothing but Paris and the King. Their opinion unhappily prevailed: EIGHTY FIVE THOUSAND MEN constituted the entire force that was to conquer, and afterwards to keep France in subjection. It is at present hard to conceive how the Duke of Brunswick could have undertaken such a part with so little means for its execution. In fact, it is evident, that out of those eighty five thousand men he could not have above thirty thousand left when he got to Paris, owing to the necessity he must be under of forming a chain of posts all along the way to secure his stores and magazines. He would then have appeared with a skeleton of an army before the gates of Paris; and would have caused himself, his King, the Princes, the Nobility, and all Europe to be caught in the same net.

Such must have been the motives of his retreat; and this retreat would have been no less necessary,  
if



if he had defeated Dumourier on the 29th of September. There were thirteen thousand sick in the Prussian army: they had scarcely any horses left: even a successful engagement must have ruined his army: there would have been five or six thousand killed; ten thousand wounded; their few horses completely destroyed; and all this without gaining a single inch of ground. The patriotic army would have recovered its loss, and even tripled its numbers in the winter: on the Duke's part, it would therefore have been a wanton sacrifice of his men for nothing; besides exposing to the greatest danger the important interests committed to his care. In fact, had any lamentable accident made his King, his family, and that of the King of France prisoners in *Champagne Pouilleuse*,\* how could he have then justified himself before the tribunal of Europe and of posterity?

These certainly are the great hinges upon which the justification said to be now preparing by the Duke of Brunswick must turn; a justification, however, which he ought to decline making, as it can have no more effect than both the manifestos which he published on entering and on quitting France; a justification, which will only strike

\* This, if literally translated, would be *lousy Champagne*, a comical sort of epithet, but yet such a one as George II. gave to *Lewisham* in *Kent*, on his first passing through it.

hearts, already covered with sores, just as his menaces to plunderers served only to alarm people of property who expected his assistance and protection.

The number of those, who blame the Duke, is much greater than of those, who strive to justify him. Yet, amidst the exaggerations of their sourness and disappointment, it is easy to perceive, that his conduct in general has been weak and insignificant during the whole campaign; and that he was guilty of military blunders, of the most glaring evidence. When he reached *Verdun*, on the 2d of September, a general consternation being then spread all over *France*; La Fayette having fled from his army wavering between the constitution and the republic; that army being left without officers, without public spirit, without any body to form their lines, or to form their opinions; and the horrid butcheries at *Paris* adding to the consternation of our leaders and to the number of auxiliaries that joined in the combined armies; at this juncture, the Duke of Brunswick, instead of profiting by so favourable a turn of men's minds that are as easily depressed by any disaster as they are elevated by any success, did not send off any detachment of cavalry to seize upon the defiles of *Argonne*; he remains, on the contrary, five days looking at the post of the *Islettes*, while Dumourier,  
the

the very next morning after his arrival at *Grandpré* with seventeen thousand volunteers, dispatched his van-guard to secure that post, which decided the fate of Europe.

Kellerman was coming slowly to Dumourier's help: being obliged to keep to the south of *Verdun*, and to change his camp every day, but never removing more than ten leagues to effect his purpose, nothing was easier than to prevent that junction behind the *Islettes*. Dumourier sends, at the same time, for Bournonville with seventeen thousand men; he breaks up the camp at *Maulde*, in spite of every clamour against it; his troop is recruited on its march; and he arrives on the fifteenth of September at the head quarters. Thus time is allowed to bring together the armies, the volunteers, and provisions; and as courage is nothing more than a consciousness of strength, and that confidence it inspires, the ardour of the French army, who see reinforcements coming every day, and who hear of decrees for making camps every where to cover their retreat, their ardour, I say, is increased still more in proportion to the increasing uncertainty and fluctuations of their enemies.

By degrees this army amounts to eighty thousand men under the command of the Generals  
Dumourier,



Dumourier, Kellerman, Bournonville, Dillon, Galbaut, and Chazot; and the number of the combined armies, taken altogether, was reduced, on the 20th of September, to seventy-eight thousand five hundred men.\*

Dumourier, on his arrival, had secured, as I before intimated, the post of the *Islettes*; and encamped with *Grandpré* on the left, and *Varennnes* on his right, placing a body of seven thousand men at *Vouzy*, under the command of Chazot. The Duke of Brunswick was urged to make an attack: he told the Baron de Breteuil at *Verdun*, *if they remain till the 12th they will be exterminated; and if I do not attack them in front, I shall get round them.*

Clairfayt had seized upon *Stenay*. It was not

\* 40,000 Prussians, under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, of Prince Hohenlohe, and of Kalkreuth.

13,000 Austrians, under the command of General Clairfayt.

13,000 Ditto, command by Prince Hohenlohe.

6,500 Hessians.

6,000 Emigrants, forming the army of the princes.

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78,500

The remaining 30,000 formed the garrisons of *Longwy*, of *Verdun*, of *Bricy*, of *Etain*, and *Grandpré*, or were sick in the hospitals.

till

till the 9th that the Duke of Brunswick, instead of going strait forward to fall upon Dillon at the *Islettes*, marched off to the right, and encamped within nine leagues of him at *Landres* upon the river *Aire*. He remained there four days without examining Dumourier's position at *Grandpré*, on the conflux of the *Aisne* and the *Aire*. Meantime the Austrian prince Hohenlohe, setting off with thirteen thousand men by the main road from *Verdun*, places himself directly before the *Islettes*. The Hessians advance to *Varennnes*, and occupy that post. Clairfayt marches forward from *Stenay* through *Lacroix* to the wood where Chazot was incamped; kills eight hundred of the French troops; loses in the battle Prince Charles de Ligne; and fixes himself at *Vouzy*.

The army of the emigrants sets off from *Verdun*, and comes to encamp at *Buzancy*.

When Dumourier saw they were thus getting round him, he made an excellent retreat, and marched across *Champagne Pouilleuse*, ordering all the bridges over the *Marne* to be broke down behind him: he quickly effected a junction with Chazot and Bournonville, in order to fall back into the woods of *Sainte Menebould*, and of the *Islettes*, not expecting to be attacked on his march.

On

On the 19th in the evening, the Prussian army leaving their baggage on the other side of the *Aisne*, by a forced march got up to Dumourier in the open field, within two leagues of the woods of *Sainte Menebould*.—On the same day, the emigrants, by an extraordinary march of eleven leagues in the night, passed by *Vouzy*, and came to encamp between *Suippe* and *Sommetourbe*, two leagues behind the Prussian army. Clairfayt also passed by *Vouzy*, and keeping nearer to the *Aisne*, rejoined, but too late, the Prussian army.

The King of Prussia arrives : the army displays its ten columns in five minutes, in the most beautiful order ; fixes its artillery ; and begins the engagement with Kellerman, who had joined Dumourier. These two armies together amounted to sixty thousand men.

A general action was expected on both sides ; but the Duke of Brunswick contented himself with keeping up a cannonade for seven hours, without coming to the small arms ; and fixed an extraordinary night-guard on the spot. This engagement, on which the fate of Europe depended, cost the combined armies a hundred and fifty men and two hundred and fifty horses. The French lost six hundred men ; but this disparity of loss was not so much owing to the expertness of the Prussian



fian gunners, as to the fall of a mill, and the explosion of some powder-waggon. During the whole cannonade, the King of Prussia, the Duke of Brunswick, and their sons were continually exposed to the fire. The king was particularly remarkable and ran the greatest risks. He there had the mortification to see the regiment of Saxe-Weimar, and two battalions of infantry shrink from the fire of the patriots. In vain did he cry out to them: "My lads, do not stoop your heads: it is nothing." When some of the officers remonstrated with him on his exposing himself too much, he replied; "My soldiers take a pleasure in seeing me at their head." His personal bravery and his example did not prevent his army from being surpassed in discipline and firmness by Kellermann's line, upon which the artillery of the enemy did not make the smallest impression. This inferiority of the King of Prussia's army determined the close of the action. In order completely to rally them, it was not enough that the King and Duke were at their head; the cane was obliged to go to work both upon their heads and backs with unceasing rigour.

Clairfayt, coming up after the cannonade, encamps on the field of battle at Valmy, having on his left the Prussian camp at Hans, and on his right the Prussian van-guard, under the command of  
Hohenlohe,

Hohenlohe, on the road to, and within four leagues of Chalons.

Dumourier withdrew in the night, and posted himself admirably, with the *Islettes en potence* on his right, while his left flank was covered by a redoubt of eighteen pieces of cannon on an eminence running along from the Chalons road to Sainte Menehould.

In this posture of the adverse armies, those parleys or negociations were set on foot, which have appeared, and will appear a riddle in history. We must not inconsiderately attempt to explain this enigma. We must wait in silence till time removes the veil that covers it. If we consider, on the one hand, that the poison of *jacobinism* began to spread its deadly influence in the Prussian army; that the King's sons, and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar were all day conversing with some of the patriots: that the fruits of France were continually passing from Dumourier's camp to that of the Prussians; and that it was necessary to send an escort with the trumpets going to and coming from the French camp: if, on the other, we attend to the position of the Austrians, so situated that the provisions they got from Verdun were to be brought eleven leagues before they reached Hans; and observe farther,  
that

that the mortality of the horses increased every day; that the unceasing rain had broke up all the road; that the convoys, being obliged to come through gaugmires four or five feet deep, were five days in reaching their place of destination, while parties of light horse, sent out by Dumourier between Hans and Varennes, intercepted a part of them; that the troops in want of provisions sometimes for three days together, abandoned themselves to disorder and to pillage, which nothing could restrain; and the excesses of which brought on pestilential diseases: if, I say, we duly weigh all these matters, we may perhaps penetrate into the secret motives that occasioned the first suspension of hostilities; and animosity will cease to ascribe it to infamous seductions, or to the Duke's supposed hatred of the emigrants and the princes. The dismissal of Schullembourg from the office of minister to his Prussian majesty, to make way for Lucchesini, the Italian, will then be no longer regarded but as a change which was occasioned by Schullembourg's want of abilities at Berlin to direct the reinforcements, and to keep up the spirits of the people. In short, the memorial sent by Dumourier to the King of Prussia will be considered in no other point of view than as a stratagem of war, or as one of those manœuvres employed since the revolution by the rebel leaders, to divide  
 whatever



whatever they wanted to destroy. The King of Prussia had too great an interest at stake, his crown and his reputation, to become the dupe of fulsome flattery, or of the delusive promises of a general who could not answer for the performance of a single article, and could not be sure of one man in his whole army. Besides, who can say, that the political, moral, and military character of the Duke of Brunswick was ever before called in question? Let us hope, that new victories will soon repair the faults, which appear on the first glance; and let us respect his motives, for it is impossible to suppose, that he could have intended to close his own glorious career with infamy, and to betray, from fordid views, the hope and the interest of all kings, and with them the peace and happiness of all societies.

Yet, if the Duke of Brunswick's misfortune obliges to be more circumspect in whatever may throw the smallest aspersion on his moral character, history has nevertheless many reproaches to make him, and some weighty faults to lay to his charge. Not to repeat here what I have already said of the slowness of his first military operations from the time he left Treves; and not to dwell upon the ridiculous siege of Thionville, which he permitted the emigrants and the Austrians to undertake

without artillery\* ; he will ever be called to an account for the cruel distinction he made in his cartel for the exchange of prisoners between his own soldiers, and the emigrants. In vain will he say, that Dumourier would never have acceded to the clause in favour of those whom he called *French rebels* : the Duke of Brunswick had acknowledged these *rebels* as his soldiers, and he was bound in honour to make the same stipulations for them as for his own men. He will never exculpate himself from the murder of the nine unfortunate men executed at Paris, by saying, or even by writing, *that they had done every thing that could incur disesteem*. There is a time, when invectives against men will not answer any purpose : if Dumourier had some kind of reason for treating as *rebels* those unfortunate outlaws, how did they incur the infamy of such an odious name, but by the long chain of intrigues which hindered the king's eldest brother from declaring himself regent of the kingdom, and from erecting the royal standard on his entering France ? Could any men, who joined that sacred banner, during the King's captivity, be treated

\* They had only one twelve pounder, and two mortar pieces, which could not discharge a bomb to the distance of four hundred yards. This will enable us to form a just estimate of the great renown gained upon that occasion by the patriot General Felix Wimpffen.

as rebels? And has not the invariable conduct of the Baron de Breteuil in acting as his majesty's representative, contrary to the opinion of the ablest civilians, proved a stumbling-block of destruction to the French nobility, to the royal dignity, to the lives of the emigrants, and perhaps to that of Lewis XVI. whom the rage of his enemies already represents as guiding with far-stretched, but invisible arm, a measure so unworthy of him? And were the princes really capable of all that levity which slander has taken a delight in laying to their charge for the last two years, they now command our respect by the double persecution which oppresses them, and our admiration by the dignity with which they support their misfortunes.

But to return to my survey of military and political events. After the action of the 20th, the great object was to repair the honour of the Prussian arms, and to renew the attack. On the 27th, a council of war was called, at which thirteen generals were present. The Duke laid before them the situation of the French and of his own army: he said, that sufficient provisions were come to last till the third of October. The Marshal de Castries, who spoke next, voted for an engagement, and insisted on the importance of an action which would give them the honours of the day. All the other members of the council concurred in the same opinion:



opinion: the king himself wished for a battle, and spoke very well upon the subject: the Duke of Brunswick alone thought otherwise: he yielded, however, to the opinion of the council, and said to M. d'Autichamp, "one point then is settled, the battle is to be on the 29th." M. de Clairfayt wished to make an attack with his Hungarians only: the Count d'Artois was eager, at the head of the French nobility, to dislodge the enemy from the redoubt of *Gifancourt*, which the Duke of Brunswick had let Dumourier take possession of and fortify. Some general officers, who had reconnoitred that post, perceived that the redoubt was not fenced by palisades, and thought it might be carried, by sacrificing a few files of the gentry. Kellermann's camp, which formed the left wing, was much exposed, and very easy to be cut off in an extent of more than two leagues. Orders were given for the 29th.....the troops are in motion.....two couriers arrive.....the fatal retreat is sounded.....\*

\* The Duke has since said, that he had only six hours on that day to give battle in. What, then, hindered him from availing himself of those six hours?

The above are not the only instances which might be given of the unaccountable want of vigour in the Duke's military operations.—On the 15th of September, he and his army were posted in a direct line, north and south, between *Verdun* and *Clermont*. Dumourier was on his right flank, in the narrow passes between the hills of *Grandpré*; and made a motion to quit this post, and

Thus was terminated, almost without a blow, this campaign, upon which the eyes of all Europe were fixed, and on which the order and future stability of all governments seemed to depend. Thus, in fact, not only impunity, but a kind of sanction was given to all the crimes that had covered France with infamy and blood for three years past. The military system of Europe was annihilated in one day, with the discipline of the Prussian army. The retreat took place, but in bad order, and with general pillage and licentiousness. The Hessians, who formed, as it were, the chord that joined both extremities of the circular segment traced by the army on its return to *Verdun* the same way it went, plundered alike the vanguard, and the rearguard. Five hundred Hussars would have destroyed the whole army in this retreat. Dumourier set off immediately for *Verdun*, from

go towards *Sainte Menebould*, to join Kellerman who was coming from *Vitry*. In this movement, 1500 Prussians put to route 10,000 of Dumourier's army. This general has since confessed, that if the blow was followed up, and the pursuit continued, his whole army must have been broken. He rallied it, however, as well as he could, and went to *Sainte Menebould*, where he effected that junction, which it was so easy to prevent.

The Duke of Brunswick advanced towards *Sainte Menebould*, strait before *Clermont*; but halted facing the valley of *Gifancourt*. Dumourier drew up in order of battle on the rising ground on the opposite side. Nothing more remained to be done but to cross the valley: negotiations were opened.

which

which he was distant only four leagues. Fortunately, Hohenlohe, who was posted with his Austrians all along by the *Islettes*, fell back to an eminence which covers *Verdun*, and there with fifteen thousand men checked the career of an army which threatened that city and its magazines. The retreat was totally effected on the 23rd of October; and the Prussian army, since scattered up and down, and lost in the electorates, has left no traces of its existence. It seems to have disappeared in cantonments and garrisons: people are every where asking what is become of it; and wonder they cannot find even any vestiges of its dispersion.

The unchecked and unpunished plunder committed by the Hessians had set the example to all the Prussian army. They robbed even their own king, his general, and especially the emigrants. It was in consequence of this disorder that those papers of correspondence were seized; and which, having been since published by the patriots, have kindled up afresh the flames of enmity, and occasioned new decrees of impeachment. But what ought more particularly to excite the grief and pity of every humane and feeling breast were the risks, the torments, the distresses, the robberies of every kind which the emigrants experienced in this humiliating retreat. Misery, despair, and death are the only prospects before them; and



some of them are already gone to ask the latter from their countrymen. One would think there was some boundary at which human ferocity must stop ; yet the speeches and writings of the new republicans are full of a barbarous and insulting triumph over those unfortunate creatures : it is like the frantic joy of savages dancing round the bodies of the slain.

The Duke of Brunswick will complain, no doubt, of his having been deceived by the emigrants respecting the nature of the resources they promised him in *France*, and the dispositions of the people. The emigrants will say, in their turn, that courage calls forth courage ; that elevation or depression are the two elements that compose the character of Frenchmen ; that a blow ought to have been struck vigorously and quickly, in order speedily to gain warm and numerous partisans ; and that, above all, it was necessary to hold out a certain standard and system of government, round which they might rally, instead of making them a band of rebels, whom every body was afraid to join. With regard to the camps at *Paris*, *Mons.*, *Soissons*, and *Chalons*, with the pompous praises of which the news papers, as well the speeches of all the orators in the Assembly were every day filled, we need only cast an eye on the state of those encampments

campments at the beginning of September, to be satisfied how little they were to be dreaded.

Luckner, the nominal generalissimo, came to take upon him the command of the camp at *Châlons*, after the capture of *Verdun*. He found nobody there; and it is asserted that the old general, then seventy years of age, shed tears for the first time.—In five days, sixty thousand country people came to him, without guns, and almost without cloaths: he sent them away, not having it in his power to equip them.—About the 15th of September there came at length some battalions from *Paris*, with arms, but undisciplined, and who spoke only of cutting off the heads of the general, the war-commissioners, the army-contractors, and even the municipal officers. Some commissioners of the commonalty wonderfully seconded those sanguinary dispositions. They refused to go and join Dumourier's army. Luckner was distracted. At length about twenty-five thousand national guards come, who prepare to set off for Kellerman's and Dumourier's. Luckner begins to recover breath and spirits, when he is ordered by a decree to *Paris*, where he had only his own misfortunes to shed tears for, and to tremble for his life.

The camp at *Soissons* consisted of about four or five thousand wretches, without arms, without

shoes, and even without cloaths, performing their exercise with sticks, and making themselves talked of only by their acts of outrage, and their accusations.

At *Meaux*, there never was a single foldier in the camp. Nothing was seen going forward there, but horses and waggons carrying sacks of flour from *Paris*. There was plenty of provisions however.

The camp at *Paris* did not deserve the name of a camp. One would suppose that the plan of it had been traced out by the engineers of the Duke of Brunswick himself. Above a year would have been necessary to complete it; and five hundred thousand men would have been hardly sufficient to defend it. All the military and the people who had arms, having set off from *Paris*, there was nobody in this camp but mechanics and labourers, with M. Berruyer for their general, and Dugazon, a player, for his aide-du-camp. Not one foldier was there amongst them.

During all this time the executive council of the republic were deliberating with anxiety enough, what place they should fix upon to retreat to with the national treasure, the assembly, and the King as a hostage. What vexation the acknowledgements since made of these facts must have given the



the Duke of Brunswick ! How they must have undeceived him in his idea of the infallibility of his favourite proverb, *Che v`a piano, v`a sano*. The immense stores of provisions, that were thus placed in a line along his road, seemed to be so ordered by providence for the supply of his army ; but he ought to have concurred with the kind dispositions of that providence by more vigorous and active measures, than the idle and tedious ceremonies of re-instituting the Bishop of *Desnos* in his episcopal see.

After this lamentable retreat, all governments, led into error by vain hope, begin to be alarmed for their own existence ; and are on the point of seeing French anarchy triumph over all their efforts. Joined in a mutual bond under the Duke of Brunswick's standard in the month of September, they now seem to have no firm prop, or center of union ; and unless some great event, very hard to be foreseen, takes place, we can only announce to them their approaching downfall. The aim of the French revolution begins to discover itself more and more : this manifest aim is robbery ; and the instruments for accomplishing it are lawyers and attorneys. Agents, therefore, and leaders will not be wanted : and, in every country, the same sophistry will give a sanction in the same words to the same acts of rapine. Let therefore all the  
 thinking

thinking part of the people and all the men of property now join the governments who are not yet attacked : let them devote to their support three fourths, if necessary, of all their property, in order to save the remainder : let private parties, animosity, or revenge be extinguished in that general concern which requires their union : but, above all, let them by their celerity, and the joint vigour of their exertions, encourage and facilitate the efforts of administration, which is nothing without them, as they are nothing without it : and, far from trifling with their duty and their principles, let them be particularly impressed with this maxim, *that when the passions of the mob are once put in motion by the ALLUREMENT OF PLUNDER, it is no longer in the power of REASON to check their impetuosity. A stronger mode of conviction must then be had recourse to : PROCLAMATIONS can be of no avail : TERROR and SEVERITY alone are to be employed against the INNOVATORS. Woe be to those, who are not struck with the force of this eternal truth!*

A revolutionary ferment in a corrupt age is necessarily the forerunner of all the calamities that have at different periods desolated the face of the earth. In a prudent and severe administration, the efforts of people end in bringing every one to his proper place. But should this administration be overturned by robbers, or by orators, or by  
both

both united, then nobody knows his post. All is agitation and violence, till wars, having rendered armies necessary, those armies having formed leaders, and the division of the spoils having set those leaders to quarrel one with another, weak human nature is at length obliged to seek for peace under the quiet despotism of the most successful of those generals; and happy that part of mankind may think themselves, if, in order to force them to such submission, they are not doomed to pass through the long train of afflictions preparing for us, through distress, butchery, famine, and pestilence!

Such is the fate that now threatens *France*, our unfortunate country, as well as that part of Europe she has already begun to invade. Let it not be imagined that her progress is to be checked by negotiations. Was not Montesquieu ruined for having united to the misfortune of his name the imprudence of making treaties: Did not Dillon experience the same fate for parlying with the Landgrave of Hesse? Who would be mad enough to rely on the faith of a nation, that having already forsworn its first oath of allegiance to its King, afterwards violated the oath it had spontaneously taken to a constitution of its own framing and choice? After two such instances of perjury, what security can any people have that such a nation  
will



will make them free, and will not bow them down to the yoke of despotism? Did not that nation guaranty property, at the time of its overturning government, the only natural and real security; and was not property afterwards violated with impunity? \*

Yes, I repeat it, England alone excepted, Europe cannot now escape despotism, and the misfortunes that bring it on. She has held out her arms to embrace the principles of the French revolution: they have found the way into every heart! What will be the consequence? Nations will lose their liberty by the very means they make use of to acquire it. In fact, the republics that are now going to be formed, will be incorporated with *France*, or will remain independent. If they can remain free to govern themselves at home, still the National Assembly will continue to be, as it were, the center, and will give the impulse that is to re-

\* Among the number of these violations of property, we must certainly reckon the late decrees which have been passed for confiscating the estates of emigrants without distinction. In the old system of our law, the accuser was obliged to prove his charge: but now an information is given in, and punishment is inflicted upon a negative proof; a thing never heard of till the present times. After this, can it be any matter of surprise, that none are left but the *poor*, in the *revolution-sense* of that word; and that Marat should have taken for his motto, *ut redeat miseriis, abeat fortuna suberbis?*

gulate

gulate their motions. They will follow the same wanderings; repeat the same errors; wish for the same sort of government, and, like the Assembly, destroy its active power; perpetuate jealousy between the governed and their governors; and keep up every where a clash of interests, but no exercise of authority. Thus at length rivalry, envy, hatred, revenge, with all the passions that can spring from talents, opinions, manners, neighbourhood, commerce, and a thousand other relations, will occasion quarrels, explosions, wars, armies, generals, death, famine, pestilence, and at last, a military dictator. If, on the contrary, those republics incorporate themselves with *France*, they must share in the miseries by which she is already rent asunder: they must chuse, as well as she, between a Robespierre and a Brissot: they must, like her, submit to the tyranny of some one individual: and happy will they be, if they can run quickly to hide their pretended sovereignty under the shadow of his power.

Universal war is now therefore the only prospect to which Europe can look forward. Dreadful truth! and who is to be the man, powerful enough to over-rule opinion, and to subdue his rivals. Custine and Dumourier are beginning their career: they have already repelled the most formidable armies of Germany; and already our suspicious republicans

publicans begin to fear they see in those victorious troops the armies of Cæsar and Pompey. But the lucky Dumourier is a man of more genius than his colleague : he is better beloved by his soldiers ; and has also a greater number of victories and of important services to boast of. He has foresight, bravery, activity, in short every thing that can allure and attach Frenchmen. He hurries away from Flanders to Champagne with a handful of troops to face the Duke of Brunswick : with only ten thousand men, he overturns all the plans of the combined powers : thus, to use the words of Bourdaloue, speaking of a successful usurper, *one grain of sand, moved out of its place, deranged in an instant projects of the greatest magnitude* : he beats off, he disperses the foreign armies : he contents himself with sending his lieutenants in pursuit of them : he returns in triumph to Paris : he spends the night with his old profligate companions in all the excesses of dissipation : from this bacchanalian revel he marches away into Brabant : he says, he is going to take up his winter-quarters at Brussels : in less than a fortnight, he enters that city, after a victory, which can only be compared to that of the great Condé at Nordlingen : and, as if every thing in this revolution was to be extraordinary, he shares the honours of the triumph with Baptiste, his footman. Dumourier's successes must of course give him immense influence. It is therefore in the hands



hands of Dumourier alone that we can perceive that bolt of power, which, like the bolt of heaven, will, sooner or later, beat down and melt into a common mass all the jarring elements of the French government. Upon him alone the Convention now build all their hopes. If the two parties there should come to an open rupture, and that one of them should call in his help, if he acts with consistency, he will crush them both, one after the other : but above all things, let him not stop half-way; and the crown will then be at his disposal.

Such is the political picture of the state of Europe for the last two months, and at present. Property is every where likely to sink in the struggle with pretended principles, which are only those of anarchy. All laws, all institutions are going to be subverted. The whole world should then take up arms in defence of property, and of government. If successful guilt was to be suffered with impunity every where to spread the same havoc and desolation as in my unhappy country, then should the brave man attend only to the suggestions of his despair.

And like th' immortal Cato, when beset  
 With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,  
 Should nobly dare to find himself a passage  
 From this sad world; th' abode of guilt and sorrow.

*[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

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## LATE PICTURE OF PARIS.

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### C H A P. V.

*Proceedings of the National Assembly on the 10th of August.*

THE House met at two o'clock in the morning; and, from that time, the Assembly became permanent till the 20th of September, when the National Convention was opened; an æra, on which the French revolution began with active power to diffuse its spirit and propagate its doctrines throughout Europe; an æra ever memorable for the retreat of the foreign armies out of the territories of *France*, for the invasion of foreign territories by the French armies, for the abolition of royalty, and the beginning of the trial of the royal family.

Three successive presidents filled the chair on that day. It is curious enough to observe that M.

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A a

Merlet,



Merlet, the president for the fortnight, shrunk from the discharge of his duty on that particular occasion; and that his vice-president also left it to three attorneys, one after the other, Vergniaud, Gaudet, and Gensonné, the three great leaders of the deputation of *Gironde*. At such a crisis their best men were to stand forward; nor could the conspirators intrust the honours and the authority of the *band-bell* to a *Feuillant*, or to any man of moderate sentiments.

Though some of the members met at the before-mentioned early hour, yet their number was not sufficient *to make a house*, or to assume their deliberative character before seven o'clock. There were not above thirty of them together in the course of the night. These kept walking up and down the hall, or making a bustle in their committee-rooms, or hearing informations, or sometimes stepping into the *Thuilleries*. They all betrayed great uneasiness. Merlin was the most busy amongst them. Very few of the *Feuillants* ventured on that night to appear at their post. The report of the alarm-gun, and the ringing of the bell for the same purpose warned them of the near overthrow of their so much boasted constitution: they knew very well it was no longer worth their while to defend it: they abandoned it therefore to its fate.

I have

I have already told the reader, that Petion, the mayor of *Paris*, having found means to inform the Assembly, that he was in some sort confined in the *Thuilleries* by a numerous detachment of the national guards, who wanted to keep with them a responsible magistrate, in order to give a legal sanction to their intended resistance, the few members, who happened to be then in the hall, thought themselves competent to pass a decree, which set the mayor at liberty, by ordering him to appear at their bar, under a pretence of giving them an account of the measures he had taken for the maintenance of public security. Petion spoke, and withdrew. His place at the bar was soon filled by a crowd of pretended deputies from the sections, that is to say, by some of the mob, who succeeded one another in bringing intelligence to this shadow of a legislative body. Expresses arrive from different quarters of the town, some in their shirts, others panting and sweating, children, coal-men, porters from the markets and quays, all the rabble rush to the bar to swear and bellow, in the name of citizens. Yet this noise, tumult, and wild uproar are represented in all the newspapers next morning as the addresses of orators deputed by different sections of *Paris*, who inform the House that the popular ferment was at its height; that the disturbance in the suburbs arose solely from the people's conviction that the Court was engaged in counter-revolutionary

*plots, and from their being now irritated at their own long suffering such treachery on the part of the executive power.* The clerks of the Assembly, more consistent than the newspaper-writers, made no mention of those reports in their minutes of the proceedings.

The Assembly, who had thought themselves numerous enough to pass a decree, when the object was to relieve Petion from his fears and his duty, resolved about six o'clock, that their number was not sufficient to send a deputation of their members to the King. Joly, the minister in the law-department, claimed such a deputation, in the name of the King, in the name of the constitution, in the name even of humanity: the legislative body knows nothing of all those names; and the minister goes back to the King to acquaint him, that an insulting order of the day was the only reply made to his Majesty's desire of having some of the members near his person.

The prisoners, who were taken up in the course of the night and brought to the *Feuillants*, occasioned a crowd in all the passages that led to the hall of the Assembly; and some of the mob got into it. But several members, coming about seven o'clock, established some kind of order in this general tumult; and the house then proceeded to

business



business with two hundred of its members, and more than five hundred strangers who had taken their seats. This was a renewal of the scene of the 5th of October, when women and banditti sat down in consultation side-by-side with Mirabeau, to prepare for the labours of the night.

Three municipal officers first inform the house, that commissioners, *elected by the forty-eight sections*, had just taken possession of the *Hotel-de-ville*, where they erected themselves into a common council; turned out the old members; annulled all the municipality, except Petion, Manuel, and Danton; issued an order for arresting Mandat, the commander in chief of the national guards; disorganised the establishment of staff-officers; and appointed in the interim Santerre commander of the military at *Paris*, that is to say, general of the insurrection.

We have already seen in what manner this nocturnal election of commissioners by the sections had taken place, while all the citizens were repairing, at the sound of the alarm-bell, to their respective battalions, to prevent the assassination of the King, and the general plunder, which had been spoken of several days before.

One of the members had courage enough to move, that the Assembly should pass an immediate decree on the nullity, the illegality of the nomination of those commissioners, and of their proceedings.—The Assembly was ignorant, or affected to be ignorant of the new common council's having caused the unfortunate Mandat to be butchered: the cognizance of the whole business was hastily referred to the *committee extraordinary*; and the clerks, in their minutes of this proceeding, in order to palliate so flagrant a breach of the constitution, stated, *that the Assembly resolved to wait for farther information, well knowing that the people were to be set right by persuasion, not by violent measures; and that, in the dangers which then threatened the commonwealth, it would have been imprudent to dismiss and alienate men who had it in their power to be of essential service.* Thus then we see Marat, Robespierre, Panis, Huguenin, Sergent, and Ostellin acknowledged to be serviceable men!

*At this instant intelligence is brought, that a false patrole, armed with blunderbusses,\* who had been taken*  
up

\* I have before explained what was meant by the word *false patrole*: it consisted of those unfortunate young men, whom I mentioned as having been taken up one after another in the *Champs Elysées*. One of them happened to have a large-barreled pistol, which gave rise to the statement of their being armed with

up in the Champs Elysées, and confined in the guard-house of the Feuillants, were surrounded by a great crowd of people.—The Assembly immediately decreed, that the persons, so confined, were under the safeguard of the law; and sent commissioners to persuade the people to leave the punishment of the guilty to the law alone\*;—yet these very commissioners could not hinder the people from butchering, before their eyes, eleven of those poor wretches; but hoped to shake off all responsibility from their own shoulders by saying, that they implored the safeguard of the law,—the law, of which they themselves had destroyed the energy, and rendered its execution impossible. Can we give the name of law to what has no active power, and cannot be put in force?

The reader will recollect the minister's having applied to the house for a deputation of some of its members to protect the royal family from outrage. The matter was thus entered in the journals: *The debate is resumed on the proposal to send a*

with blunderbusses: yet it was a grave assembly, in its deliberative character, that caused these minutes to be printed, to tell posterity, that a false patrol, armed with blunderbusses, had actually been taken up. The mob was to be imposed upon by strange and extravagant assertions.

\* The passages, printed in Italics, are exactly copied from the minutes of the proceedings, as entered in the journals of the house.



*deputation of the members to stay with the King at the palace, or to invite him to repair with his family to the National Assembly; upon which it is remarked, that the constitution gave the King full liberty to come, whenever he thought proper, among the representatives of the people; and, in consequence of this remark, the Assembly proceeds to the order of the day.* What a humiliating and barbarous discovery the Assembly here makes in the constitution! Undoubtedly, the King had a right to come when he pleased to the Assembly: he came there, when his ministers forced him to declare war: he came there, when, by a delusive reconciliation, you made him hope, at the end of June, for some days of peace and of happiness; when you consigned to the abhorrence and execration of the people all those who should ever dare to speak of a republic in *France*; and you now point out his having the same liberty to come among you, when you know he can appear only as a fugitive running away from the daggers of assassins. Your cruel disregard of his danger is farther manifested by this circumstance: on hearing that the lives of some prisoners, whom you had placed under the safeguard of the law, were exposed even within your own precincts, you immediately send commissioners; and you refuse the royal family the same favor which you grant to simple citizens. Death stalks round your walls; yet you invite there the monarch

narch whom you swore to defend at the peril of your own lives ! Cruel men ! you then wished for his death ! But you wished first to enjoy his humiliation, a hundred times worse than death !

*The officer upon duty at the guard-house of the Feuillants comes to say, that the people had broke in upon his post, and that every thing was to be feared for the lives of the prisoners. The president gives new orders for their safety : but he gives none for that of the royal family !*

*A justice of peace appears at the bar, to give notice that the King and his family, the members of the department, and those of the municipality who were then in the Thuilleries, were coming to the National Assembly.*

*A municipal officer begs the Assembly to permit the King to come, attended by his guards, or at least to employ the latter in preserving a free access to the hall.*

*The Assembly, sensible that they want no other guard than the love of the people, only give orders to their commissioners, who had the care of the hall, to redouble their attention to maintain good order within their precincts ; and farther considering, that, outside those walls, the police belonged to the civil magistrate, proceed*

*to the order of the day, without taking any other notice of the municipal officer's request.*

*The King's arrival is announced : in conformity to the constitution, a deputation of twenty-four members go to receive him.*

*He enters with his family, and his ministers : several of his guards rush forward to follow him ; and present their bayonets : they want to force their way : some members of the Assembly stop them, and command them, in the most energetic tone, to respect the temple of liberty : the armed troop retire.*

Let us fetch breath for a moment. There were still then some good royalists ! They advance with the King into the hall of the legislative body : half the members in a fright make off for the opposite door ; and it was solely in consequence of a remark made by some of the moderate party, that the King's safety would be endangered by such conduct of the military, that the latter retired.

The King takes his seat by the president's side : his family and two only of his ministers place themselves in the arm-chairs before the bar, facing the president's table, and which were designed for the use of the ministers. *The King said, Gentlemen,*  
*I am*



*I am come here to prevent a great crime ; and I think I cannot be safer than among you.*

M. Vergniaud made the reply which we inserted in the third chapter, page 206.

The King and the royal family went into the *Logographic Box* : they were followed there by the ministers, by four of the gentry, and by a small number of faithful national guards.

The council general of the department, who came with the King, presented themselves at the bar : M. Rœderer was at their head : he informed the house, that, on hearing the alarm-bell, and the report of the cannon, he had repaired to the palace at midnight ; that M. Petion had also gone thither at the same hour ; that the mayor having been afterwards ordered to attend the National Assembly, and the commander in chief having been called off by a similar order from the common council, he (Rœderer) was left alone at the palace, to take upon him the weighty charge of defending the King's person, without knowing what was going on at the same time either in the suburbs, in the sections, or at the Assembly ; that a confused kind of report brought information of the death of the commander in chief, and that a great concourse of people having crowded into the

*Carrousel,*

*Carrousel*, and the cannon having been pointed against the palace, the magistrates had run thither, and reminded the people of the riot-act, which limited the number of petitioners to twenty; that, for his own part, he, indeed, had given orders to repel force by force, but that he advised the national guards not to be the aggressors, but to act solely on the defensive; and that, upon this declaration, the only answer made by the artillery-men was to fire off their cannon.

M. Rœderer was here interrupted by one of the mob, who said, that the whole concourse of the people would continue round the house till a decree should be passed for dethroning the King.—

Behold now all the wishes of the republicans gratified.—One daring ruffian represents for a moment the entire French nation, you, me, the colonists, all the landed interest, absent and present, past and future: the collected wisdom of the kingdom spoke from the mouth of a single rioter, perhaps a foreigner: the Assembly suffers the report it was receiving from a magistrate to be interrupted: it suffers its own liberty to be threatened by an individual: it seems to enjoy the insult offered to it, and to court the very chains that were forging for its servitude!

Rœderer

Rœderer resumes his speech, and tells the house,  
 “ That the municipality being disorganised, and  
 “ the commander in chief being no more, we no  
 “ longer found ourselves capable of preserving the  
 “ deposit intrusted to us. We therefore advised  
 “ the King to remove with his family to the Na-  
 “ tional Assembly. Our force having felt, as it  
 “ were, the effect of a paralytic stroke, and being  
 “ no longer in existence, we can have such pro-  
 “ tection only as the National Assembly shall  
 “ think proper to give us.”

Inconsistent magistrate! couldst *thou*, one of the framers of the constitution, be ignorant, that the supremacy of power, established by that very constitution, had assigned to the departments the functions of the municipalities, whenever the order of administration should be interrupted either by the silence, inactivity, or insurrection of the latter? And, in the military department, does not the command devolve on the next officer, in case of the General's absence, or death? What must be understood then by this mean, and servile submission to the caprice of a factious mob? Yet can this Rœderer, who calls himself a *liberty-boy*, be ignorant that the first fundamental principle of liberty is, that the several powers of the state should be kept distinct and independent of each other, and that every honest man should die rather than shrink



shrink from his duty ? But how does the *procureur syndic* of the department act ? He wants a despot : he finds one : he affects to humble himself before the sovereignty of the people ; but it is before Robespierre that he bends the knee ; for it is Robespierre who excited the insurrection, and who directs the common council, which gives the law in its turn to the legislative body. But in vain does Rœderer strive to exculpate himself from so many ignominious charges : he never can, with all his efforts, wash out the double stain his character is blotted with. The people will never forget the order he gave to fire upon them ; and the King's friends will always call him to account for having led the King, his family, and his glory, to the very feet of rebellion.—What was the consequence ? Lewis XVI. fell out of the hands of Rœderer into those of Manuel : only one day intervened between his removal from the Thuilleries to his prison ; and Rœderer did not even obtain, as the reward of having given him up, the infamous honour of being afterwards named in the list of his executioners. \*

What

\* I have dwelt the longer on this Rœderer, as he may, and ought to be looked upon as one of the most unprincipled fellows in the revolution. Of a more frightful aspect even than Danton, or the late Mirabeau, he unites to the ugliness of his looks all the features of falsehood and hypocrisy. At the time of the disturbance on the 20th of June, Rœderer could not disavow the misconduct

What account does the National Assembly give of Rœderer's speech? It contents itself with saying that *the procureur-general-syndic had informed the Assembly of the steps taken on the preceding days, and during the night, to prevent all tumult; and that having requested the farther orders of the Assembly, he solemnly declared, that the department was ready to risk their lives in carrying them into execution.* It will be supposed, do doubt, that the Assembly would send immediately to the rioters, to prevent the intended massacre.—No such thing.—The Assembly must itself be broke into: the ardour of the people must be carried to the greatest height, before it can warm the cold-blooded fury of their cowardly representatives.—*The department are requested to sit down during the debate.*

A municipal officer and an adjutant of the sixth legion of the national guards come to inform the house, that cannon were planted in the *Carrousel*

conduct of Petion, and concurred in the vote of all the members of the department for suspending him. But what must have been the surprise of all his colleagues, when, upon reading his summary of the business, he was found to ascribe all Petion's misconduct to the difficulty of circumstances, and to his just horror of shedding the blood of the people. Both a wit, and a rebel, he was ambitious at the same time of the success of Beaumetz, and of Robespierre, of the influence of Manuel, and of the Bishop of Autun's profits: the wretch has only got the *Paris Journal*.

against

against the palace, and that the people seemed preparing to storm it. One of the members then moves, that ten commissioners may be appointed to go and harangue the people, in order to prevent a battle, if possible.

In consequence of this motion, and that of another member, the following decree was passed :

*The National Assembly puts under the safeguard of the people of Paris the security of persons and property: it orders twenty of its members to go to the places where the people are collected, to communicate to them the present decree, and to employ all persuasive means to restore public tranquillity.*

*It is farther decreed, that twelve commissioners shall repair to the town-hall, there to confer with the commissioners of the sections, and other persons invested with the confidence of the people, on the best means of re-establishing peace and good order.*

The president names the commissioners who are to go to the palace, and to the town-hall.

These commissioners set off to execute the business intrusted to their care.

M. Vergniaud resigns the chair to M. Guadet.

*Some*



*Some persons in arms having got into the hall with the King, a decree is passed, that no armed force shall be admitted there. Those persons retire.*

*The report of a cannon is heard: the president puts on his hat: a profound silence reigns in the Assembly: the commissioners, who had been sent to the people, return: they inform the house, that it was impossible for them to penetrate to the place of battle, the people having crowded round them, and blocked up their way.—“ You shall not go,” said they, “ to expose your lives to the traiterous fire of the palace: we will not suffer it: it is to the National Assembly that your duty calls you: it is there we shall go to defend you.”*

*The National Assembly decrees, that all its members shall remain within its walls; that this is the post, where it is their duty to save their country, or to perish with it.*

*The reports of cannon redouble: volleys of musket shot are added to them: some national guards of the King's escort advance into the middle of the hall: a discharge of small guns is heard on the terrace of the *Feuillants*: it was the Swiss grenadiers who had just received an order to let themselves be disarmed, but who at least did not wish, by surrendering their fuses charged, to fur-*

nish the enemy with the means of inflicting immediate death. Some of those Swifs appear at the door of the hall: terror and consternation feize the Assembly: the people in the galleries scream out; *there are the Swifs; it is all over with us*: they rush headlong one upon another: an officer of the national guards runs up in wild disorder, crying out, *we are stormed*. The people are heard shouting on the terrace, *vive la nation*, when the Swifs fired off their guns in the air: this shout is echoed, as it were, mechanically in the hall, when they find that no danger exists: and it is entered in the minutes of their proceedings, that, *the National Assembly all rose together, to answer to this shout, Vive la Liberty!*

In vain would I endeavour to paint the confusion that prevailed in the hall at this moment. The mob had broke into the galleries, and had forced their way through the committee rooms, and even through the windows: the seats of the members were covered with the populace: a great many impelled by fear, or curiosity, as well as some of the rioters crowded together: all took a part in the debates and deliberations of the legislature. This state of popular tumult continued till the 20th of September. Yet in order to spread over the proceedings of the house an air of grandeur and dignity it never had, we are told in the minutes,

minutes, that *the Assembly continued its deliberations in perfect tranquillity.*

In vain also could I endeavour to describe the King's deep affliction on hearing the first report of the battle. *I have given orders,* cried he, *forbidding them to fire.* He then immediately desired M. Dubouchage, the minister in the marine department, to make the Swiss come away from the palace to the National Assembly, there to receive from his Majesty such orders as circumstances might require.\* The tears, which trickled down  
the

\* When the King determined to repair to the Assembly, he addressed his ministers, and other persons round him in these words, too little known, though ever memorable, *Let us go, Gentlemen; there is nothing more to be done here.* This was certainly giving the clearest and most positive order not to stay in the palace, as nothing more was to be done there; and if this order had been officially transmitted, as it ought to have been, to the Swiss officers, to the national guards, and others, they would have all retired: the entrance of the palace would have been left open and free to every body: it would probably have been demolished: but a single gun would not have been fired. Unfortunately the order was not transmitted, and was obeyed only by the persons who heard it, and who accompanied the King to the National Assembly. The result of this was, on the one hand, that the Swiss, the national guards, and all others who had gone to the palace to defend the King, supposed that he thought only of his own safety; and complained of his having abandoned them; while, on the other hand, the people imagined, that the King, before he quitted the palace, had given orders for the resistance



the Queen's cheeks, shewed the horror and uneasiness she felt, without discomposing her dignity. The tumult and confusion that prevailed all round her, the cannonade and the discharge of musketry which she heard, the shocking language that assailed her ears, the weak guard that protected her, every circumstance led her to believe that her last hour was come: the tears she shed were for her children and those about her: the dignity and composure of her own countenance were all that she had to oppose to her assassins.

*The president communicates to the Assembly a letter written by the mayor to the municipal officers, acquainting them, that being detained, and guarded by sentinels at the mayoralty, it was impossible for him to join them.*

The artifice is so gross that we need take no pains to lay it open. Every thing had been settled the evening before between Sergent and Santerre. Yet the popular guard was not sufficient to quiet

and fire they afterwards experienced; whence also arose the suspicions and clamors against the King's pretended treason, and the conspiracies of the Court. These details are attested by too great a number of eye-witnesses to admit of any doubt; and they prove evidently that the reproaches, cast upon the King by both parties, are equally groundless. *This note is taken from M. Bertrand de Molleville's second letter to the president of the National Convention.*

the

the virtuous mayor's uneasiness, when the run-aways, who had been repulsed by the Swifs, fled to the mansion-house, crying out to the great Pétion, that he was going to be butchered. Some people, who saw him at that instant, have assured me, that this modern Cicero had nothing then of the Roman in him.

It is farther stated in the minutes of the proceedings, that *two different reports are spread at the same time, respecting the commanding officer in rotation of the national guards: according to one of those reports, he was said to be under arrest at the town-hall; but the other stated, that having given orders to fire upon some citizens who were peaceably going by the palace, he lost his life in the popular ferment, excited by this criminal order. The Assembly decrees, that its president shall be authorized to issue such orders as the exigency of circumstances may require.*

Thus then the president of a factious gang becomes the king of the empire, on the murder of M. Mandat: he is invested with this authority in the very presence of the King: he is indebted for it to the death of a man, who was just butchered for having done his duty: even the chair, to which this supreme power is now annexed, is not filled by the natural president of the house, or by his proper substitute: the ringleaders of faction alter-

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nately

nately share with one another, the rostrum, and the chair, to decree and propose, to propose and decree in succession: and thus they fancied they could deceive foreign nations and posterity!

*The first order, dispatched by the president, was to command the Swifs to return to their barracks: the second was to dismiss the sentinels who confined the mayor at his house. As to the Swifs, the marine minister informed the Assembly, that they had already received from the King an order similar to that just sent them by the president.*

The King had, indeed, manifested the greatest eagerness to discharge his own obligations by ordering the Swifs to retire. It was the duty of the Assembly to exert its influence over the people, in order to disperse the mob, and put an end to the riots; but it preferred this opportunity of usurping the executive power, by an order to the Swifs to retire to their barracks. It was a new gratification of its pride; and when a darling passion is to be flattered, mere points of duty are commonly but secondary objects.

*With respect to the mayor, the Assembly decreed the following proclamation:*

*“ If the first of the constituted powers be still respected;*



*respected;—if the representatives of the people, zealous for their happiness, still retain over them the ascendancy of confidence and reason;—they beg of the citizens, and command them in the name of the law, to dismiss the sentinels upon guard at the mayoralty; and to permit a magistrate, the darling of the people, to come forth to the people who love and cherish him.”*

*A member observes, that the commanding officer of the national guards being either killed, or under arrest, it is of importance to supply his place: he therefore moves, that the command may be intrusted pro tempore to M. de Lachenaye, the leader of the sixth legion, who was then at the bar.*

*It is said, in reply, that it was impossible but the commissioners of the sections at the town-hall must have already nominated a commanding officer: that, if the Assembly was to appoint a second, it would be the means of introducing confusion, as the two commanders might pursue very opposite measures, for want of having previously concerted any plan together: that besides, at the present juncture, a commander could not expect to be obeyed, unless he derived his authority directly from the confidence of the people: and finally, that a military corps can never be without a commander in chief, as a vacancy there is always immediately filled by the next officer in succession, according to the order prescribed by law.*

*The Assembly proceeds to the order of the day.*

What inference are we to draw from this jumble of contradictions ! The Assembly acknowledges, that the law substitutes one commander in the room of another : yet, in the very same breath, it confesses that the insurgents have a right to nominate one : thus the Assembly fluctuates between the law, and rebellion ; and for fear of introducing confusion, it throws every body into it, even the readers of the minutes of its proceedings.

*The Assembly adopts an address to the people, couched in these words :*

“ *In the name of the nation, in the name of liberty, in the name of equality, all citizens are invited to respect the rights of man, liberty, and equality.*”

Butcheries were committing at the *Feuillants* ; heads were carrying in triumph through the streets ; the mob was plundering the palace ; and while all this was doing, the Assembly, proclaiming liberty and equality, without saying one word of the constitution and of property, authorizes murder, and permits pillage !

*It is decreed, that this address, and the proclamation respecting the mayor shall be immediately printed, and posted*

*posted up all over the city. Then all the members of the Assembly rise from their seats together; and, in the midst of acclamations from all the citizens present, swear to die, if necessary, in the defence of liberty, and of equality.*

In such a state of general agitation, the Assembly must also have felt its shocks, and must have blended its own oaths with the imprecations it heard on all sides. The whole was a scene of swearing and of conspiracy.\*

*A deputation from the section of Thermes de Julian (Julian's hot-baths) is introduced to the bar:—"We adhere," says the speaker at their head, "to the sentiments manifested by the common council on the dethroning of the King. Legislators, receive, with this declaration, the testimony of our confidence; but dare to swear that you will save the empire."*

*"We do swear it," exclaimed all the members of the Assembly.*

More noise, more uproar, more swearing: this was the third oath.

\* It is asserted, and the proofs are said to be forth-coming, that the assassination of the King and the royal family had been long projected; that horrid ceremonies had been performed as preparatory to this crime of crimes; that daggers, stained with blood, had been deposited in mysterious places, &c. &c. &c.

The



The president then tells the addressers, that the people will always find in their representatives the real friends of their happiness, and of their liberty. *And you, adds he, who have proved yourselves so worthy of the confidence of the people, by those patriotic sentiments you expressed, go back to them, and beg of them to wait peaceably for the decisions of the National Assembly: transmit to them the decrees already passed, and recommend the execution to their zeal, and their patriotism.*

Those addressers were Messrs. Matthieu, Cellier, Piogé, Dubose, Varin, Jacob, Gérard, Dumesne, Jobbé, and Gaudri.

These eight names, entered in the journals of the house, will be a curious memorial for the future history of revolutions: day-labourers, mechanics, wharf-porters, and school-boys; such are the representatives of one of the sections of *Paris*; that is to say, of a fiftieth part of that department, and of the four thousand one hundred and fiftieth portion of the kingdom. The insertion of their names will at least secure their responsibility, when the people will sooner or later call them to an account for the destruction of their happiness and of their King; when public justice will be enabled to revenge the wrongs of Romorentin's widow.\*

\* "The dethroning of the King, the suspension of all government, anarchy, and famine were the consequences of all those patriotic

At length six deputies from the new common council come to give a legal sanction to their rebellion: they are preceded by three banners with the national colours: it may be thought perhaps that the words *law*, *peace*, and *property* were displayed in those colours: no such thing;—there were no other words to be seen but *country*, *equality*, *liberty*, VERBA ET VOCES.

Those deputies were Huguenin, Bourdon, Tronchon, Deriem, Vigaud, and l'Hullier.

Huguenin, the orator of the 20th of June, speaks also upon the present occasion, and says:

“It was the imminent peril of the state that urged the necessity of our nomination. The people, tired of being made for these four years the sport of the treachery and intrigues of the Court, resolved at length to save the empire on the very brink of a precipice. The people have honoured us with their confidence: we will justify their choice by our zeal. Petion, Manuel, Danton are still our colleagues. Santerre is at the

“patriotic compliments addressed to some of the Parisian rabble;  
 “and such was the chain of crimes that led to so much disorder,  
 “that, in three months after, mothers of families, being unable  
 “to get bread, were known to cut their children’s throats, and  
 “then to hang themselves.” See the *Monitor* of the 27th of November.

head

head of the military. The blood of the people has been shed : foreign troops, Swifs, who are continued at *Paris* only through a fresh crime of the executive power, have fired upon the citizens : widows and orphans cry out for their husbands, and their fathers."

Now, deputations rapidly fucceed one another : addressers crowd pell-mell from all quarters ; some pale with affright ; others foaming with rage ; some in their shirts, and their hands imbrued with blood. One demands the arms which the King had ordered the Swifs to lay down : the Affembly refers this demand to its military committee ; though the arms in question had been already carried off by the mob. Another informs the house, that three hundred Swifs were coming with their cannon from *Courbevoye* ; and asks the Affembly for horse, and foot, and artillery, to destroy this new column of enemies. The marine minister observes, in the King's name, that there were no more Swifs at *Courbevoye* than what were barely necessary to mount guard at the barracks ; (there were only thirty men, exclusive of the sick) and that his Majesty had sent a written order to them not to stir from that place.

Other addressers come to repeat to the Affembly the popular rumour, that, before the battle, the Swifs who were upon guard at the palace, pretended



tended the warmest brotherly love for the people, and then availing themselves of the security into which they had thus lulled the unsuspecting citizens, suddenly fired upon them, and killed a great number; that the people, enraged at being thus *betrayed*, threatened the lives of the Swiss officers and soldiers, who were disarmed and put under arrest. The Assembly, now become the despicable tool of the most despicable rabble, puts those unhappy prisoners under the safeguard of the law, and of the virtues of the good people !

In the interval between those addresses, a member begs to be heard, and says : “ The oath taken in the Tennis-court at *Verfailles* did honour to the Constituent Assembly : that, which we have this day taken in a body, will be no less memorable throughout Europe. I move for a call of the house, that every one of us may take it individually.” The call of the house is decreed, on the motion of M. Montaut. The following is the form of this fourth oath : *In the name of the nation, I swear to maintain with all my might liberty and equality, or to die at my post.* Just in the same manner they had sworn to maintain the Constitution and the King, or to die. This call of the house, having been continually interrupted by new deputations, lasted for more than three hours.

One M. Mallet, a wine-merchant, brings a hundred

dred and seventy-three guineas, which, he says, were found upon a priest killed at the palace. This sum was deposited in the hands of M. Huguenin, the president of the common council. Every time he has been called to account for them since, he has made no reply but in protestations of his patriotism.

Five and twenty other persons bring a trunk full of the King's plate, which they stole from the palace. The Assembly, to express its acknowledgments to them, disgraces its journals with their names. In one place we see a cross of the order of St. Lewis, which was brought by some of the plunderers; in another place, a watch taken from one of the Swiss; a bundle of *assignats*; a purse of crown pieces; some jewels; some diamonds; a box in which the King had deposited fifteen hundred guineas.\* The Assembly cannot conceal its joy at the sight of these new treasures. It laments not knowing the names of the modest citizens who brought within its walls all those heaps of royal plunder: it expresses its regret in the minutes: it orders every thing taken at the palace to be conveyed to the municipality, to be disposed of *according to law*. This is the first time we ever

\* This box of 1500 guineas had been on the journey to *Varennes*: it was given back to the King, after his return: he kept it as an historical monument.

heard

heard that the law gave permission to dispose of a theft.

An addresser comes with a packet of letters; he has already had time to read them: perhaps he himself wrote them: *the knowledge of these letters, he says, would have prevented the Assembly from thinking La Fayette innocent.* (Patience! he will not be long innocent.) A second addresser tells the house, that M. d'Affry, a Swiss colonel, is in prison *for his own safety*, and that a seal has been put on his papers. A third appears at the bar all dropping with sweat: he is a gunner of the national guards: his lips utter the most horrid blasphemies: he stretches out a naked arm, all covered with blood; and offers *to tear his soul out of the King, if necessary.* *Know, says he to the Assembly, that the Thuilleries is on fire; nor will we extinguish it till the vengeance of the people is fully sated. I am ordered once more, in the name of the people, to desire of you the dethroning of the executive power.* I suppress the rest of his speech, to avoid wounding the sensibility of my readers, who have not forgotten that the King was but a dozen yards from this addresser, surrounded by his family, and separated but by a thin partition from a hord of frantic rebels, ready to execute what this addresser proposed. So dreadful a situation may be conceived; but it is impossible to describe it.

At



At last, the Assembly, that hitherto appeared only as the head quarters of the insurgents, resolves to take an active part, and to consummate its guilt. The constitution is ripe, and must now tumble to the ground. This whimsical production of wit, passions, fear, interest, revenge;—this abortion which issued with such hard labour from Thouret's brain, and Target's side, did not exist long enough for regular conception and delivery.

Vergniaux mounts the rostrum, in the name of the committee extraordinary: "I am come," said he, "to lay before you a very rigorous measure; but I appeal to your own painful feelings at the present moment for the necessity of immediately adopting it, as the salvation of your country is at stake."

In consequence of this motion, the following decrees are passed for abolishing the constitution, the executive power, laws, manners, government, property, subsistence. All order is, at an end: society is thrown back into the primitive state of nature: the very name of the French monarchy exists no longer: its glory, its monuments, its arts are to be annihilated in an instant: barbarism is to appear again: conquest is to become our only resource: the reign of old chaos is to be re-established: the cataracts of desolation are opened: save themselves who can in this general deluge.

*Decrees*

*Decrees of the 10th of August.*

“ THE National Assembly, considering that the dangers of the country are at their height ;

“ That it is the most sacred duty of the legislature to employ every means to save it ;

“ That it is impossible to find any of sufficient efficacy, till the source of all those evils is dried up ;

“ Considering, that those evils are chiefly derived from the mistrust excited by the conduct of the head of the executive power, in a war undertaken in his name against the constitution and the national independence ;

“ That such mistrust has excited in different parts of the empire a wish to revoke the authority delegated to Lewis XVI.

“ Considering however that it is neither the duty nor the inclination of the legislature to extend its own power by any usurpation ;

“ That in the extraordinary circumstances, in which the legislative body is placed through events unforeseen by the laws, it cannot reconcile its unshaken fidelity to the constitution with its firm purpose rather to be buried in the ruins of the temple of liberty than suffer it to expire, but by having recourse to the sovereignty of the people ; and, at the same time, using indispensable precautions to prevent such an appeal to the people from being rendered ineffectual by treachery and plots, decrees as follows :

ART. I. “ The people of France are invited to form a National Convention: the committee extraordinary will lay  
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before the house to-morrow a plan stating the time and manner of this Convention.

ART. II. " The head of the executive power is in the mean time suspended from his functions till the National Convention shall have determined on the measures it may think adviseable for securing the sovereignty of the people, the reign of liberty and of equality.

ART. III. " The committee extraordinary is in the course of the day to draw up a plan for organising a new ministry: the actual ministers are in the interim to continue the exercise of their functions.

ART. IV. " The committee extraordinary is also to lay before the house in the course of the day the plan of a decree for the nomination of a governor of the prince royal.

ART. V. " The payment of the civil list shall remain suspended till the decision of the National Convention. The committee extraordinary is to lay before the house in twenty four hours the plan of a decree for granting a pension to the King while he is suspended.

ART. VI. " The registers of the civil list are to be deposited in the National Assembly's office, after having been marked with the indorsement and signature of two commissioners of the Assembly, who are to be sent for that purpose to the comptroller's of the civil list.

ART. VII. " The King and his family are to remain within the precincts of the house till tranquillity is re-established in Paris.

ART.



ART. VIII. " The department is to give orders to prepare for them in the course of the day a lodging in Luxemburg-palace, where they are to be placed under the protection of the citizens, and of the law.

ART. IX. " Every man in any public office, every soldier, subaltern, officer of whatever rank, and general, who, in these moments of alarm, shall quit his post, is declared infamous, and a traitor to his country.

ART. X. " The department and the municipality of Paris are to cause this decree to be proclaimed immediately, and solemnly.

ART. XI. " It is to be dispatched by couriers extraordinary to the eighty-three departments, who must convey it in four and twenty hours to the municipalities of their respective districts, in order to be there proclaimed with the same solemnity."

After having passed these decrees, subversive of the constitution,\* the National Assembly adopted an address to the people of *France*. It was couched in the following words :

\* When the Assembly was thus overturning that very constitution to which it owed its own existence, the King was with great goodness conversing with some of the members. M. Coutard got up to give his vote for the decree. The King remarked to him, that what he then did was not very constitutional.—*That is true, Sire,* replied he, *but I save your life—What impudence!*

“ For a long time have all the departments been agitated with much uneasiness: for a long time did the people expect from their representatives the means of political salvation. Now the citizens of *Paris* have declared that the legislative body was the only branch of the constitution that retained their confidence. The members of the National Assembly have sworn individually, in the name of the nation, to maintain liberty and equality, or to die at their post: they will keep their oath.

“ The National Assembly is now employed in framing laws which such extraordinary circumstances have rendered necessary. It intreats all citizens, in the name of their country, to be watchful in securing property, and enforcing a just respect for the rights of man. It intreats them to rally round the legislature, and to concur in its endeavours to save the commonwealth; and not to aggravate by fatal divisions the calamities and dangers of the empire.

“ The National Assembly declares every man in any civil employment, as well as every officer and soldier, who shall quit his post, to be infamous, and a traitor to his country.”

It is unnecessary to make any reflection on these decrees. None but constitutionalists, that is to say, men of no integrity, or of no understanding, can bewail the fate of a constitution decreed in the years 1789, 1790, and 1791, and which expired in 1792. The ways of providence are incomprehensible. *The constitution is destroyed*: let us thank heaven for having permitted this destruction to be brought

brought about by its own children. *The constitution is no more.* This word seems to cheer the soul. It is not then the King who first violated an unfortunate oath. The Assembly seduced the people: the people in their turn did violence to the Assembly: they, no doubt, vied with each other for the honours of perjury; but the heart of the King will remain pure and unspotted. He quits a tottering throne for a prison, out of which he cannot come forth but to receive a crown, that of France, or that of martyrdom. St. Lewis did not cease to be King, when he fell into the hands of the Saracens: Lewis XVI. now in the hands of barbarians, has more chances to reign than he had for three years past.—He is going into the valley of tears: the just man is going to struggle with misfortunes; but from these he may also date the beginning of his immortality. *The King is in irons:* all our hearts are seized with alarm: but *the constitution is no more:* and our minds at least are freed from the most painful burden.

When the temporary representatives of the nation had annulled its hereditary representative; when the upstarts of a few months had taken the place of the proprietor of an inheritance handed down for fourteen centuries; they were obliged to substitute in the room of his government a temporary government; to frame well or ill an execu-



tive power; and, in the name of the republic, to give a legal sanction to the despotism they were preparing to exercise over all, in the name of all.

They begin with passing the following decrees:

# MINUTES OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

## *First Decree on the Organization of the Ministry.*

ART. I. " The National Assembly, desirous of securing the active energy of government, declares that the present ministry have not the confidence of the nation. It decrees, that the seals shall be put on all their private papers, under the inspection of the *procureur-general-syndic*; and that their vacated places shall be filled in the following manner:

ART. II. " Ministers shall be nominated *pro tempore* by the National Assembly, and shall be individually elected, but not from among its own members.

ART. III. " They shall be chosen in the following order: the minister of the home department; the war-minister; the minister of the public revenue; the law-minister; the marine-minister; and the minister for the foreign department.

ART. IV. " The person nominated first shall sign all the dispatches for the other departments of the ministry, till the vacancies are filled.

ART.

ART. V. " The election shall be made in the following manner: every member of the Assembly shall name aloud the object of his choice: a list of the persons so named shall be made out, and read to the Assembly, with the number of votes in favour of each.

ART. VI. " Every member of the National Assembly shall then nominate one of those whose names are entered in this list: the election however for a second list is only to extend to those: who shall not have already obtained a majority of votes in the first.

ART. VII. " If none of the persons named should have an absolute majority of votes, the Assembly is to decide between the two who may have most, first by rising, or remaining seated; and if any doubt should still remain, by a call and division of the house.

ART. VIII. " The secretary of the council shall be nominated in the same manner.

ART. IX. " The like method shall be taken in appointing a governor for the prince royal."

SECOND DECREE. " The National Assembly decrees, that, till the formation of the new ministry, the committee of decrees is ordered to send off to the several departments of the empire all the laws and acts of the legislature."

THIRD DECREE. " The National Assembly, sensible of the importance of immediately adopting some method to ascertain the conveyance of its decrees to their various places of destination,

“ Decrees, that the bearers of the decrees, or other acts of the legislature, shall take a receipt from the civil magistrates, or corporations, to whom those dispatches shall be addressed.”

FOURTH DECREE. “ The National Assembly, considering how important it is to regulate the form of its decrees during the suspension of the executive power, decrees the urgency of such a measure.

“ The National Assembly, having decreed the urgency of the measure, decrees as follows :

ART. I. “ The decrees already passed, which may not have received the royal assent, and the decrees to be passed, which cannot receive that assent, on account of the King's suspension, are nevertheless to have the name and full force of the law throughout the kingdom. The ordinary forms are to be continued.

ART. II. “ The minister in the law-department is ordered to affix the state-seal to those acts, without the royal assent ; and to sign the minutes and dispatches of laws to be sent to the tribunals and administrative bodies. All the ministers shall determine together, and sign proclamations and other acts of the like nature.”

This last decree soon gave rise to some debate. It was observed, that the continuance of the old forms in the King's name would be highly improper during his suspension. A report is called for of that clause in the decree, which prescribed the continuance of the royal form,

The



The report is made, and the following decree is then passed :

“ The National Assembly decrees, that, from the present day, all its decrees shall be printed and published without the usual preamble ; and shall end with the customary charge, and be signed by the law-minister in the name of the nation.”

Intelligence was brought to the Assembly that the popular ferment continued : upon this, it caused an analysis to be drawn up of all its decrees, and the following words to be printed and stuck up at the corners of all the streets :

*The King is suspended ; he and his family remain as hostages.*

*The actual ministry have not the confidence of the nation, and the Assembly is proceeding to supersede them.*

*The civil list ceases,*

This short extract of the revolution of the 10th of August clearly points out the causes of it. The King, become a hostage, is to remove the people's fears with respect to the Prussians and Austrians.—The nomination of a popular ministry has for its object to flatter the vanity and weakness of the people, by giving them again the same ministers  
to

to whom they were indebted for the *war*, the *assignats*, and the *bell metal money*:—and the suppression of the civil list crowns the whole work, by making them believe that they gain on this day five and twenty millions; (that is to say, a livre annually for every citizen.)—Thus the main-springs of that day, as well as of the whole revolution, were

FEAR—IGNORANCE—AND AVARICE.

The Assembly in three phrases gave us a key to all its principles.

Truth obliges me to observe, that there were only two hundred and eighty-four members, out of seven hundred and forty-five, that is to say, little more than a third of the whole, present on this occasion.

The temporary reign of the Assembly shall be divided into two periods; that of the month of August, and that of September. I shall describe both in the following chapters; and shall conclude the present with some general reflections on this day, and on what preceded the imprisonment of the King, and royal family.

*Reflections*

*Reflections on the Revolution of the 10th of August,  
and on Revolutions in general.*

WHEN a nation becomes totally dead to every sentiment of religion ; when a spirit of indolence and plunder is substituted for a spirit of industry and good order ; in short, when the morals of a people are entirely corrupted and depraved ; government can be kept up only *by rigour*.—When such a people, incited by factious leaders, rises up in arms against their lawful sovereign, if he does not make haste to repress the first act of rebellion ; if terrible punishments, inflicted without delay, do not force the rebels back to their duty ; if, in a word, the sovereign feels alarm and terror himself, instead of making them be felt by others ; it is all over with him, HE IS DETHRONED.

Such was the fate of Lewis XVI. While he was still invested with the plenitude of his royal power, he had the weakness to put up with Mirabeau's insolent disobedience of his orders on the 23d of June ; and the throne of *France* tottered from that moment.\* If that act of disobedience,  
which

\* M. de Brézé brought the King's order to suspend the proceedings of the commons till next morning, and to adjourn the  
house



which was then a crime, (as nobody could dispute the King's right to convene, and to dissolve the states general) had been punished with death, the dissolution of the unequally formed National Assembly must have been the consequence: the declaration of the 23d of June would then have had effect: *France* would now be happy and in peace: arts and commerce would flourish; and the monarch, reigning with splendor, would enjoy the happiness of his people, and might truly say to himself, *this happiness is my work.*

It is the weakness of those who govern, that ruins all governments. Clemency, that amiable virtue, becomes in certain cases a political crime. If Leopold, after having scattered the insurgents of *Brabant*, had made a terrible example of their ringleaders, whether priests, or laymen, he would have destroyed sedition in its bud, instead of letting it come to full bloom. If the contagion of anarchy, to which *France* is now a prey, should spread to all the other states of Europe, who ought to be blamed but the governors? They seem not to have had hitherto discernment enough to calculate its consequences: they have not taken the

house for the purpose of making some alterations in the hall: Go and tell him who sent you, replied Mirabeau, that we are assembled here by the orders of the people, and that we will not quit our post, till compelled by the point of the bayonet.

proper

proper measures; and even when they began to do so, it was always faintly, and with insufficient means.

The sovereigns of Europe have often gone to war for the honour of precedence being given to the ambassador of another Court in preference to their's; for an insult offered to their flag; for some injury done to one of their sailors: yet, at the close of the present century, they could behold with indifference Lewis XVI. their peer, their cousin, their brother, dragged like a captive from *Versailles* to *Paris* by one faction; his royal consort threatened by another; their very guards assassinated before their eyes; their Majesties afterwards brought back from *Varennnes* to *Paris* in the midst of insult and outrage; the King's power suspended; and he himself confined in his palace, which became his prison. From that moment, it was easy to foresee the fall of this unfortunate monarch; and if the projects of those, who hurled him from his throne, projects, which they do not even use any artifice to conceal, are not confounded without delay, by a final and unanimous effort of all the sovereigns of Europe, not a single throne can stand; and in the same ruin will be involved the religion, morality, and laws of every country: the man of property, who hitherto found himself secure under their protection, will be obliged

liged to fly and to abandon his estate and effects, in order to save his outlawed person from death: all the scourges of human kind will desolate the earth together: murder and famine will every where spread their ravages: nature will sink into chaos; and the world must have a new beginning.

It would be in vain to dissemble the truth: liberty was only the pretext for the French revolution: the real motive of the insurgents was to strip their neighbours of their possessions, and to share the spoils: in a word, it was a war between those who had not any property and those who had; and as, in all the countries in the world, there is scarcely more than *a tenth part* of the inhabitants who are wealthy, if the restlessness and jealousy of the other nine tenths are not restrained; if, on the contrary, any encouragement is given to their equally unjust and absurd claims; if, in short, arms are put into their hands, instead of repressing their tendency to disturb the public peace; if, after having clearly explained to them their true interest as inseparably connected with that of men of property, the most rigorous punishments are not inflicted on those who strive to mislead their judgment, to inflame their hatred, and to multiply their pretensions; all the evils, which I have predicted, will be inevitable; and no human  
power



power can counteract their effects, after once neglecting to prevent them.

The *Jacobins* had a juster perception of this truth than kings, that a people, without religion, or morals, could be governed only by TERROR. It is by commanding assassinations that they commanded public opinion: it is by wading through blood, and marching over heaps of dead bodies, that they subverted a constitution sworn to by all the civil magistrates, by the army, by the King, in short by the whole nation, who, in every part of *France*, took the solemn oath with enthusiasm on the altar of their country. This constitution was intrusted as a sacred deposit to the care of all those civil powers, to the fidelity of the national guards, to fathers of families, to mothers, and to their children. It was but a very short time before its destruction that the legislative body passed a decree for regarding the proposer of a republic as infamous, and as a traitor to his country. The *Jacobins*, who were all the while bent upon having one, order their *Marseillais* banditti to advance. The word of command for massacre is given: the victims are pointed out: blood pours in streams along the streets: consternation and wild affright, which freeze every heart, are seen in every face: three hundred *Marseillais*, re-inforced by those plunderers who follow revolutions as birds of prey follow

follow armies, order the legislative body to break down the key-stone of the arch of government: conquered by those strange auxiliaries, the legislative body obeys: the dethroning of the King is decreed; and astonished *France* lets the republic go on, without daring to utter one word, or a single murmur.

If all those magistrates in every civil department, if the national guards, exerting those rights with which they had been invested by the constitution, had shewn as much firmness, as their adversaries did fury; if, faithful to their oath, they had employed the power in their hands to support the King; if, in short, by putting the *Marseillais* to death, as the tribunals could not avoid condemning them, they had spread alarm among the incendiaries and robbers with which *France* swarms, they would not have incurred the infamy and the guilt of perjury.\* The salutary terror they would have

\* The national convention has passed judgment on the conduct of the legislative Assembly, by its censure of the three commissioners Maur, Biroteau, and Le Cointre, who, having being sent to Chartres to quell a riot, settled the price of bread, in order to escape being killed, when it was their duty to suffer death rather than obey the dictates of the mob. The vote of censure is an express condemnation of their own predecessors, who ought to have died rather than acquiesce in the overthrow of the constitution.

When we reflect, that the states general destroyed the authority of

have made others feel, instead of feeling it themselves, would have kept the vile agitators of the people, if not in their duty, at least in silence : the anarchy, to which *France* is now a prey, and which must end in annihilating it, might have been prevented : the constitution might have quietly continued, till, convinced of its defects, the King and the people might have got rid of it by a common effort ; and that moment was not, perhaps, very distant.

*Terror* and *pillage* are the means and the end of popular convulsions. *Terror* and *preservation* are the instruments and the duty of kings : the latter should never suffer incendiaries to get the start of them ; and certainly, if any set of men can have the least right to reproach the King with the revolution of the 10th of August, and the calamities that followed it, it must be those, whose misfortunes were occasioned by his too great goodness ; not those who dethroned him, for no other pur-

of the parliaments, at whose request they had been convened ; that the constituent assembly destroyed the states general ; that the legislative assembly subverted the constitution ; that the national convention has passed sentence of death on the legislative assembly ; and that the nation is now seen in its turn threatening the convention with a *halter*, while the convention wants to assassinate the king ! it seems as if we were reading a history of paricides.



pose but to raise the empire of their crimes on the ruins of that power which he always too feebly exercised.\*

\* A very afflicting idea rises in the mind, after this survey of the present state of Paris and of Europe ;—an idea, humiliating to human nature, but not the less just : it is this, what an extremely silly kind of animal *man* generally is ! Whole ages are necessary, as it were, to break him in ; to train him to the yoke of the law, to the influence of politeness, morality, and religion : he is at length well lodged, well cloathed, and well fed : he is happy : he is *bridled*. Up starts some knave, some scoundrel, a Payne, a Condorcet, who, under pretence of restoring him to his rights, *take off the bridle and curb* in four and twenty hours ; and then on a sudden see man roving at large : his noble edifices are changed into huts ; his cloaths into rags ; and the tools of husbandry into instruments of war : misery and famine are seen grinning at his heels : even in expiring he hardly discovers his fatal mistake. Ages are afterwards requisite to bring man back out of this savage state into society : half the generations of the earth must be sacrificed, to render the other half happy ; and torrents of blood must be shed to teach us how to live : to this miserable end we are led by the wretched persuasions and artifice of those speakers, who, supported by an army of madmen, declare war upon all governments ! That false philosophy, which they pretend to make the basis of every thing, serves only to disunite men, to encourage and inflame all their selfish passions : it is, as it were, a general dissolvent. Nature, which they incessantly appeal to, shews them every day their faults and their duty. What, in fact, would become of nature without that celestial government, which fertilises her bosom by the warmth of noon, and the dews of the night, and which makes even thunder and hurricanes subservient to its beneficent purposes. But what of all this ? The examples of every age, of every day ; the lessons of antiquity ; the laws of nature ; all must give way to the pride and narrow conceptions of a  
Garat,

Garat, a Grovelle, a Sieyès, a Brissot : nothing less than a total subversion of the globe can convince them, that policy and religion are the elements of peace and tranquillity ; that these are the only bonds that can keep man in a social state, and force him by a physical and moral constraint to extinguish all his passions in the focus of obedience and charity. What has resulted from the speculative vanity of these innovators ? Divine vengeance has been severely felt in those provinces which had escaped the ravages of fire and sword. Four months are scarcely elapsed since the overthrow of the government in France ; and already the inhabitants of the most fertile districts have nothing to eat but cabbage and potatoes ; they will soon be obliged to subsist upon acorns. Nations of the earth, let not such an example be lost upon you : let it teach you, that no government, be it what it will, is *absolutely bad* : assist, and do not pull down that to which you are subject : let reason, preserved as it were in trust in some corner of Europe, still be found among you ; and let not Boileau's and Rochester's satires on human nature ever appear to be founded in general and historical truth.

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*Situation of the Royal Family at the National Assembly, from ten o'clock on Friday morning till Monday at noon.*

WHEN the royal family was put into the *Logographic Box*, the ministers and a few persons belonging to the Court were permitted to place themselves near their Majesties. The smallness of the apartment, and the excessive heat of the day were almost enough to suffocate them; but this was nothing to the anxieties, the dangers, and the horrors of a thousand different kinds which put this deplorable family to severer trials than the human heart had ever before endured. The report of every cannon shot death through the King's soul: the whizzing of the balls within ten yards of the Assembly, the cries of the wounded, the rage of the populace, that of the addressers crowding from every entrance into the hall, the bellowing from the galleries, and the harangues from the rostrum, every circumstance must have made the King and Queen conclude that their fate was decided. The iron railing, which separated the box from the Assembly, was, as I before related, broken down, that the royal family might get into the hall of the members, in case the mob should break into the box through any of the outer galleries.



leries. A guard of fifty chosen and faithful men, part of the escort from the *Tbuilleries*, did duty all day on the 10th, and order was kept up with tolerable exactness.

The King, leaning against the extremity of the box, saw and heard every thing with composure and dignity. He very graciously communicated his remarks to such of the members as were nearest to his place of retreat. All the insults that were levelled at him did not alter for a single instant the serenity of his looks. He was far above the efforts of growling abuse : its arrows could not reach him. Messrs. Coutard, Caillon, and Vergniaud, to whom he spoke one after another, will sooner or later be forced to do him this justice. He heard with great coolness the report from the committee for dethroning him, and the decree that confirmed it. What regret, in fact, could he feel for the loss of an authority, of which the constitution had only given him the empty name ? And, if he had before replied to a minister, who upon some occasion threw out hints that the power of the National Assembly was to be increased at the expence of the royal prerogative, *so much the better, if they employ it for the good of the people ;* ought not he to have the same thought now, at a moment when they relieved him from the dreadful task of go-

verning a people, who were made incapable of being governed !

It was not till one o'clock next morning that the King was permitted to come out of the box, where he had spent sixteen frightful hours. Nobody could take any refreshment there. Some fruit and water were all that their Majesties could procure from a neighbouring coffee-house. The Queen inquired, with the greatest emotion, of every person who came from the *Thuilleries*, and who could get near her, about the unfortunate women whom she had been forced to leave at the palace. She had the comfort to hear that they got off safe. Overcome with heat, fatigue, and watching, the dauphin dozed a little on his mother's lap. What an affecting sight ! innocence asleep amidst the tumults and agitations of regicide !

Carl, the colonel of the *gendarmerie*, was in the box with the King. About three o'clock in the afternoon, a great noise was heard in the passage of the *Feuillants*. Carl said he would go and inquire what was the matter : he was hardly got out, when the uproar increased : their Majesties wished to know the cause : they shuddered at hearing that it was the murder of the unfortunate Carl, who had just left them.

The

The ministers were obliged to leave the King at six o'clock. The Assembly just passed a decree for having their papers sealed up; and this decree had been preceded by a declaration, that they no longer enjoyed the confidence of the nation. There was not a moment to be lost: the King commanded them to look to their own safety: they took leave of his Majesty and withdrew. The account, which they themselves are preparing to give of the affair of the 10th of August, obliges me to defer, till towards the close of this work, some private anecdotes of that and the preceding day.

In the course of the day, four small rooms were got in readiness, which had been the lodgings of the architect of the *Feuillants*. The royal family was conducted thither. Commissioners from the Assembly, and a detachment of national guards accompanied them. All those rooms were contiguous to one another: in the first, which served as an anti-chamber, five of the gentry who would not quit the King, slept, or rather watched,

The royal family was divided in the following manner: the King went to bed in the second room, half undressed; a napkin served him for a night-cap: the Queen lay in the third room, with her children by her side: the Princess Elizabeth,



the Princess de Lamballe, and Mrs. de Tourzel occupied the last room, and lay down as well as they could upon matresses on the floor.

Next morning at six o'clock, they were obliged to return to the *Logographic-box*, still surrounded by a guard, and assailed by the insults of the mob, and the motions of the Assembly: it was on this second morning, that the people, inflamed by treacherous suggestions, came with loud cries to demand the lives of the Swiss who were prisoners in the guard-house of the *Feuillants*. The threats, with which they made the Assembly ring, made every body's blood run cold. Vergniaud, who sat as president, could not help exclaiming, *Great Gods! What cannibals!* The Assembly were seized with so much terror, that M. Caillon, one of the inspectors of the hall, ran to warn their Majesties to retire into the lobby of their box, as soon as they should see the mob force their way through the sentinels. The King and Queen must have regarded that moment as the last of their existence, —as the signal of their death. The King, perfectly tranquil and resigned, had the presence of mind to tell all his faithful servants who were present, *that he wished to see them get away out of danger.* Things remained in this state of violent alarm till Pétion and Danton came to inform the  
house

house that they had quieted the people, and made themselves responsible for the Swiss.

After another as horrid a day as the preceding one, the King went back to the *Feuillants*, oppressed with fatigue, on Saturday evening. He hoped at length to get some little rest there, and to converse familiarly with those who attended him: suddenly the national guard on duty at that post was relieved: those who took their places were turbulent, suspicious, and wicked fellows. A thousand proofs of this soon appeared. M. Grangeneuve, the member for *Bordeaux*, was at the bottom of the whole: he was one of the committee of inspection: their committee-room was close by the King's apartment: they thought the King conversed too familiarly with the very same persons who had not quitted him for eight and forty hours: they wished to deprive him of this last feeble consolation. The Assembly are told of a plot to carry off the royal family: some pretended deputies from the common council inform the house, that there are several false patrols: *how do you expect, says one, that we can be answerable for the King's life, if we suffer people we know nothing of to get about him?—Let us have a list, says M. Choudieu, of all those who attend the King.—Let his guard, says another, consist of fifteen volunteers, and fifteen gendarmes—Make the commanding officer*

*officer responsible*, adds a third. All their motions are decreed. Merlin, a member of the committee of inspection, crossing the outer gallery, perceives the Duke de Choiseul: *you are always with the King*, says he to him—*Yes, I have not quitted him, and I hope not to be parted from him.*—*That's well*, replied Merlin, shaking the Duke's hand with a sort of loyalty; and went directly to vote with Grangeneuve.

It was therefore decreed that the King's guard should be changed. The new sentinels loading the royal family with abuse, the King sent for the commissioners who have the care of the hall. M. Caillon, one of them, observed to his Majesty, that the national guards were answerable for his safety; that the people wanted to come and tear away from his person all those of his attendants they suspected; that it was therefore necessary the latter should leave him, and not furnish any pretext for new acts of violence, and still greater calamities. The Queen spoke to them with great emotion and energy. The King answered M. Caillon coolly; *I am then in prison! Gentlemen, Charles I. was more fortunate than I am: his friends were permitted to stay with him till he went to the scaffold.*—Ah! ill-fated prince! he was brought so low even on the 11th of August, as to envy the lot of the English martyr.

At



At this instant, the King was informed that his supper was ready. Their Majesties were waited upon, for the last time, by the five gentlemen before mentioned. The certainty of a speedy separation spread over this repast a mournful gloom, impossible to be described: indignation was blended with the tenderest sensibility. The King did not eat: he thus enjoyed a little longer the sad pleasure of looking at those fond and faithful souls, before he fell into the hands of barbarians. At length they were forced to part. This was a heart-rending moment. The King, informed of the decree passed by the Assembly for putting them under arrest, commands them to quit him: he embraces them in the midst of tears and sighs: he makes them embrace his children: he seems to bid them an eternal farewell: the Queen says to them in her own peculiarly impressive manner: *It is at this moment, Gentlemen, that we begin to feel all the horror of our situation: you softened it by your cares, and your attachment: they hindered us till now from perceiving it; and our gratitude.....* Just as she was uttering these words, they heard the guard coming up to apprehend them; but they had it in their power to escape by a private stair-case: they then separated to avoid being discovered by the mob.\* M. de Rohan Chabot, one of them,

\* The royal family had come to the Assembly without money, and without linen. At the moment of parting, every one of them

was then in a committee-room : he had done duty for the preceding night near the King's person : the earnestness of his manner gave rise to suspicions : he was arrested and dragged to the bar of the Assembly, whence he was conveyed to the Abbey-prison, and there butchered among the first victims on the 2d of September. Excellent young man ! He thus repaid by an irreproachable conduct for the last year, and by his tragical end, the error of a moment, for which his youth, and the prevalence of delusion at the time may also afford an excuse.\*

The King and the royal family spent the whole day on Sunday and the morning of Monday in the *Logographic Box*. Let those, who have ever felt the endearments of friendship, judge of their solitude, when deprived of the friends, who for two years had never ceased to give them proofs of the sincerest concern, and the most affectionate

them laid at the king's feet all the gold they had. M. Obyer, in particular, fearing to be refused, threw down fifty guineas on the table, and hastily withdrew. The Queen said to them on this occasion : " Keep your money, gentlemen : you want it more than we do : you, I hope, will have longer to live."

\* M. de Rohan Chabot had been in 1789, aide-de-camp to general Fayette : his papers were seized, and a seal put upon them. Luckily, he found means to save and to send to a friend a very valuable manuscript on the history of the Jacobins, which had been intrusted to his care by one of the ministers.

care

care and attachment.\* Their hearts were ready to break : what they felt on this account must have rendered them insensible of the fresh insults and outrage they experienced during the debates on those days.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, on Monday the 13th of August, in consequence of a motion made by Manuel, attorney to the common council, a motion which was soon passed into a decree, the royal family set off in two coaches for the Temple : they were two hours on the way thither. Petion and Manuel were with the King : the horrid pleasure of revenge sparkled in their eyes : these two faithless magistrates, who had been degraded from their office but a month before, now fancied themselves to be two Roman consuls leading their captive to the prison of the Capitol. They had promised the Assembly to shew the royal family all the attention and respect due to misfortune ; and they first directed their course through *Vendôme Place*, where they took care to point out to their Majesties the ruins of Lewis the Fourteenth's statue. To this first stroke of bitterness

\* Two of those friends Messrs de Choiseul and de Gogulat had been of the party on the unfortunate journey to Varennes : they had been sent to the prison at Orleans ; and their discharge thence had in no small degree contributed to determine the king to accept the constitution.



was added the horror of passing through a drunken mob, and being exposed at every step to the grossest abuse. They were at length lodged in prison; and lodged there by those two ringleaders of the riots on the 20th of June, whom the King himself had been willing to pardon on the 6th of July, when the department, when honour, and when France had suspended them from their functions.

Thus was imprisoned by his own subjects, and shut up in the most cruel solitude, the most virtuous of the sixty-six kings who had reigned before him on the throne of *France*; he who had abolished the use of the rack; who had put an end to servitude; who had mitigated the hardships of prisoners; who had re-established the French navy; *secured the independence of America*; given the first public accounts from the sovereign to the nation; and first invited his people round his person to assist him in suppressing the abuses which impeded and clogged the wheels of government;—a King, in whose conduct the severest censure could find no just ground of reproach for eighteen years, when the passions are most inflamed, and in the midst of general corruption and immorality. By way of reward then for all this virtue, for all the concessions he made, and the blessings he conferred on his people, after three years' humiliations and sufferings,

sufferings, he is dragged to a prison with his wife, his sister, and his children, by infamous rebels ;— by rebels whom his heart would still feel a pleasure in pardoning. Neither the virtues of their Majesties, nor the graces and innocence of their children, nor the purity of Elizabeth could make any impression on their hardened tormentors. The just man, according to the words of God, is in irons : his family are imprisoned with him : our tears, our wishes are poured out and expire on the threshold of the tower that shuts them up : let us adore Providence, respect its decrees, and hope it will watch over their lives !

## APPENDIX TO No. VI.

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*A Letter to M. Peltier.*

S I R,

**A**N orator, distinguished for his talents and his integrity, and whose judgment in state affairs may be depended upon, has published reflections on the French revolution. He has exposed its horrors; he has justly appreciated that declaration of the rights of man,—that catechism of intrigue, where crimes and insurrections of every kind may find their justification, but where virtue is left without the least support. He has victoriously combated a system subversive of society, framed by a plotting incendiary, a disturber of the peace of the universe. He has sounded the alarm against an evil that threatened his country, and all other states: governments have been warned of the danger: whence then proceeds this astonishing stupefaction, this absurd selfishness, that lulls them to sleep on the brink of a precipice, while the storm is gathering that must soon burst on all their heads?

Would



Would they fain look upon the calamities of France only as a fire consuming their neighbour's house, and which might give them an opportunity of enriching themselves by his losses? Let them know that, at this moment, the party-walls are burnt down; and that the flames threaten their own dwellings.

Is any thing farther necessary to rouse them from their lethargy? Do they wait for the *Jacobins* to declare war upon them, and to carry it on in their new way? Do they mean to give their destroyers time to prepare the instruments of death?

Let them no longer deceive themselves: those sanguinary despots are from interest, and from principle, the enemies of all governments.

*To divide all nations; to scatter every where the seeds of rebellion: such is their practice to open the way for their own success.*

*To keep the people in play, and not allow them time to get out of their infatuation: to sacrifice to their ambitious views thousands of men in wars which they pretend are undertaken for the happiness and liberty of mankind: to plunder temples, banks, and public treasures: to lay hold of every thing of any use to them in*

*the countries where they find admission: to create paper money: to establish the credit of their notes on the estates of people of landed property, which they will seize upon whenever their interest prompts them: such is the system of their executive measures.*

The following are the grounds of their wars. The circulation of the *Jacobin* papers has been prohibited in *Germany*, *Savoy*, and *Spain*. They directly declare war against *Germany* and *Savoy*; and are going to declare it against *Spain* also. Their armies are followed by printing-presses, as by a train of the most formidable artillery. Their writings will soon be dispersed over those vast countries. Like the most venomous serpents, they leave their poison in the wound they have made.

In the mean time above twenty clubs are established in *Prussia*: one *Anacharsis Cloots* is their correspondent at *Paris*.

Some are formed in *Denmark*, in *Sweden*, in *Russia*, and even in *Turkey*.

Upwards of forty of them exist in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*; where their shocking papers circulate under the indulgence of too mild a law.

We

We cannot help asserting, that the laws of any country, which permit such a liberty, carry in themselves the principles of their destruction.

The *Jacobins* make war, or avail themselves of peace, to propagate their doctrines. They every where blow up the sparks of division and revolt; and inflame the minds of men with a notion of uncurbed licentiousness, which they call *liberty*: every where the mob, incapable of reasoning, only wait for their success, to follow their example; and, as soon as they rise up in rebellion, are sure to find among the *Jacobins* leaders to head them, and vigorous assistance.

It is therefore of the utmost importance to all governments to check them in the career of their success. We cannot too often repeat, that the foundations, upon which the *Jacobins* have erected their republic, are such, that if they succeed, all Europe is undone.

Let not any government flatter itself, that treaties can secure it from the ruin intended by the *Jacobins*. Can any reliance be placed upon treaties made with profligate wretches, guilty and capable of every crime; with wretches, whose spirit never changes, though their persons are renewed at certain periods, leaving their successors an excuse



ever ready for violating any treaties whenever it may be dictated by their interest?

What treaty can be depended upon with a gang who are taking rapid strides to universal empire by a new route; who with perfidious subtlety know how to yield temporary advantages to those they are now in treaty with, merely to avoid having too many enemies to struggle with at once; but who also know how to derive from those very advantages they seem to give up, the substantial benefit of scattering, by means of their agents, the seeds of a revolution like that in *France*, from which they are sure to reap an abundant harvest, as they have already done by similar manœuvres in their own country.

Let not such artifice then impose upon men of wealth and independence; men of landed, monied, or funded interest; or, in short, on the respectable part of the community, who have any property, and wish to live in peace in their own country. Revolutions are desirable only for factious desperadoes, who have nothing to lose either in point of character or fortune. I beg them for a moment to cast their eyes on *France*.

Who are at the head of affairs there? Ruffians. Who fill all the places in their monstrous administrations?

nistrations? Their accomplices. Men of estates are stripped of them: men of monied, or funded property are robbed of it: merchants are obliged to hide their merchandize: all liberty, except that of joining with the *Jacobins*, and talking as they do, is a capital crime: religion and morality are at an end: monuments and churches are pulled down, profaned, sold; and in the midst of the most horrid anarchy, crimes of all sorts are seen, as it were, hovering over the entire surface of one of the finest countries in the world. The national debt has been more than tripled since the beginning of the revolution: commerce and agriculture are ruined: those sources of the wealth of *France* are dried up: the hands, that could have made them flow again, are sacrificed to the ambition of a gang of ruffians, who purchase the most trifling success with the blood of thousands, whom they have deluded by the hope of a chimerical liberty. To sum up the whole in a word, the Constituent Assembly had covered *France* with ruins: the *Jacobins* have even destroyed those very ruins; and have made the finest kingdom in Europe an object of pity to its most inveterate enemies.

Is there any man of character and virtue, who must not shudder at the idea, that if this revolution, with all its train of alarming consequences,

which the *Jacobins* want to introduce into his country ?

Is there any real Englishman, who, upon seeing such a frightful mountain of evils threatening to fall down upon this flourishing kingdom, will not immediately cry out to his fellow-citizens to take up arms to exterminate those monsters ?

What ! is it possible that *France*, punished in so disastrous a manner for the fault, or rather the crime she committed in favouring the revolution in *America*, whence her own took its rise, should in vain hold out so dreadful a warning to the universe that has witnessed her punishment, and her calamities !

What ! are the conquests, lately added by the brave Cornwallis to the vast possessions of the English in the east ; are their West India islands, and *Canada* to share the fate of *St. Domingo* !

What ! is that bank so rich, so solid, that sacred depositary of the wealth and confidence of almost all the people, to become the prey of infamous rebels ; and to involve in its ruin the credit of the nation, and the fortunes of the greater part of the kingdom !

What !



What ! is that liberty, which the English enjoy under their happy constitution, to be annihilated before licentiousness, and to sink under the efforts of a profligate faction !

Is that arsenal, which has not its equal in the world, with those numerous fleets, those dock-yards, and those prodigious stores ; in short, is every thing, which secured to this powerful island its glory, its grandeur, its opulence, and the sovereignty of the seas, to fall into the hands of *Jacobins*, the cursed instruments of universal ruin !

No. It is impossible but the brave and spirited assertors of the rights of all citizens must see through the deep designs of the most cruel, and the most dangerous enemies of this empire ; and must perceive the necessity of being beforehand with their plots.

It is impossible but they must crowd round their government, to concert with it the most effectual measures for extinguishing such a contagion.

It is impossible but they must conjure their government, in the name of their justly alarmed country, not to pay any farther regard to the petty interests of a few avaricious and thoughtless merchants, and speculators, of whom the *Jacobins* buy  
 E e 4 provisions,

provisions, which enhances their price here, and arms, which those banditti will soon, perhaps, employ against *England* itself.

It is impossible but they must represent to their rulers, that *England* would in vain strive to increase its wealth with all the gold, which is the fruit of *Jacobin* guilt, if, to procure that gold, it gave them time, and supplied them with the means of ruining itself.

It is impossible but all orders of the state must unite with government in the measures necessary to save the liberty, property, lives, and honour of the inhabitants of *England*; and must advise their sovereign to join his natural allies, and even to forget some possible causes of complaint against an old enemy, that a general coalition of princes may take place, before any of them is weakened by considerable losses, in order to make a combined and well-supported effort, which may crush, at one blow, the enemies of human nature, who dare to call themselves its friends, at the very moment that their politics, their murders, and their devastations threaten to replunge Europe into all the horrors of those past ages, the very history of which even now makes us shudder.

M.

*M. Peltier's Answer.*

S I R,

**T**HERE are certain periods of corruption in the history of ages, when great calamities are necessary to bring men to a sense of great truths. We, no doubt, had reached that moment fixed upon by the wrath of heaven, since we feel its scourges in so terrible a manner.

Heaven had struck almost all sovereigns with blindness and hardness of heart : they did not rise at once to crush the monster that threatened to devour them ; and some of them have already disappeared. Already the Elector of *Mentz*, the Prince of *Liege*, the Bishop of *Spires*, the Duke of *Savoy*, the Sovereign of the *Low Countries* are scattered like the birds of the south before a northern blast : powerful armies are shrunk into nothing : weak and timid Europe waited for their success to declare itself : defeats having taken place, instead of victories, it has endeavoured to hide its own weakness under the name of neutrality. Thus it proclaimed its impotence ; and successful guilt soon declared itself without the least reserve : it solemnly decreed, in the face of the universe, *war*  
*against*



against all governments, in the name of all their subjects; assistance and protection to all insurgents.—In consequence of this, Dumourier marches off towards *Vienna*: Kellerman directs his course to *Rome*: *Holland* is on the point of being invaded: *Naples*, *Venice*, *Genoa* are in the convulsions of death: the fate of *Berlin* is only adjourned: *Madrid* trembles: a young courtier has there succeeded in the ministry an old philosopher; and is not likely to manage the reins of government with more skill than his predecessor: lastly, *Stockholm* and *Petersburg* look upon their remoteness and their ice as the best ramparts against the progress of our missionaries.

Every thing, however, has its stated limits; and the invisible hand, which has corrected Europe, will not suffer it to perish; but will uphold it against its destructive enemies. As virtue is not the basis of their power, it must necessarily crumble: whoever founds an empire without morality, builds upon sand, says the scripture; and the royal Prophet, above three thousand years ago, foretold the now approaching fate of these innovators: *Nisi Dominus ædificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam*. That invisible hand has placed in the midst of Europe two nations, to whom morality, good sense, and energy seem to have been given in perpetual trust, in order to prevent

prevent the total subversion of human nature. Both of them equally secured, one by the sea, and the other by rocks and mountains, they are to be the great barriers that will check the diffusion of those new doctrines. *Switzerland* and *England* will save Europe. They have expressed their intentions; and *Jacobinism* has recoiled at the sound. Vice cannot stand before the glance of virtue.

Banish then your fears, Sir.—This flourishing island, which now affords an asylum to so many unfortunate refugees, will not be agitated by the troubles of our native country; but its influence will re-animate all the other powers. Its long neutrality has been found fault with; but had those, who found fault, a clear idea, or a just perception that the partial efforts of its sovereign must have proved very inadequate; that *England* could not act with effect, unless the whole nation declared war against those disturbers of the public peace; that, in order to rouse so great a nation, it was necessary that time should gradually discover to all ranks of this *truly good* people the reality of our crimes which had been so artfully disguised, the character of the criminals, the rapine of the rioters, the distress and misery that poured down upon all classes of people, the stagnation of commerce, the ruin of manufactures, the decline of the arts: it was necessary that they should see with  
their

their own eyes the affecting spectacle of thousands of citizens stripped of their property, exiled, outlawed (1); women and children crying out for their husbands and fathers, and miserably torn from their embraces: it was necessary that our tears should melt every heart, in order to excite a perfect unanimity between the nation and the government; for, Sir, it cannot be dissembled, that the army of the enemy consists of more than five hundred thousand men: they have for their auxiliaries the banditti of every country: they have immense treasures at their disposal; and may renew them every year by terror (2): all the virtue in the world then must combine its forces; must collect round this focus of destruction; must compress it on every side; and not suffer one spark to fly off, or to remain unextinguished. The example of *England* will surely be followed; and the guilty will at length be punished.

Blessed be for ever those *Associations* formed all over *Great Britain*, under the auspices of liberty and property, to support the constitution against the attacks of republicans and levellers. Their numerous members are sensible that, in a republic, some citizen becomes sooner or later too powerful for the laws; but that, in a monarchy, nobody can be as powerful as the monarch, who is the guardian of the laws: they have seen by the  
examples



examples both of ancient and modern times, that, in a republic, the people are always seeking after liberty ; but that, in a well-constituted monarchy, they always enjoy it. In fact, one might say, that Providence has fixed a throne in every country, and that society suffers a sort of violence, when that throne is not filled : the moment it is, ambition trembles, and dares not to approach otherwise than with respect that seat to which its aspiring views might have been directed. Monarchy, by giving a head to any state, or community, insures an all-powerful protector to the liberty and tranquillity of its members ; and were even this the only advantage it had over a republican government, nothing more would be necessary to entitle it to our preference.

Blessed be that happy constitution, wherein democracy preserves its energy, without danger ; aristocracy its wealth and knowledge, without pride ; and the royal authority all its strength to put in motion the springs of government, without violence ; a happy combination of powers nicely balanced, to promote the freedom, the virtue, and political consequence of the nation.

Blessed be that government, which in due time has awed the factious into silence ; has put a stop to libels ; has dismissed from office men who disgraced

graced their employments by their opinions ; has called together the representatives of the state ; and has made a display of its strength sufficient to terrify the wicked, without giving any alarm to the man of property.

Alas ! it was thus that, in our ill fated country, we begged, we conjured all the people of property in the kingdom to rally round the throne. Far less prudent than the English, our masters in political œconomy, the system of vanity prevailed among us over that of property ; and our pretensions hindered our precautions. We see now more clearly than ever the very bad plan of defence which was adopted by the French nobility. It is now, though too late, that we may form a just opinion of the unaccountable frenzy, which, at the suggestion of a few ambitious individuals, drove most of the people of property out of the kingdom, and has covered all the nobility with deeper mourning than the battles of *Cressy*, *Poitiers*, and *Agincourt*.

Do not entertain the same fears for the fate of *England*. One of its eminent writers very justly compares the clamour of the English revolutionists to the rustling of grass-hoppers, while the peaceful bull feeds quietly under the shade of the royal oak. Their inflammatory newspapers are already sup-

suppressed : their preachers of rebellion are taken up : the Bank, the Tower are guarded against any sudden attack : the militia is called out by the King, and is under his command, not under that of a factious general : internal peace is secured : numerous fleets are ordered out to prevent its distant possessions from being annoyed : the whole body politic is to be united to its head, loyally to support every vigorous measure ; and English freedom will enjoy repose, undisturbed by the engines of sedition or despotism.

Permit me, however, to differ from you, Sir, in opinion with respect to the coalition which you think necessary to extinguish *the Jacobin* volcano. Experience has demonstrated, that from the time of Agamemnon down to that of M. d'Orvilliers, and of the Duke of Brunswick, that all those great associations of kings, those confederacies of different powers, those combined fleets and armies have seldom or never accomplished their purpose ; and certainly there never was a more unfavourable moment than the present for the renewal of a coalition which has so lately failed. If it be impossible at any time to guard against the evils arising from private animosities, and from the usual jealousies and rivalry that are kept up between the inhabitants of neighbouring states, how much more are they to be now dreaded, when inflamed by defeats,

and



and by the secret correspondence which the *Jacobins* have published to increase the disunion and mutual antipathy of troops that ought to be actuated by the same interest and the same sentiment. The difference of discipline between the several armies would be another insurmountable obstacle. The difficulty of putting so many springs in motion, and of making them at the same time agree exactly, would give a vast advantage to the propagators of republicanism, who dictate from their cells quick and precise orders, and have them executed with the rapidity of lightning. These desperadoes must be attacked, as it were, by foraging parties; and they must be poured in upon from every quarter at once. The ridiculous idea of a congress and of a combined army has been too long the grand effort of European politics; too long have sovereigns been the dupes of the most insignificant ministers: they must now break through the old routine of diplomatic formality, and even through the rules of their tactics: fury alone can repel the onsets of madness: the enthusiasm of order must be opposed to the enthusiasm of licentiousness: the royal diadem must either pull down the *Jacobin* bonnet, or will be pulled down by it: the least contract with such elements is of the utmost danger: the greatest error of all would be to make prisoners: the contagion would soon infect all the bodies within its  
atmos.

atmosphere, and would render the disease incurable, Humanity may shudder at those dictates of political necessity; but surely no plea of humanity can be urged by those unfeeling monsters, who condemn to death the women and old men that fled from the daggers of the second of September. Can they, or dare they complain, that the spirit of conquest is substituted for that of rapine, when they see the lawful owner come sword in hand to recover the field which was wrested from him by the force of spears?

But I perceive my pen is hurried on by the warm impulse of my feelings. I was speaking of an emigrant proprietor going back to regain by conquest his paternal estate, or to die upon the spot, where he enjoyed all the sweetest interchanges of affection. Vain hope! Those unhappy men have not even the small consolation left to think that their bones will ever rest near the bones of their parents, or their ashes ever mix with the ashes of their fore-fathers. Foreign conquest is become inevitable. *Barbarus has segetes!*

That brilliant army of princes and of nobility no longer exists, where so much luxury and folly were at first made amends for by so much honour and courage, and have been since succeeded by so much misery and despair. The King's brothers,

who even surpass him in wretchedness, are gone to hide their forced inactivity in the courts of the north and of the south. England is now the lurking place of half their associates in misfortune (4). If, however, they profit by the examples of virtue, order, and good sense, which must strike them in this kingdom, their disasters will have a valuable effect; and vain illusions will cease for ever to afflict their minds.

Sovereigns then must unfold in 1793 the last resources of their power; and must, above all things, mistrust the opinions of their ministers. When the Crown is attacked, every man in administration should have but one opinion. Let it be remembered that the King attended to M. Necker; and that from the report delivered to his Majesty by the latter on the 28th of December 1788, till the same minister's funeral oration (5) of Lewis XVI. there was not an interval of quite four years.—If the lucky Dumourier has conquered all *Brabant* in a fortnight, he is indebted for his success to the niggardly plan of Laschy, the minister, who fancied that 30,000 men would be enough to guard an immense and quite open frontier, against citadels and the prodigious numbers of the French. Yet M. de Laschy had before given a specimen of his military skill by the manner in which he defended and lost a few years since the

Bannat



Bannat of Temeswar with an extended line of troops.—The destruction of the French nobility is owing to the inhuman system pursued by Messrs. de Mercy and de Breteuil, in representing a captive King otherwise than by an active regency.—Old Duranda, quite puffed up with the philosophical correspondence carried on between him, Diderot, and Condorcet, hindered his master from supporting the character which a Bourbon should have shewn to the world upon such an occasion; and his successor (7); whatever may be his energetic powers, will not find in the opinion of those about him that firm support for which his master has occasion.—I do not speak of other cabinets, where the spirit of *Jacobinism*, or what is still worse, the spirit of terror has spread its influence more or less; nor shall I take notice of the strange choice made of a philosophic general to put a stop last August to a philosophical revolution (8): my present object is to point out to sovereigns the necessity of their defending, hand to hand, their prerogatives and their persons; and to declare how much I am overjoyed, like you, at the example of sound policy set them by the people of *England* at the present moment.

The French republicans, however, still flatter themselves they shall form some alliances on the Continent. Let them suppress then for that purpose

pose the disgusting report of their debates. Who would, or who could enter into any treaty with men who have already deceived Europe twice; who having first compelled governments to stoop to a level with a d'André and a Chapellier, obliged them afterwards to sink still lower to, a Brissot? Must they be brought down at last to an equality with a Marat and a Jourdan, when these shall have wrested from the Brissot faction (9) its unsteady power; and would George the Third's minister be degraded to treat with a Robespierre? No.—The French republic can have no allies: no power can acknowledge it; perpetual war is then its lot; for it is with bodies politic the same as with individuals; where friendship is impossible, hatred becomes a duty.

I conclude this letter, already too long, with my hearty concurrence in your wishes, Sir, for the extinction of that impious race; and remain, with sincere respect,

Your's, &c.

P\*\*\*\*\*

NOTES.

## N O T E S.

(1) THE hatred of the enemies of the refugees pursues them even to the hospitable land where they have found shelter. Stript of all property, and of course unable to discharge any former pecuniary claims on them, some of their notes have been bought up by the *Jacobins*, and sent to foreigners residing in London. Thus, by the help of a false oath, these unfortunate men may be deprived of their last means of subsistence; and the victims, that escaped from the Abbey-prison, may be committed to Newgate. It was reserved for us to set this last example of barbarity! But we may, and ought to hope, that the wisdom of the British Parliament will interfere: it is not by real Englishmen, but by foreigners, that this scandalous trade is carried on here.

(2) Several purchasers of the church-lands, having been forced to emigrate as well as others, have already seen that usurped property put up a second time to sale; and ere long, the second fraudulent buyer will, in his turn, see them transferred to other hands. Such a system of revenue appears at first sight inexhaustible; but a little reflection must convince us, that, in less than four years, these violent changes of property will render the best estates in France of no more value than lands on the banks of Lake Ontario. When we shall have reached the point so emphatically predicted to be our immediate fate; *a Republic and misery*.

(3) In the Constituent Assembly, when the *virtuous* Petion, and the *incorruptible* Robespierre were paying their court to the banditti, at the expence of reason and justice,



they were warm advocates for the abolition of capital punishments. Their speeches may be referred to. But no sooner are the banditti and Robespierre become the masters, than death hangs over every head : the close, the burden of every law is, *under pain of death*. Does any body fly from those gentlemen, to escape Captain Rotundo's club? Nothing less than death can atone for such a crime ! After this, trust to the philanthropy of philosophers !

(4) A just idea of the state of the emigrants cannot be formed from seeing only those who have reached the English coast. It is at Maestricht, in Holland, in the Electorates, that we should view the shattered fragments of the army of the Princes. It is like the sacking of Jerusalem, or the invasion of Mexico. The pen shrinks from the description of such scenes. But from this one circumstance we may judge of their distress ; that a part of them preferred returning to France, and exposing themselves to certain death, rather than drag on a life of shame and misery in a foreign land.

It is well known with what barbarity the municipality of Paris ordered the heads of nine emigrants, who were taken in the retreat of the combined armies, to be struck off. The Princes had 300 prisoners at their disposal : they sent them back to France. Can we want any farther proof of the difference between two causes ? The nine emigrants had all been life-guards : they were among the sick in the rear of the army : of course they were not made prisoners with arms in their hands.

It may seem worthy of remark, as being one of the singularities of this revolution, that it was on the fifth of October,

ber, a second time, that the life-guards were fired upon by the national guards, without being able to return the fire. The combined armies were retreating: the corps of French emigrants had received orders to repair to Stenay, where the Princes slept on the fifth of October. The signal for mounting horse was given at two o'clock in the morning. About five o'clock, as the column of life-guards were ascending an eminence to get into the Stenay road, they heard a brisk cannonade from two pieces planted at the corner of a wood. The life-guards were exposed to several shot, which fortunately killed only some of their horses. A detachment of about eighteen hundred horse and foot then sallied out of the wood. This party had set off from Sedan with the hope of taking the Princes in the night; and they would probably have effected their purpose, if just suspicions of such a design had not prompted the emigrant commanders to sound to horse at so early an hour. The life-guards being separated from the enemy by a sloping morass, which made it impossible to attack them in front, were obliged to receive their fire without returning it. The Marshal de Broglio immediately ordered them to draw up on the high road, so as to get round the wood, which they did. The Irish brigades, consisting of the regiments of Berwick, of Walsby, and of the Duke of Fitzjames, their colonel at their head, advanced with fixed bayonets to the right of the wood. The patriots, frightened at this manœuvre, retreated with their cannon. Berwick, however, came up to a great part of them; and the horse *gendarmes*, with M d'Autichamp at their head, charged in the plain all those who came out of the wood. The patriots lost in this action 150 men killed, and 50 taken prisoners. The emigrants lost but one man, M. de la Porte, aid-de-camp to M. d'Autichamp. He was assassinated by a national guard, whose life he had

saved: the indignation, with which this act of ferocity filled the *gendarmerie*, was the cause of their setting fire to four villages that were burned on that day.

(5) I give this name to the defence of Lewis XVI. lately published by Mr. Neckar, under the title of *Reflections addressed to the French Nation*, &c.

(6) M. de Lascy is the sole cause of the conquest of Brabant. He thought, according to his usual system of nigardliness, that 30,000 men were sufficient for its defence, and he lost all. Dumourier is indebted for his success solely to the multitude of small bodies he had to encounter. He was never faced by more than 14,000 men. This was the whole amount of the Austrian army at the battle of Jemappe. It was attacked by more than 60,000 men, who, notwithstanding, advanced slowly, under cover of a train of artillery of four-and-twenty pounders, the fire of which was returned only by eight pounders. Dumourier's disposition of his forces was worthy the originality of his genius: the flower of his troops of the line, which he reserves perhaps for some better occasion, was placed in the rear of the corps of national volunteers, with cannon pointed at them in case of treachery or desertion. Before the battle, Dumourier harangues his volunteers, and tells them, that they were the persons who had effected the revolution, and that it was their duty to maintain it. The mutual jealousy of Duke Albert and of General Beaulieu was of still more service to him than his own arrangements. In fact, had Beaulieu's advice been taken, the Austrians would have attacked the enemy in the night, and thus rendered their heavy cannon useless.

The



The Duke, guided by M. de Sekendorff, his aid-de-camp, would not agree to it ; and the battle took place, just according to Dumourier's wishes. Even then, if the Austrians had been properly supplied with heavy cavalry, they must have gained the victory. Such cavalry would have destroyed the center of Dumourier's army, after the shock it received from the Hungarians ; and the whole army must then have been cut to pieces. Hussars and light horse could never make any effectual impression on such numbers of close-embodied infantry. The dragoons of La Tour and of Cobourg, and above all the four battalions of Hungarian grenadiers of Bardedetzky, Morzin, Lowen, and Puckler, performed prodigies of valour, but to no manner of purpose. Yet the regiments of Saxe, Berchiny, and Royal Germans, with the life-guards and the *gendarmerie*, had been for above a fortnight at Liege, ready with their services, if called upon : ministerial formalities were in the way !

Dumourier's victory cost him between eight and ten thousand men : Beaulieu lost only fifteen hundred : besides, one cannot give the name of an overthrow, or route, to the retreat of an enemy who lose none of their artillery. The gasconade of Dumourier's having only three hundred men killed and six hundred wounded was very soon detected by the very prosecutions commenced against the contractors for the hospital-beds.

After the taking of Brussels, the same œconomical plan of defence was still pursued. It was imagined that the whole course of the Meuse could be secured by detachments : Clairfait and Staray near Liege with 8,000 men, Beaulieu under the walls of Namur with 12,000, a large  
body

body at Huy, and some garrisons, constituted all the broken remains of the Brabant army. They were unable to prevent Namur, Liege, and General Staray from falling before the enemy. Half the preparations since made to recover Brabant, would in due time have defeated all Dumourier's attempts to penetrate into it.

(7) M. de Godoi, who, from the rank of a common life-guard, is become in less than two years Duke of Alcudia, and Prime Minister.

(8) Notwithstanding what I have before said of the Duke of Brunswick, I cannot see him come forward upon the stage again, without once more taking some notice of the campaign which was attended with such dreadful consequences, and of the faults that prevented its success. I must here add some farther particulars to the details already given.

We have seen, that the principal cause of the retreat was the insufficiency of the combined armies, and the mistaken idea that was formed of the patriots. The commander in chief is not only blameable for this wrong calculation; but it is farther objected to him, that those armies never amounted even to the number given out;—that of course sieges and proper means of communication were impracticable; that the war was entered upon too late;—that the worst steps had been taken to secure supplies of provisions;—that there were only enough for 50,000 men, when there were 100,000 mouths to feed;—that the transports had been absurdly ordered down the Moselle, a river which ceases to be navigable in the months of July, August, and September;—  
that

that the counter-revolution was undertaken without any particular and well-concerted plan, nearly as the revolution was begun by Neckar and La Fayette ;—and that the failure of the one is not more to be wondered at than the disasters of the other, as the Duke of Brunswick, deeply impressed with the maxims of the club of 1789, esteemed Neckar, pitied La Fayette, despised all the Generals he had under his command, loved only himself, and consulted nobody but M. de Tempelroff, the commander of the Prussian artillery.

This Prince was chosen generalissimo, from his great reputation, the grounds of which had not been duly examined. Sufficient regard had not been paid to his irresolute character, and to his well known self-love, which made him greedy of renown, without being willing to share any part of it with others. Besides, a General of a philosophic, and of what is called a philanthropic cast, was very unfit to conduct an enterprize against men, who, by employing the most detestable means to accomplish their ends, often rendered extremely rigorous measures necessary, and which ought to have been followed up to their full extent, and without any hesitation. This defect in the Duke's character discovered itself completely, when he was placed at the head of an enterprize, which particularly required the greatest energy, and the greatest perseverance. The talents of this Prince were by no means sufficient to ward off the inconveniencies that must have inevitably resulted from his defects.

In consequence of his greediness for undivided glory, he would enter into, and regulate himself all the minutest details. He therefore suffered nobody to assist him in his labours but a quarter-master, two aid-de-camps, and a secretary.



tary. The whole direction of the ordnance and artillery was intrusted to a single man, whom the Duke dared not to contradict in the smallest particular, and whose jealous character, like that of the General, would not admit of any advisers. This circumstance entirely defeated the resolution taken to join ten officers of the French artillery to the Prussian army.

Notwithstanding all this, the Duke himself was the mere tool of a commissioner of the war-office, who acted as muster-master general, and had also the direction of provisions for the supply of the army, an appointment the most injudicious imaginable.

Thus then, the very General, who never consulted, but treated with disregard the old officers of his army, and who shewed as little respect to the Austrian Generals whom he made feel his supremacy in command, was literally the most humble servant of his master of the ordnance, and of his muster-master, with whom he never ventured to assume a tone of authority.

It is therefore evident, that the Duke of Brunswick's personal character rendered him very unequal to the arduous task, which had been inconsiderately intrusted to his charge, and which he had the presumption to undertake.

Some little discretion in the ordinary affairs of life, which is commonly attended to by men of middling talents, and which gives their conduct an imposing appearance of wisdom and probity, joined with great application to military details, and with much vigilance and assiduity in the easy administration of a petty state, was sufficient to raise the reputation of a Prince, whose bravery in his youth bordered  
even

even upon temerity ; who was successful in an enterprize in Holland : favoured by all the blunders of his adversaries, which covered his crown ; flattered by the great Frederick in his writings ; cried up by the literati, the dispensers of fame in the present age ; and praised by foreigners whom he had visited abroad, or entertained at his own court with extreme politeness.

It was chiefly in consequence of the Duke's reputation, that the Emperor had determined with admirable greatness of soul to intrust him with the command of his armies, though the Duke, from his own rank and title, must have been at the head of a Prussian army, where the King of Prussia was to attend in person to gather the greater part of the laurels which were so confidently anticipated to spring from the success of the campaign.

Far from shewing a grateful sense of the Emperor's generosity, the Duke of Brunswick seemed to have made a point of rendering the Austrian armies incapable of executing any brilliant enterprize. He never left any of those armies either in sufficient force, or for a sufficient time in any place, to be able to attempt, or to complete any useful operation.

He stript the frontiers on the side of Brabant, and ordered the siege of Lisle, with a detachment of troops that could not even surround the place. The army of Prince Esterhazy was also weakened, by sending off the Count d'Erbach's corps to make an attempt upon Thionville, at the very time that a vigorous resistance, encouraged by the weakness of the attack, demonstrated the insufficiency of the force employed against the town.

While

While this corps of the Count d'Erbach was on its march, and before its arrival, Prince Hohenlohe's army was dismembered to be uselessly posted against the forest of Argonne, with the Hessians, who knew just as little for what purpose they were stationed there.

Clairfait's army was kept before Longwy for several days after the reduction of that place, when it might have been employed, with the greatest probability of success at that time, in the siege of Montmedy, before its marching for Sedan, whither it was ordered afterwards.

At the very instant that General Clairfait was going to begin the siege of Sedan, the taking of which was equally important and easy, he was suddenly ordered to rejoin the Prussian army, which by throwing a few bombs had made Verdun surrender, and then lost ten days there, without advancing a single step towards the enemy. The different corps of the Lower Meuse, of the Evêchés, and of Alsace, were also allowed time to embody and unite, when the Duke might have attacked them separately.

While the Duke neglected those opportunities, he despised all the information given him, and the most pressing intreaties to seize the important pass of the Islettes, which remained open and unfortified for several days, that the Duke let slip by, without any other movement except to look about the environs of Verdun. It was then that General Kalkreuth, having pushed beyond Clermont, proposed to the Duke to put him in possession of the defile through which the high road passed from Verdun to Chalons, the avowed object of the Prussian army.

It



It is remarkable that the weather during the delay at Verdun was constantly fine; and that if, the morning after the surrender of that town, the Prussian army had marched forward, they would have been masters of the road to Châlons, and must have met the enemy in the plains, where every thing was against the latter, whereas by being permitted to take possession of the heights, covered by a wood, and forming a chain all along the narrow pass, the enemy had all the advantage of their artillery.

The rains did not begin till the day of the departure of the Prussian army from Verdun, whence the Duke made them take a very difficult route, which could only lead them into the barren plains of Champagne, when, though he had neglected to seize the pass of the Islettes, he might still have marched to the left towards St. Dizier, leaving Verdun covered by the Austrians and Hessians, whom he afterwards kept posted before the forest of Argonne.

In consequence of his directing his course to the right, he soon found himself in a barren country, while his enemies had constantly an open communication with the most fertile parts of the country, namely, la Voivre, le Barrois, and le Pertuis.

The Duke overlooked another easy opportunity he had of cutting off that resource, or rendering it extremely difficult to the enemy, by pushing forward his van, and extending his right wing, instead of suffering the left wing of the enemy to get by him, when he might have impeded its progress by General Clairfayt's corps, which he uselessly kept in the second line.

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He might even have annoyed the convoys of the enemy another way, by joining to a corps of French royalists a detachment of Prince Hohenlohe's corps, who desired it. This detachment, by advancing towards the upper Meuse, would have kept a good look out over the Barois, and would, at the same time, have caused all those supplies of provisions, which the enemies availed themselves of, to be carried to Verdun, and there laid up in store.

It seems that from the time of the Duke's arrival before Verdun, he began to feel the uneasiness which his want of resolution alone could have occasioned; for he told a Frenchman in an unguarded moment, that if he would take his advice, he would propose to the King of Prussia not to advance any farther, but to march home with his army.

The taking of Verdun seemed to revive his hopes. He then flattered himself that he might end the campaign with complete success, by hemming in his enemies who were just collected together between Clermont and Chalons, and whose junction he, no doubt, encouraged from an idea of cutting off all their best troops at one blow.

It is impossible to assign any other reason for his so quietly permitting them to effect that junction. This may even be farther presumed from the tone of confidence, with which, on his leaving Verdun, he spoke to the Baron de Breteuil, in the manner mentioned in the preceding number.

After such a detail of military blunders, it is needless to say any thing farther of the contempt and barbarity, with which the corps of emigrants was treated and dispersed in an unprecedented manner. Ought they to have been left without taking them into the service, or taken without any intention to give them an opportunity of acting? And would  
not

not the Duke of Brunswick's behaviour, in shewing them such strong marks of his dissatisfaction, after he had before treated them with great civility at Coblantz, give us ample reason to suppose that he came into France only to gratify an old pique against the Court of thirty years' standing, if the written proofs he was imprudent enough to leave behind him, permitted us to entertain any doubt of it?

The Duke's friends will think these strictures on his conduct severe; but let them reflect on the irreparable injuries he has done, and on the present situation of Lewis XVI.\* Then they will see, whether history and misfortune have a right to treat the Duke with any lenity. His apologetic memorial, which is soon expected to appear, will be the subject of some farther strictures.

(9) Ever since the authority of the nation has been substituted in France to that of the King, the moderate party has been always obliged to give way to the more violent: the King's party was over-powered by La Fayette; that of the first constitutional committee, by Mirabeau and Chapelier; that of Mirabeau, by Barnave and the Lameths; that of Barnave by Brissot; and that of Brissot has, in its turn, been stripped of its popularity by the heroes of the 2d of September. Every one of those gentlemen wanted a revolution to a certain point, but was forced to make way for a more patriotic successor, till at last the purest, and the only good patriot exhibits to us the last stage of human degradation. This is what comes from flattering popular opinions;

\* This was written before the King's execution.



they soon are at a loss where to stop: woe be to the corrupt nations among whom they spread themselves: woe be to the rulers, whose ministers and subordinate agents seem to threaten them with their popularity, and preferring their ambition to their duty, do not see that internal tranquillity can never exist without general peace: in a word, woe to those who do things only by halves.

Jerom Petion published on the 1st of December an opinion on the decline of taste, and the spirit of ignorance which has prevailed in France, ever since the prevalence of the said Petion. It seems this great man wished to support and elucidate his theory by immediate practice, as the very next day he mounted the rostrum, and said, that it was necessary to send a considerable *armed* force to Chartres, to appease some riots there on account of corn, not, added he, to *fire* upon the people, but to *enlighten* them.

Yet some people wish the common sense of the English nation would form an alliance with such confusion and such ignorance!

They wish England would enter into a compact with that Robespierre, who demands, amidst bursts of applause, not for the King's trial, but his direct murder! with a gang, who trust solely to insurgents and cut-throats, to bring about a new insurrection, and to shed the most sacred blood! O! my dear master! at the moment my trembling pen writes these words, which I almost blot out with my tears, perhaps some barbarous hand has.....I cannot go on.....and thy son..... they have also declared him a traitor to his country.....they agreed in this, that they themselves deserved death; and in  
order

order to escape from it, they condemn all those who dare to speak in favour of the King, and of royalty: they impose upon the primary assemblies such laws as the despot of Morocco never ventured to dictate to his slaves; and the French nation submits to them !.....O! height of horror!

of the King, they content all those who have to  
 do with the King, and of course, they impede  
 the business of the State, and the delay of  
 the King's business, and the delay of the  
 King's business, and the delay of the King's  
 business, and the delay of the King's business.



